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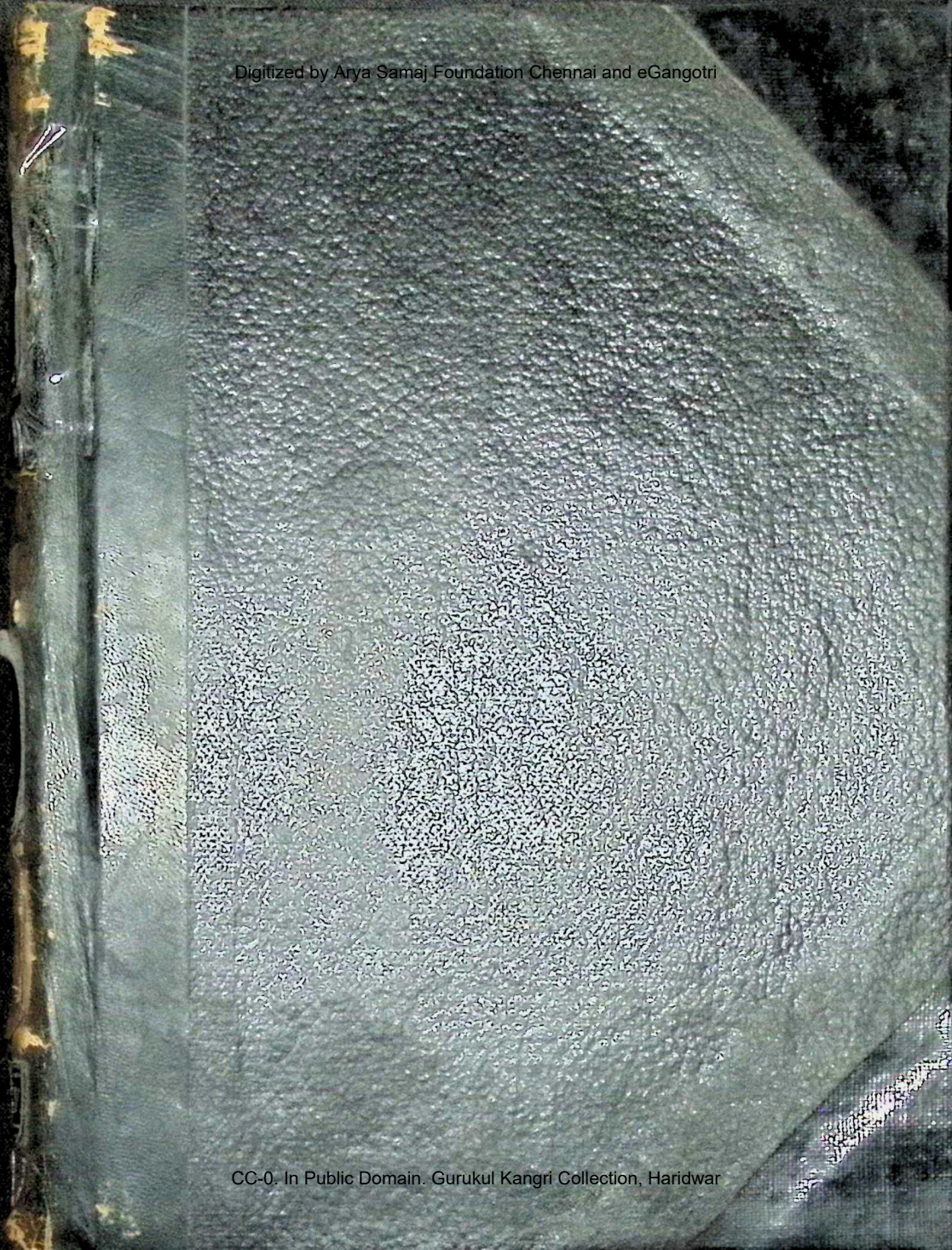

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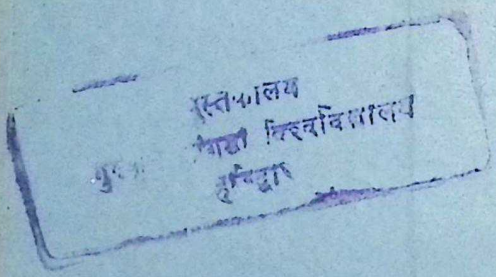

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VI FORTNIGHTLY No. 12

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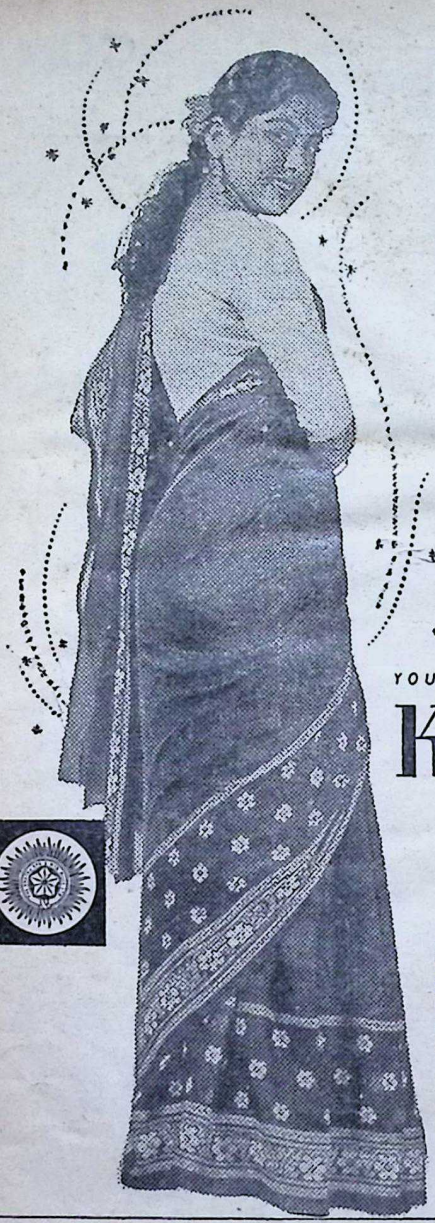

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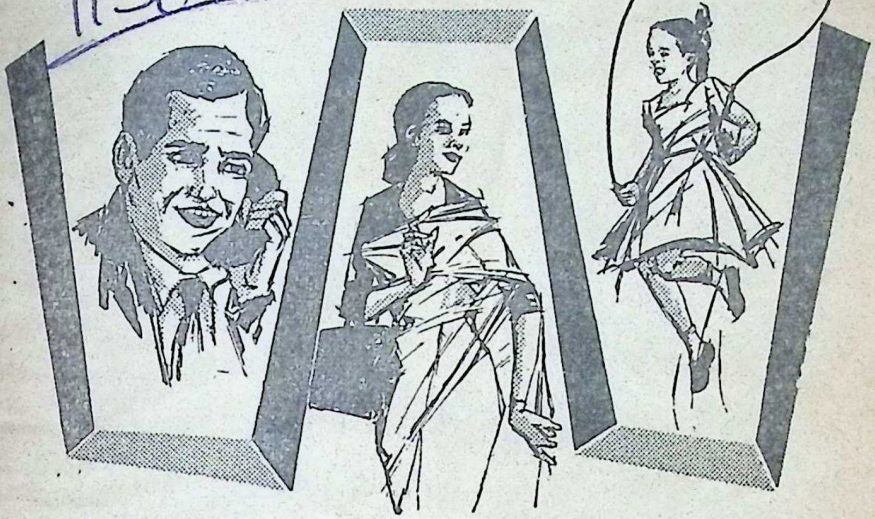

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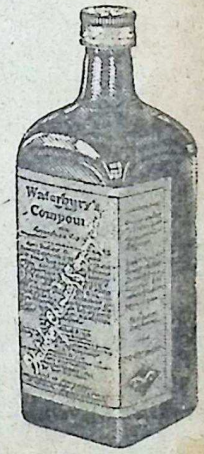

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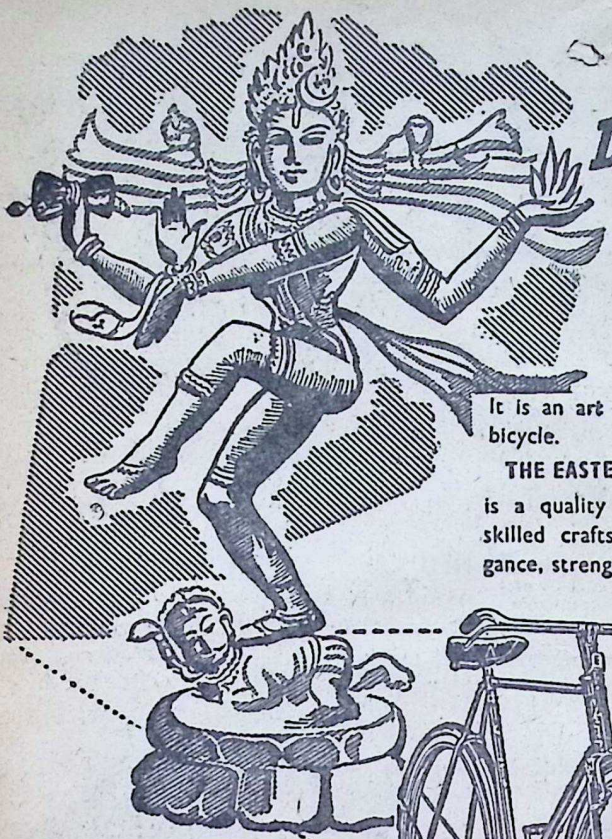

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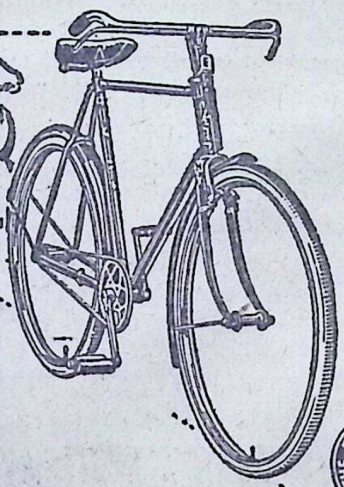

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BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI JANUARY 10, 1960 No. 12

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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Vol. VI JANUARY 10, 1960 No. 12

LORD RUDRA

दंष्ट्राकरालं दिवि नृत्यमाणम्
हुताशवक्त्रं ज्वलनार्करूपम
सहस्रपादाक्षिशिरोभियुक्तम्
भवन्तमेकं प्रणमामि रुद्रम् ।।

Salutations unto Rudra, that embodied Spirit, who possesses fearsome teeth, is dancing in the sky and has a flaming mouth, whose form resembles the radiant Sun, and who has innumerable heads, eyes and feet.*

—**Saura Purana.**

[*Andhaka's Prayer to Lord Siva]

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 196

★ HINDI INSTITUTE ★ CHINESE EXPANSIONISM ★ THE EISENHOWER WEEK-END

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
JANUARY 10, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON Saturday, December 12, 1959, I motored to Agra, Asoke (Dr. Majumdar, Director of Delhi Bhavan) accompanying me. On the way I passed the fine plantations which, as Governor, I had inspected three years ago; the sacred Krishna Janmabhoomi, the birthplace of Sri Krishna, which still lies unmarked by a monument; the eroded mounds which once formed old Agra. I also had a distant glimpse of the Fort and the spires of the Taj.

I went to the University Campus. After about 30 months I saw with some pride the buildings of the Library now completed—one of the best University Libraries in our country—and of the Social Science Institute and the K. M. Munshi Institute of Hindi: all of which I had nursed into existence.

Vice-Chancellor Bhatnagar played the host. In the afternoon I visited the Institute of Hindi, which bore my name, piloted by the Director, Dr. Vishwanath Prasad, one of the most outstanding professors of Hindi in the country. My mind went back to the frantic efforts I had made to secure him and the anxiety which I had felt when his illness threatened to deprive the Institute of his services. Dr. Satyendra was there too, a research scholar—a researcher, to use an Americanism—of rare thoroughness.

The Institute was opened in 1957. In two years' time it has established itself as the finest centre of post-graduate Hindi studies in the country, with about 130 students. It has also about 70 students preparing French and German. It has teachers in several Indian languages, fulfilling my dream of a school of Hindi which is the Rashtrabhasha.

In 1953, as Chancellor of the Agra University, I had convened an All-India Conference of Hindi scholars to consider the advisability of setting up such an all-India institute. I had held and hold the view that Hindi, to become our national language, should be enriched by the resources of our

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regional languages. Hindi—as *Bharati*—would then be the ocean in which the waters of the regional languages will meet, to transform them into clouds which, in their turn, would enrich the rivers with their life-giving showers. The Hindi Institute, with its students, its journal, its research work, its comparative study in languages, is the first centre in the country where this process has begun.

I also visited the Social Science Institute, the Directorship of which is held by Prof. Saxena—again, one who in my term had been selected for his enthusiasm in the matter of social studies.

After tea we went into the University Hall where the meeting was held. After an introductory speech by Dr. Vishwanath Prasad, the Vice-Chancellor presented me an Abhinandan Granth—the tribute which Hindi authors are in the habit of presenting to authors on special occasions.

The idea of presenting me with this volume on my 70th birthday was conceived by the Institute in 1957. But the volume could not be got ready in time. And when I am approaching my 73rd year, the Institute celebrated my 70th year!

It was a fine volume, well-conceived and well got-up. It had several commendatory messages. Rashtrapati, in his generous way, had sent a flattering one. So had Pantji and other friends. Mummy's message brought blushes to my aged cheeks—'an ideal husband and best of friends'.

Some of the essays on my literary works were remarkable for their scholarship. Many things have been written about my works, good, bad and indifferent, for the last forty years, most of which I have scarcely concerned myself with. But I could not help feeling happy at my works originally written in Gujarati during the course of 48 years, making such an impact on writers in Hindi in Hindi translations.

In our country criticism is scarcely inspired by a sense of detachment. Normally it assumes the shape of high praises or harsh rejection. But in this volume, some Hindi writers had escaped both extremes and were judicious. The selections from my works were also well made. Reading some of them after years, I began to wonder whether they could ever have been written by me.

In reply to the presentation of the volume, I spoke of my faith in Hindi as the binding force of nationhood in future; of its future being integrally woven with the future of India; of the drawbacks of an unnatural purism; of the necessity of retaining the norm of Sanskrit; of the dangers of imposing Hindi on the country by impatient pressure on non-Hindi people.

I have never been able to understand the attitude of those who want to develop Hindi without drawing, as the Constitution says. primarily upon Sanskrit. If Hindi is a Rashtrabhasha, it is because it has the largest measure of Sanskrit words, common with many other Indian languages. And you cannot enrich a language except by drawing freely on the resources of the parent classical language.

●●●

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On the 13th, I had lunch with Paliwal and other U. P. leaders of the Swatantra Party. Before we went to the Indo-Tibetan Convention, we went to the Taj to have a look around. It stood as usual, a fairy structure mocking at us, ephemeral mortals.

Then I inaugurated the Convention to a crowded meeting, Sri Mudhok of the Jan Sangh presiding.

The tragedy of Tibet indeed hangs heavily on our conscience. For a young independent nation like ours with its spiritual heritage, our handling of the Tibetan situation has been a crime in history.

Tibet had been an independent country in the past; the so-called sovereignty of China hung over it by the slender thread of a shadowy claim of doubtful international validity. Seven years ago, we, out of weakness, conceded that the fiction was a fact. We possibly thought—fallaciously as it is now being realised, if not foolishly—that if we so appeased China, we could have eternal friendship with her. Sardar, I remember, struck a note of caution against such weakness. But some of our leaders thought otherwise. They were dreaming of India and China walking down the corridor of history, hand in hand, as the joint architecture of a new Asia of peace and justice.

When Chou En-lai was here—those were the honeymoon days of Bhai-Bhai-ism—we secured nebulous assurances from him about Tibet's autonomy in some pious, vague words uttered in a passing mood of effusive friendship. Thanks to our gullibility, some of our leaders, anxious to usher in a new era of Panchshila, believed in them. To promote the doctrine, they were even willing to misread history by popularising the myth of 2,000 years of friendship between China and India.

When the rape of Tibet began, some of these leaders were even willing to find an excuse for the Chinese who perpetrated it. They claimed that feudalism in a country justified its conquest by a foreign aggressor, the butchery of its people and the desecration of its shrines.

Some amongst us were loudest in our protest, and rightly when Egypt was invaded. But the intensity of their righteous indignation rose or fell in inverse ratio with the temperature of their timidity. When Hungary's liberties were destroyed, their indignation was tepid. When Tibet was raped—Tibet, which for centuries had been militarily our own outer bastion, geographically our nearest neighbour and culturally our blood-brother—their timidity reached its height as the righteous indignation fell to its very depth. Our representative in the UNO even argued that China not having accepted fundamental rights, the UNO had no right to discuss the outrage on the helpless people of Tibet. Righteous indignation, according to this dictum, can turn its blind eye to tyranny, oppression and genocides, as long as the aggressor does not recognise that they are fundamentally wrong. A murderer need not be condemned so long as he is unwilling to hold life sacred!

But that is a thing of the past. For four years our frontiers were threatened and encroached upon; still we slept. Longju was taken from us; yet

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the Government was 'maturely' inactive. It was only when the country almost unanimously resented this weak policy that some of our leaders of the Congress began to speak brave words and promised brave deeds. We have to thank our stars that such wisdom has dawned on them—and none too late. And let us hope that those who have given the promise will promptly keep it.

These series of mistakes and failures have been invited by refusing to face facts or by ignoring what Chinese expansion is pledged to.

China, let us not forget, is dominated by Han Chinese chauvinism. The State-sponsored movement to settle the Han Chinese in the outlying parts of Red China is proceeding apace, displacing and expropriating non-Hans. The Mongols of Inner Mongolia, the Muslims of Kamsu and the Ulghars of Sakiang, now incorporated in Szechwan, have lost their lands and autonomy to Han immigrants. In most of these colonies there are revolts of non-Han peoples and 'liberation' campaigns by the Hans as in Tibet.

The complete military subjugation of Tibet had also for its aim the settling of the Hans in Tibet. In 1956, the Chinese General Chang Kuo-hara quoted Mao Tse-Tung as saying: 'In a few years the population of Tibet must be raised from two or three millions to over ten millions.' We now know from Dalai Lama that the colonisation of Tibet is an accomplished fact.

When the unfortunate victims resist such deprivation of their homeland and freedom, it is condemned, to use the words of Saifudin, as 'bourgeois clamouring for national independence.' Quite a few millions of Han Chinese are thus sent out to occupy other lands.

All this is done for purely imperialistic purposes. 80-90 per cent of the total oil resources, 55 per cent of lead, 47 per cent of copper and 22 per cent of coal are found outside China proper in the frontier regions inhabited by such non-Han peoples.

South Korea and Taiwan, but for American help, would have gone under. Pressure continues on Japan to disown its alliance with America. There are many millions of Overseas Chinese in the countries in South-East Asia, which the local people feel are a danger to national existence.

The well-advertised 'spirit of Bandung' gave Chinese expansionism a new validity. North Viet-Nam is under Chinese sphere of influence and today it flourishes on Chinese support. South Viet-Nam is under pressure of infiltration from North Viet-Nam; so is Laos; so is Indonesia.

The pressure continues on the frontiers of Burma. The Chinese Embassy in Rangoon forced the Burmese Government to close a movie that it thought was critical of China and got the visas cancelled to a Hong Kong football team. In Jakarta, the Chinese Communist Embassy defends the interests of all Chinese in spite of general statements that the Chinese in Indonesia should no longer consider themselves Chinese citizens.

Weapons of economic warfare are in constant use. China has become the major low-cost exporter of light

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consumer goods, foodstuffs and textiles in Asia, progressively eliminating other exporting countries.

Instead of Tibet being the outer bastion of India, it has become a spring-board for Chinese infiltration and penetration. The two major highways in China—the Sikang-Tibet and the Chinghai-Tibet highways—have been constructed connecting far-flung Chinese territories and making India vulnerable.

The dispute over the McMahon line; the prohibition of Indian pilgrims to Tibet; the jamming of 'Voice of India' programmes; the occupation of Longju and the aggression over Ladakh—all indicate a strategy of all-Asian expansion.

Claims are now made that China is extending to the southern foot-hills of the Himalayas, thereby including not only Ladakh, but Sikkim, Bhutan, Nepal and parts of Uttar Pradesh.

Thus, the Chinese Communist have combined traditional Chinese tactics with Communist ideology, making Chinese Communism more deadly. And it is at our door.

Let us make no mistake about it. Han Chinese expansionism is on the move; Communism has given it an ideological pretext under which to 'liberate' every other nation in Asia.

●●●

Our hearts bleed for the Tibetans. Despoiled of their country and their freedom, they are in a helpless position. At present, we cannot help them in any way except to give them sympathy, enable them to win the sympathy of the world or extend to them the traditional hospitality of our land—which we are doing. Tibet's ultimate destiny—as our own—is bound up with India's strength. That strength we must have.

The danger of Chinese expansion is at our very door. Whether it stays where it is for the time being; whether it accepts the Prime Minister's terms and calls a tactical halt; whether it slows down the pace of expansion—we should not blind ourselves to the realities of power politique. Han Chinese chauvinism is on the march against Japan, Taiwan, South Viet-Nam, Laos, Thailand, Burma, India and Nepal.

We need not accept the Defence Minister's fallacious dichotomy of 'conquest or negotiations'. There is a third way and the only sound way: strength which makes aggression impossible and negotiation unnecessary. Balance of power in Asia cannot be maintained—nor peace remain unbroken—till we become, as the Prime Minister has truly said, a 'nation in arms'.

We have no choice left. If we want to survive, if we want to preserve our freedom and national existence, we must be a 'nation in arms'.

●●●

On our way back to New Delhi, the brake of the gear got out of order and slowly we crawled our way to the Bhavan.

This was the Eisenhower week-end in New Delhi. The President of U.S.A. 'came, saw and conquered' by his smile, his humility and his open-hearted pronouncement which stressed peace at any

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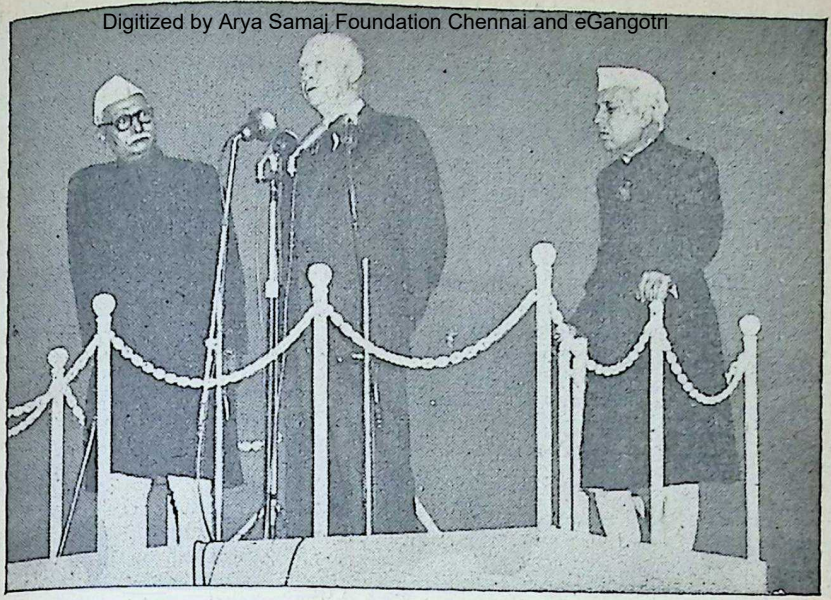

President Eisenhower replying to the Welcome Address made by Rashtrapati Rajendra Prasad, when the former arrived at Palam airport, New Delhi, last month.

price. New Delhi simply went mad over him. The country warmed up to his personality and utterances.

'Lord willing'—I am using President Eisenhower's phrase—the two great democracies might still stem the tide of Communism. Am I taking 'God in partnership', as someone said? God forbid. He is not a partner; He is the Master. Nothing happens but by His will, and none shall defy or deride it and survive. And we in India know it—at any rate all those who know, feel and love the heart-throbs of India in her ageless life.

Yours sincerely,

Kanaiyalal Munshi

Contented with what chance brings, transcending the pairs of opposites, free from jealousy, and unperturbed in success and failure, he is not bound, though performing actions.

—Sri Krishna.

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THE REAL AND APPARENT

TO see wrong in another is one's own wrong. The discrimination between right and wrong is the origin of the sin. One's own sin is reflected outside and the individual in ignorance superimposes it on another. The best course for one is to reach the state in which such discrimination does not arise. Do you see wrong or right in your sleep? Did you not exist in sleep? Be asleep even in the wakeful state, abide as the Self and remain uncontaminated by what goes on around. Your silence will have more effect than your words and deeds. That is the development of will-power. Then the world becomes the Kingdom of Heaven, which is within you.

☆

Atman acts through the ego. All actions are due to efforts only. A sleeping child is fed by its mother. The child eats food without being wide awake and then denies having taken food in sleep. However the mother knows what happened. Similarly the jnani acts unawares. Others see him act, but he does not know it himself.

☆

There is no difference between worldly activity and dhyana. It is like naming one and the same thing by two different words in two different languages. The crow has two eyes but only one iris which is rolled into either eye as it pleases. The trunk of an elephant is used for breathing and for drinking water. The snake sees and hears with the same organ.

A child and a Sage (jnani) are similar in a way. Incidents interest a child only so long as they last. They cease to think of them after they have passed away.

BHAGAVAN RAMANA MAHARSHI

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. . . Cynicism or indifference in the extreme becomes hatred. It is a non-human quality. The human soul can only expand or attain its true perfection through the constant exercise and bestowal of the feelings of love, friendship and gratitude—not in vacuo but upon concrete and definite personages. . . .

LIFE UNIVERSAL

SWAMI ANANDA ACHARYA

ALL individuals are living in a universe of thought.

Men and women are thought-points.

They may be compared to the almost invisible pores which may be supposed to be present in or to constitute, say, a pane of white glass.

That is to say, although individual beings are associated with different temperaments, different bodies, different histories of life, different rates of growth and so on, yet it is not difficult to imagine that the essence or substance or underlying reality of these different embodied creatures is composed of the same materials as intelligence, affection and spirit.

The result is that the essence exerts a wonderful kind of influence upon the body and mind of the individual, but it must be carefully remembered that the latter, *viz.* body and mind, do not produce any fundamental change in the essence or substance of spirit, for spirit is self-subsistent and therefore independent of the caprices of body and mind.

Hence, all individuals constitute a world of thought controlled by a law of thought.

Our progress is determined by the extent to which our thought rises to the level of the oneness of this law and this world of thought.

We all know how a piece of good news—the emancipation of the slaves, for instance, or the discovery of the antiseptic mode of surgery—sends a thrill of delight through the world of intelligent beings.

We also know how a piece of sad news, as for instance, the massacre of the Armenians or the discovery of some very destructive powder, depresses the mind of normal persons.

Why is it that in the one case the news delights and in the other case depresses us?

The reason is that the good news

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is so akin to the substance of which we ourselves are constituted, through which our progress to happiness lies, that we instinctively see that future generations are going to inherit one more privilege, one more freedom from the tyranny of pain, while the bad news makes us feel that a section of mankind will be provided with yet another instrument for threatening and terrifying the rest of mankind into submission and slavery.

If this is true on the plane of what is called physical matter, we can prove that the same is the case in the world of our thoughts and affections, for, as we did before, the nature of matter is to be found in the nature of thought and the latter influences the former.

Rishi Patanjali (*Yogasutra* III. 23) says that spiritual power over spirits, embodied or disembodied, is to be acquired through the concentration of the feelings of sympathy, compassion and joy upon the sorrowful, the happy and the saintly respectively.

Rishi Vyasa points out that indifference or a cynical attitude towards sinful persons is no thought or, in other words, is no part of the truly human nature (*Vyasabhashya,* on the same).

And Vachaspati says that cynicism or indifference is neither an object of thought proper nor productive of joy.

That is to say, indifference, which in the extreme becomes hatred, is a non-human quality, and the human soul can only expand or attain its true perfection through the constant exercise and bestowal of the feelings of love, friendship, gratitude—and not *in vacuo* but upon concrete and definite personages, either on this side of existence or on the other, either present or absent, belonging to the present generation or to the far-distant past or the far-distant future.

Thus, it is no waste of affection if you bestow it on some great saintly teacher of olden times, or if you concentrate it upon the hope of the birth of a great friend and guide of humanity for the benefit of unborn generations in the distant future.

But the present, and the men who are living and suffering all over the world now, is the immediate concern of your soul.

Your friends and acquaintances are waiting every minute to be helped, guided, uplifted and strengthened by the voice of your prayer.

And those millions whom your limited mind does not know but your subliminal self knows as distinctly and clearly as your outer mind knows your own brothers and sisters—they too in their difficult climb to the summit of life are expecting your silent, private goodwill and blessing.

Thus, remembering every instant of your life that you are not isolated and single but dwelling in a community of souls and fulfilling the aspiration of all souls by the force of desire of your own, like fuel supplied to the sacred fire on the altar by your own hand as a devotee in the temple—thus you will live the life universal which the universal mind has marked out for you.

Yet remember, this universal life need not be lived in the crowd. It can be lived, and more effectively lived, physically far away from the crowd; for, in the soul there is neither dis-

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tance in time nor distance in space.

Every thought that you think encompasses the whole universe at the very instant of its bubbling forth from your soul.

The motion of our thought is not rectilinear, it does not move in a straight line. Nor does it move spirally, rather it may be said to move spherically, or in the form of a globe, that is to say, it has many dimensions and moves in all directions simultaneously.

For, it does not move by its own strength; it moves by creating waves of response and delight in the millions and millions of centres of consciousness with which the vast ethereal space is studded—like so many stars and Milky Ways hanging in the infinite blue concave.

And the ray of light from one thought-star has not to travel a distance to reach another but evokes at once a corresponding ray from a star of the same magnitude and fluorescence, however distant they may appear to our finite vision.

This then, the capacity to evoke and set in motion goodwill in others, in men and women and animals—whether in the air, on land or in the waters—in the sleeping monads which the ancients conceived as sylvan deities, in the nameless, formless hearts of those beings which our childhood's fancy localises in space and calls fairies and goblins and elfins and will-o'-the-wisp—this capacity to evoke goodwill and perfectly rounded thoughts is the only golden way to friendship.

Love & the Robber

THE Holy Mother (Sarada Devi) was once travelling on foot with a party from her village to Dakshineswar, probably in 1877.

Their path led through a lonely area which was notorious for its roughs and robbers.

Evening had fallen, and the party was anxious to reach the next village, Tarakeswar, before night set in.

But the Holy Mother, too tired to keep pace with the others, was soon left behind, and missing the path, she found herself alone.

Just as it began to get dark, she saw coming towards her a tall man carrying a long staff on his shoulder. It was one of the robbers.

The Holy Mother stood still.

Seeing her, the robber called out in a harsh voice, "Who is this standing here alone at this time of night?"

In a gentle tone the Holy Mother replied, "I have lost my way in the dark. Will you, my father, help me to find my companions?"

Soon a woman came up, apparently the robber's wife.

The Holy Mother went up to her and taking her by the hand, said simply, "Mother, I am your daughter, Sarada. I am in great distress. It is lucky for me that I have found father and you here; otherwise I wouldn't have known what to do."

Husband and wife both responded to the sweet words of the Holy Mother.

With loving parental solicitude they looked after her that night, and were deeply moved when she left them the next morning to continue her journey with the rest of her party!

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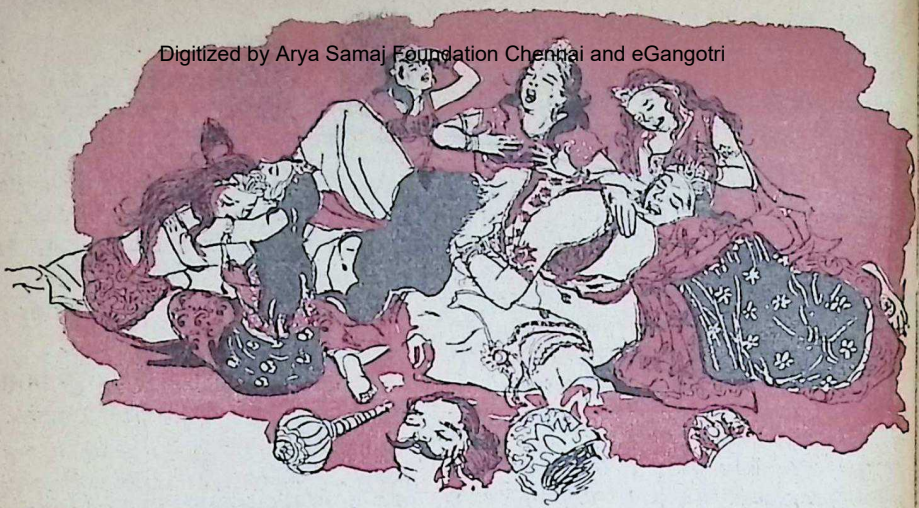

SCENES from **RAMACHARITAMANASA** by Goswami Tulasidas

MANDODARI VILAPA

पति सिर देखत मंदोदरी।
मुरुछित बिकल धरनि खसि परी॥
जुबति बृंद रोवत उठि धाईं।
तेहि उठाइ रावन पहिं आईं॥

When Mandodari saw her lord's heads strewn about, she fainted in her grief and fell on the ground. His circle of other wives too came rushing to the spot weeping; lifting up and supporting Mandodari they all went to where Ravana's remains lay.

पति गति देखि ते करहिं पुकारा।
छूटे कच नहिं बपुष सँभारा॥
उर ताड़ना करहिं बिधि नाना।
रोवत करहिं प्रताप बखाना॥

Seeing their lord dead they started crying; their hair let loose, they became unaware of their body. Beating their bosom wildly and lamenting, they recounted his glory.

तव बल नाथ डोल नित धरनी।
तेज हीन पावक ससि तरनी॥
सेष कमठ सहि सकहिं न भारा।
सो तनु भूमि परेउ भरि छारा॥

"When you were alive, my lord, the earth trembled at your might; the god of fire, the moon and the sun stood lustreless before your splendour. Even Adi Sesha and the divine Tortoise could not bear the weight of your body, which now rolls on the ground soiled with dust.

बरुन कुबेर सुरेस समीरा।
रन सन्मुख धरि काहुँ न धीरा॥
भुजबल जितेहु काल जम साईं।
आजु परेहु अनाथ की नाईं॥

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"Varuna, Indra and Vayu—none of them ever had the temerity to face you in battle. By the might of your arm, my lord, you conquered Time as well as Yama who deals out punishment to evil-doers in the other world; yet today you lie uncared for.

जगत बिदित तुम्हारि प्रभुताई।
सुत परिजन बल बरनि न जाई॥
राम बिमुख अस हाल तुम्हारा।
रहा न कोउ कुल रोवनिहारा॥

"All the world over was your greatness known; even your sons and relatives possessed untold strength. Alas! Hostility to Rama has reduced you to this plight; not one of your clan is left behind to lament your death.

तव बस बिधि प्रपंच सब नाथा।
सभय दिसिप नित नावहिं माथा॥
अब तव सिर भुज जंबुक खाहीं।
राम बिमुख यह अनुचित नाहीं॥
काल बिबस पति कहा न माना।
अग जग नाथु मनुज करि जाना॥

"While you lived, you were the arbiter of the entire creation; the frightened lords of the eight quarters stood bowing their heads to you. But, now jackals feed on your heads and arms, a fate becoming of enmity with Sri Rama. Driven by fate, my lord, you heeded not my words, and took the Ruler of all animate and inanimate beings for an ordinary mortal.

जान्यो मनुज करि दनुज कानन दहन
पावक हरि स्वयं।
जेहि नमत सिव ब्रम्हादि सुर पिय
भजेहु नहिं करुनामयं॥
आजन्म ते परद्रोह रत पापौघमय तव
तनु अयं।
तुम्हहु दियो निज धाम राम नमामि
ब्रम्ह निरामय॥

"You took Sri Hari Himself for a mere man who is a forest-fire come to consume the demon-race, and did not adore the All-merciful. To him, my beloved spouse, even Lord Siva, Brahma and other gods pay homage. From its very birth, this body of yours had taken delight in harming others and was an ocean of many sins; yet Sri Rama has taken you to His abode. To Him, the immutable Brahma, I bow.

अहह नाथ रघुनाथ सम
कृपासिंधु नहिं आन।
जोगि बृंद दुर्लभ गति
तोहि दीन्हि भगवान॥

"Indeed, my lord, there is none equal to the Ocean of Grace—the Lord of the Raghus—Who has bestowed on you a state which is unattainable even for the Yogis."

Disease does not disappear by the mere name of medicine, but by actually swallowing it. Talking of the self without proper realization can never bring about realization. Till the objective is not dissolved in the subjective, till the essence of self is not realized, no liberation can ever come at all.

—Sankara

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. . . . Mysteries and miracles are attributes of our relative ignorance. . . . . There is science beyond the reach of the human mind. The beatific vision one perceives, premonitions, benevolent hints, answer to prayers . . . . all take place according to laws.

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What do we mean by LAW OF KARMA?

S. Subramanya Iyer

THE Law of Causation is the foundation on which this universe is evolving.

The cause of all causes and the end of all ends stretches to infinity on either side. The end exists potentially in the cause itself, for the Law permeates the gap with cause-effect precision. The cause fulfils itself through a series of cosmic cycles. The cosmic evolution is cyclic in its outward form but spiral in its spiritual content, for there is qualitative elevation from cycle to cycle. This spiritual elevation is the meaning of all life. The nature of operation throws light on the purpose and significance of life. The Law that operates cosmos in tune with Dharma as cosmic executor, is the Law of Karma.

It is an all-comprehensive law operating in all the planes of existence, spiritual, psychic, and physical—motive, thought and action.

Every cause has its effect and every action has its reaction. It operates in the field of cosmic energy of different types in different planes of existence —*sthoola, sukshma,* and *karana*. Each type further diversifies and manifests in different forms and they in turn are interconvertible to their fundamental type.

Our intention or motivation is a concrete phenomenon that can be measured in terms of certain quanta of spiritual energy. Our thought or ideation is a concrete phenomenon that can be measured in certain quanta of psychic energy. There is nothing abstract. It is a relative attribute from the gross physical standpoint. Active commerce is taking place in the invisible planes around us as per their laws.

There is no play of caprice or chance in cosmic nature. There is inherent order in the universe. There is

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cause-effect relation in all manifestations. There is science behind every phenomenon, physical, psychic or spiritual.

Mysteries and miracles are attributes of our relative ignorance. We project the weakness of our faculties and instruments of perception to science itself and declare limitations to science. There are no limitations to science as such. There is science beyond the reach of the human mind. The beatific visions one perceives, the showers of grace one receives, the premonitions, the benevolent hints, the prayers answered and all such phenomena take place according to the psychic and spiritual laws.

The spiritual affinity links all creation; one's spiritual centre is attuned to the cosmic centre, the subject and the object merge in the spiritual plane. In pure and intense *Bhava,* one's spiritual call is responded in the manner and the form desired as per the formula: "*Yet Bhavam Tat Bhavati*". The response is from one's own spiritual centre through the projection and reflection of the form desired. *One same spirit responds to all,* through the medium of respective deities worshipped. The response to one's call takes place according to definite laws of higher science.

The universe is dynamic and evolving in scientific order. Hence it is *cosmos* instead of *chaos*. Because of this order, understanding is possible and there is meaning in our *quest and search for Truth.*

The Law of Karma embraces all action in the universe in all the planes of existence. It embraces past, present and future, linked in one continuous chain in cause-effect relation. Every call is responded in tune with Dharma. The impact of Law is inexorable; its effect, reaction and response are impartial. It upholds Dharma and maintains order and balance in the universe. It renders cosmic justice at all levels of existence and holds the scales of universe even. It balances either through smooth integration or through strife if necessary.

All action in tune with Dharma contributes to integration, order, peace, balance, rhythm, harmony. All action in Adharma contributes to chaos, confusion, and conflict. Dharma is the integrating, harmonising and unifying principle, *the true centre of all life*. Any pull from any extreme is reacted with equal vehemence and balance is maintained through the dialectics of the opposites inherent in life.

The Law of Karma operates in the individual life, in the collective life of the group or nation, and in the universal life. The whole creation from the highest Devas to the lowest form of inert life are all bound by Dharma and the Law of Karma.

The Law of Karma has its subsidiary laws in all the planes. Its physical laws are simple and straight and can be analysed and discerned by the intellect. Their cause-effect sequence is a succession in a straight line of time. We respond rightly to their impact, and understanding these laws we tap different forms of physical energy to our advantage.

The psychic laws are highly subtle and complex to grasp. Their cause-effect sequence is not ordered in a succession in time. Their effect is not

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immediate and obvious. The number of causes in association produces a cumulative effect. They operate from the subconscious centre of life and their field of operation embraces past, present and future.

The spiritual laws are much more subtle and complex; they transcend time-space limitations and elude the grasp of the normal man.

Through necessary Yogic discipline, we can evoke higher faculties and superior instruments of perception potential in us and can perceive the nature of operation in the subtler planes of existence and discern their laws. Understanding these higher laws we can tap psychic and spiritual energy to our immense advantage. Through proper response we can avoid so much of human suffering and enjoy power, wisdom and bliss. Understanding higher laws we can grip subtler forms of energy and manipulate the phenomena of the lower planes. The supra-sensory perceptions, the supra-normal faculties, the effect of *mantras,* the various *siddhis* and all such other phenomena have roots in the subtler planes and are based on super-science.

Karma is of three kinds, *prarabdha, sanchita* and *agami*. Our life is the product of our past cumulative Karma and is the seed of the future. We carry our past *vasanas* and *samskaras*. The psychic bundle tags on to *Jiva* and journeys with it from life to life. Through good and bad Karma we build our credit and debit in the universal Book of Life and the totals renew from life to life. All Karma good and bad that spring from egotistic motives accumulate respective *punya* and *papa*. If the motive is impersonal and the action wrong, then it will have its limited reaction in the physical plane and the Karma does not affect the soul. If the motive is evil and even though the action is not effected, that Karma affects the soul, for the motive is important in deciding the impact of Karma.

What we sow, we reap. This principle holds true in all the planes of existence. Every wrong motive sows a psychological seed in the subconscious in the form of an impression, nurtures and grows in the shape of habits and reacts with full impact at a given opportunity. Every act of ours in motive, thought and action has a direct bearing on our individual and collective life. All our past Karma cumulatively moulds into a complex of *gunas—Sattwa, Rajas,* and *Tamas*—and we inherit it as our *Swabhava*—inherent nature. Our temperament, tendencies and propensities are based on the play of the *gunas* in *Swabhava*. We respond to various stimuli in tune with our nature. The nature of work and duties in life in tune with one's *Swabhava* is one's *Swadharma*.

The Law of Karma is not fatalistic, and man is not helpless. Though its effect is inexorable, the cause is in our own hands. We are endowed with rational and discriminating faculty. We can study, analyse and discern its laws and respond rightly and sanely to various stimuli in life. The Dharmic sense is inherent in life as the voice of conscience. The end and purpose of the Law is benevolent and is interwoven with our own purpose and aspirations of life. It leads on to our own

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peace, wisdom, and bliss. In its blows and sufferings, there is a rich reward of experience and understanding, a blessing in disguise. Through confession, repentance, and prayer for the wrong actions done in pure and intense *Bhava,* we can cleanse their Karmic impressions by giving vent to them through the impact of spiritual vibrations generated and thus lighten the Karmic load.

When the impact of our past Karma propels through our *Swabhava,* we can consciously bifurcate our responsibility and avoid its rebinding, attributing it to the natural play of the *gunas* with the sense of non-doer in detachment.

When Karma is done motivated by egotistic desires, the fruits thereof good or bad bind the individual souls. But when Karma is performed in dedication to the universal cause in the spirit of *yagna,* then that Karma does not bind us. If our actions are consciously in tune with Dharma, then the Karma does not affect our soul. We can consciously grip the causes and give them a benevolent turn.

Good souls are like sugar-cane. You grow enjoying their company more and more the longer you keep, just as the sugar-cane tastes sweeter with every segment from top downwards.

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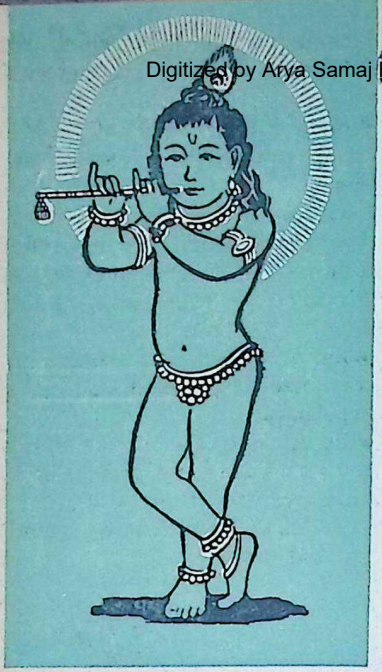

KRISHNAVATARA

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

24.

AIYYAN RETURNS from the WARS

VRINDAVAN was getting ready for Indrotsava, the festival in honour of Indra, the rain god. Gargacharya, aided by thirty disciples and several other learned Brahmans, was preparing 108 sacrificial altars in which maunds of butter, ghee and grain had to be offered.

It was an ancient festival which the Shoora Yadavas of Vraja observed every year before the rains began. Indra was the presiding deity of rain, the giver of plenty, the king of gods. As stated in the Vedas, he could withhold rain and starve men out. He could flood the rivers and plains and sweep away villages by torrential rains. He was, therefore, to be propitiated by this annual sacrifice. He was not to be given offence.

Since the day Krishna had won the hearts of Gargacharya and Sandipani, he had acquired a new confidence in himself. He moved among the cowherds with the sole intent to serve them. He tended the cattle as before, but his identity with them was now complete, though he often wandered away from his friends into the depth of the solitary forests, feeling kinship with each tree and creeper, perceiving an expanding personality.

The learned Brahmans had consultations as to who was to officiate as *yajamana,* the sacrificer. Whoever was selected as such had to go through a purificatory fast for three days and thereafter for seven days to perform the essential rituals. Last year Balaram had officiated. Now Krishna was no more a child, and the choice fell upon him. He was to be the sacrificer this year, decided Gargacharya, with the consent of all the village elders.

However, Krishna had never evinced much interest in the Festival of Indra at any time. When the village was astir with the sacrificial sessions, ordinarily the heart and soul of all festivities, he would often take his flute and with a few favourite cows withdraw into the shadow of Mt.

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Govardhan. However, in his regard for the rituals of the festival, he was so correct that it was difficult to find fault with him for not joining the festival.

Now, the consultations among the learned and the pious being over, Gargacharya announced the decision, when Krishna, as was his wont, came to pay his respects after his return with the cattle from the pastures.

'My son, we have decided that this year you should be the *yajamana* (sacrificer) at the festival. As soon as the preparations are complete, you should undertake the purificatory fast.'

'You should ask Balaram to perform the sacrifice and preside over the festival,' Krishna said with folded hands.

'He was the sacrificer last year,' said Gargacharya. 'It is your turn now.'

'Then it will be more appropriate to select Shridama. Let him be the sacrificer,' said Krishna.

'But not you! Why?'

'I would like others to get the honour,' said Krishna.

Gargacharya smiled. 'Krishna, what is it that you have in your mind? The whole Vrindavan wants you to be the sacrificer this year. Why do you decline the honour?'

'I am not fit for it,' frankly said Krishna.

'Not fit! You! If any one is fit, you are. There must be some good reason behind what you say. What is your reason? Come out with it,' asked Gargacharya, for he had come to find that behind whatever Krishna said and did, there was a sound reason and a clear vision.

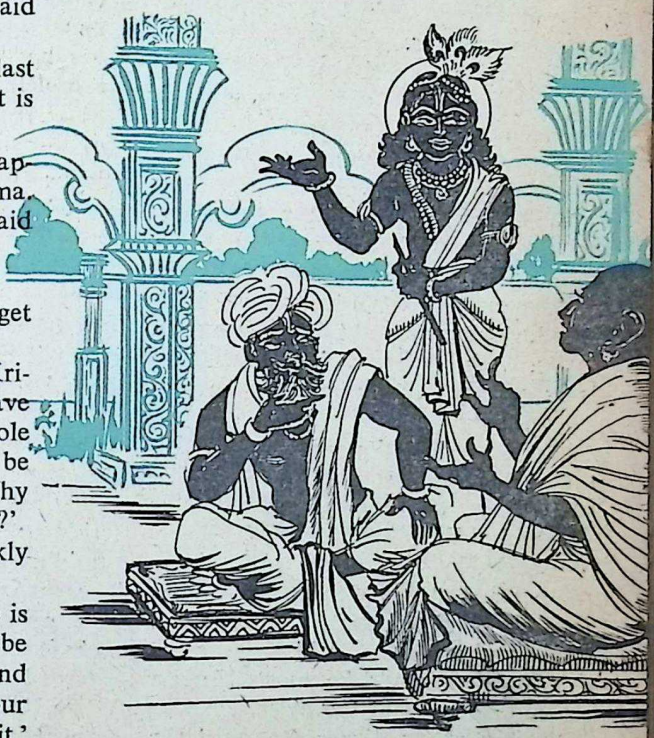
'Would you forgive me if I told you the truth and not be offended?' asked Krishna.

'I will never be offended with you. And you will never give me offence. You know how I value what you say.'

'I don't like Indrotsava,' Krishna said.

'Why? Why? What is wrong with it? It is enjoined by ancient custom,' said Gargacharya.

'Why do we lavish so much milk and honey and butter and grain and fuel? Because we are afraid of Indra; but for the festival, we fear he would be angry and destroy us.'



Why do we lavish so much milk...

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'And so he would. Even the great *Rishis* made sacrificial offerings to him.'

'The great Maharshi Chyavan did not make such offerings and yet won. I do not like festivals prompted by fear. I don't find any joy in them. I would only rejoice in those I love.'

'This is blasphemy, my son.'

'It is not. I would join festivals for the gods who love and bless us,' said Krishna with a loving twinkle in his eyes. 'I would be happy if a festival is held in honour of our *gopas* and *gopis*—our cows which bless us with milk, butter and ghee and dung too for our fire and fields—our trees too which give us the shade, the fruit, the fuel and the frame of homes.'

Gargacharya smiled in an understanding manner.

'——and I would worship Govardhan, the home of luxuriant grass and shady trees, with its birds of lovely plumage and its streamlets of limpid water,' said Krishna.

'What would you do for your new gods, son?' asked Sandipani.

'I would hold a festival in their honour every year—every day, if I could. They are not ours—we are theirs. With them we are godlike, fearless; without them we shall be nowhere.'

'It is true,' said an elder. But for them we would be nowhere.'

'Cows are our wealth,' said a ninety-year-old elder.

'Venerable sir, cows are divine mothers. But for them we could never understand what is to be gentle, noble and generous,' said Krishna.

'But Indra would be angry. He is a wrathful god,' said the elder.

'Is it not our *dharma* to resist the wrathful?' Krishna replied, adding, 'And then, if they cease to inspire fear, to forgive them?'

Old Nanda was all in ecstasy. He had come to surrender his all to his son's judgment, for every time he could see a fresh outlook. 'My son, you are quite right. The cows, the trees and Govardhan give us everything,' he said.

'——and we do not even give them our love—that is what Krishna says. Isn't it?' said Sandipani. 'If you all agree, we should have a Gopotsava—the festival of *gopas* and worship Govardhan. The sacrificial session will be a casual incident in it and the offerings only symbolical.'

'Then I shall be willing to be the *yajamana*,' said Krishna. 'And the milk and butter and curd, which we would have offered to Indra through sacrificial fire, will provide enjoyment for days and days as we never had before.'

'Yes, for, say the *Vedas*, "curds are vigour; ghee is life",' quoted the learned Gargacharya.

The proposal of celebrating Gopotsava came to Vrindavan as a surprise. To some, it came as a shock; it was a departure from ancient tradition. To others it came as a welcome innovation; before seven days of sacrificial sessions, now there would be three days of song and dance, high festivities, donning of nice clothes and joyous gatherings. And most people loved Krishna; and if he was going to be the presiding genius, they were all for it. The younger boys and girls hailed the news with delight free and unmixed.

As it happened, the next day Aiyyan returned to his parents after ten years. When Kamsa went to the *Asvamedha* (the Horse Sacrifice)—the highest ritual to declare world emperorship—

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performed by his father-in-law Emperor Jarasandha of Magadha, he had attended it, accompanied by a contingent of his chosen warriors. Among them was twenty-year-old Aiyyan, a brave lad.

While at Rajagriha, Jarasandha had given his son-in-law, Kamsa, the distinguished privilege of leading his armies for world conquest in the wake of the roaming sacrificial horse. It was his task to give battle and overcome any ruler who barred the way and exact tribute in recognition of Jarasandha's imperial status. In his absence, Mathura was to be governed by the old minister Pralamba and Pradyota, Putana's husband, the chief of the Palace guards.

Off and on, only when the sacrificial horse happened to roam in regions near Mathura in his unrestricted wanderings, Kamsa could pay a visit to his capital for a few days' stay.

Now the sacrificial horse had returned home to Rajagriha after all ancient rituals performed in imperial pomp. Kamsa had come back to his capital with his dominions considerably enlarged and accompanied by such of his men who had had the good fortune to survive, all battle-scarred but flushed with victory. Among them was brave Aiyyan.

The news, which awaited him on arrival, had, however, stunned Aiyyan. His bride had been taken away from him and promised to the son of Chief Nanda, who had some years ago migrated to Vrindavan. He felt this a wanton insult to the fair name of his family and a blot on his brave career. True, he had not seen his wife-to-be; true, with his position in the Court, he could get a better wife any day, but this personal affront had to be avenged.

Aiyyan returned to his village in a fury. This upstart of Krishna—maybe the son of the Chief—had to be properly dealt with. Vrishbhanu's daughter had to be re-pledged to him. He was after all an officer in Kamsa's army—a man who had proved his mettle in several battle-fields.

On top of it, when he arrived in Vrindavan, he heard that, at the instance of this Krishna, most of the villagers wanted to do away with the Festival of Indra—Indra, the god of rain and storm and war, to whom he had offered worship all the days he had been in the army.

Aiyyan decided that the Festival of Indra should be held, Krishna or no Krishna.

[To be continued]

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....Spiritual strength must come ahead of military and economic strength....

THE FAITH OF A PRESIDENT

"LET us bow our heads." With words as simple as these, the Chief Executive of the United States each Friday morning at 10 o'clock opens his weekly Cabinet meeting with a minute or more of silent prayer.

To President Eisenhower it has seemed natural and normal thus to launch every Cabinet meeting since inauguration. For he is naturally a religious man. The President is a man with a strong and humble sense that God is at work in human affairs. Members of his administration, his staff, the President's pastor, the Reverend Edward L. R. Elson, all so regard Dwight D. Eisenhower. They comment that Mr. Eisenhower's influence has affected the whole atmosphere of his administration. The members are more dedicated men and women than they otherwise might be.

The Eisenhower administration's religious tone was established on the very morning of the first Inauguration Day, when the President inserted his famous "little prayer" at the beginning of the inaugural ceremony. That

William H. Stringer

President Eisenhower visiting the Church of Redemption in New Delhi during his recent visit to India.

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....The free government is verily an outcome of religious principles rightly held to, and in turn, the free government exists to preserve man's God-given rights....

morning Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower had attended, with members of the official family, a quiet preinauguration ceremony of dedication at the National Presbyterian Church, of which they were soon to become members. In the tense, reflective moments before the inaugural ceremony, the President-elect considered the inaugural address. The element of spirituality was not sufficiently stressed, he decided. Then and there he composed the short, eloquent prayer of three paragraphs which millions of Americans read or heard over radio and television that noon of January 20, 1953.

"Almighty God," he had written, "as we stand here, at this moment, my future associates in the executive branch of the government join me in beseeching that Thou wilt make full and complete our dedication to the service of the people in this throng and their fellow citizens everywhere..."

The President admires spiritual values in people, too. When he conferred with Ezra Taft Benson about his entering the Cabinet as Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Benson, who is one of the 12 directing "apostles" of the Mormon Church, remonstrated, "Why, General, I am virtually an ordained minister. You will not want a preaching minister in your Cabinet."

"Where in the United States is there more need for spirituality than right here in this Cabinet?" the President-elect replied in substance. When Mr. Eisenhower first called his Cabinet and chief advisers together for a preinaugural session in New York City on January 12, 1953, it was unexpected, but hardly unnatural, that when all were seated for this first session of the new regime, the Chief Executive-elect should rise and ask Mr. Benson to lead them in prayer. This action set the practice of the later silent prayers which have opened each Cabinet session.

The President has always spoken strongly about what is vital to him. For one thing, Mr. Eisenhower deeply believes that the greatness of the United States, its world leadership, its prosperity, even its material wealth, rest upon its spiritual strength, and that there would be no lasting greatness without this spiritual strength. Spiritual strength, Mr. Eisenhower often has stressed, must come ahead of military and economic strength. He often has quoted the words of de Tocqueville, "a great Frenchman" who went to the United States more than a century ago.

"Not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits flame with righteousness," de Tocqueville said, "did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because America is good—and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

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THERE IS A GOD.....

"I remember the night Winston (Churchill) offered me the job of C.I.G.S....I was so overcome that my natural impulse was, when left alone, to kneel and pray God for his assistance in my new task. I have often looked back, during the last three and a half years, to that prayer. I am not a highly religious individual according to many people's outlook. I am, however, convinced that there is a God, all-powerful, looking after the destiny of this world. I had little doubt about this before the war started, but this war has convinced me more than ever of this truth. Again and again during the last six years I have seen His guiding hand guiding and controlling the destiny of this world towards that final and definite destiny which He has ordained."

(Diary-entry on May 8, 1945 on the day of German Collapse)

—Field Marshal Alanbrooke

[Britain's Chief of Imperial General Staff and a Chief designer of Western Allies Strategy in World War II]

A second fundamental point of Mr. Eisenhower's religious philosophy, closely akin to the preceding, is that free government is verily the outcome of religious principles rightly held to, and that in turn free government exists to preserve man's God-given rights. "Free government is the expression of a deeply felt religious faith," he declared succinctly in his first speech to the American people after returning from Europe.

Eisenhower once said: "You simply cannot explain free government in any other terms than religious. The Founding Fathers (of the United States) had to refer to their Creator and His design for man in order to make the revolutionary experiment make sense. It was because 'all men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights' that men could dare to be free.

"They wrote their religious faith into the founding documents, stamped their trust in God upon coins and currency, put it squarely at the base of American institutions. When they framed their bold Bill of Rights, where did they put Freedom of Worship? First!"

One of the President's most spiritually searching definitions of faith was stated this way: "This is the faith teaching us all that we are children of God. It teaches us the divine origin of each man's dignity. It teaches us the sublime meaning of our brotherhood under his fatherhood. This faith teaches us that our ideals of democracy and freedom are much more than sentimental moods, much more than romantic notions. They are not tender inventions of poets. They are eternal laws of the human spirit."

A third important facet in President Eisenhower's religious attitude is his evident willingness to rely on divine guidance. In the White House, Mr. Eisenhower feels the example of Abraham Lincoln, who often sought divine guidance, who often prayed to God for wisdom in dark and decisive times. These are not the tumultous days of Lincoln's term of office, but their mental perplexities are profound, and the presidency now shoulders burdens and decisions which are global in scope.

How did Mr. Eisenhower become the man who has exerted unusual

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influence among his administration colleagues? He was not known in the Army as a particularly religious individual. That was partly because he kept his religious opinions to himself. He has little use for forms and elaborate religious ceremony. Nor does he care for compulsory religion. The President also does not like to have his religion capitalized upon. If he could, he would prefer that he and his wife attend church in Washington just as plain Mr. and Mrs. Eisenhower, but he realizes that, as President, he cannot come and go as freely as he would like.

Any basic estimate of the President would say that his religious conviction has grown upon him, from upright early beginnings. His parents were members of a devout Mennonite group, known as "River Brethren." His grandfather had been an elder in the church and had led his band of Brethren to Kansas. The President well remembers the daily worship in his boyhood home with his father reading from a large Bible and occasionally halting to emphasize a special text to his six sons. He remembers more Bible reading and hymn singing and discussion on Sunday afternoons. He recalls his mother's loving advice to him, which was simply, "Do your best and leave the rest to God."

[Courtesy: *The Christian Science Monitor*]

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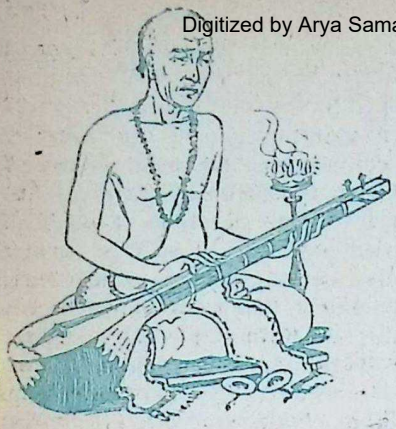

Poet-Saint THYAGARAJA

V. Krishnamurti

BORN in May 1759 at Thiru Arur (Tanjore District) of a family steeped in the rich traditions of the Shastras and Rama-Bhakti, Sri Thyagaraja was the third son of his father, Rama Brahmmam, a Telugu Brahmin of pious nature. Around 1766, however, the family shifted to Thiruvaiyaru, a place of pilgrimage, on the banks of the river Cauvery, six miles away from Tanjore.

By a rare and extraordinary coincidence, two other equally great musician-composers, namely Sri Muthuswamy Dikshitar and Syama Shastri were also born in the same Thiru Arur, eventually to complete the now-famous "Musical Trinity" of the South with Sri Thyagaraja as their undisputed head.

While Sri Thyagaraja specialised mostly in Telugu songs which took freely of Sanskrit terms, he sang a few in pure Sanskrit also that were no less noted for their beauty, substance and grandeur. Dikshitar composed only in Sanskrit while Shastri in both Telugu and Sanskrit in an equal number.

By an estimate which has not so far been contradicted by greater authenticity, Thyagaraja had the unique distinction of having composed about 24,000 songs. He is known to have dealt them in two hundred ragas of which a fair percentage are rare. Besides these, he wrote two musical plays viz., *Prahalada Bhaktha Vijaya* and *Nowka Charithra* and a string of less-known *'Bhajans'*. By a tragic fate, however, we were destined to inherit only 2,000 songs in sketch, of which again, hardly 505 are in vogue and print.

Deeply erudite in Sanskrit and Telugu alike, Sri Thyagaraja received his education at the Thiruvaiyaru Sanskrit College and naturally was well-versed in the ancient lore, the Vedas, the Upanishads and the Puranas, taught by great and renowned scholars. An astrologer of great accuracy, he had calculated the date of

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his own 'Moksha' which he met in full preparedness and ready with his divine invocations, friends and disciples. Two of his disciples, it is said, learnt not music, but astrology from him!

There are a few interesting and thrilling anecdotes of his life that establish that Sri Thyagaraja had the *darshan* of Sri Rama and Lakshmana more than once, and of Deva Rishi Narada who came to him in disguise, blessed him and gave him the book "Swaranava".

Thyagaraja's "Pancha-Ratna" *kritis* are truly five gems in Carnatic music and reflect the ecstatic heights he touched in his devotion to Rama. These songs, therefore, are chorussed at the annual "Aradhana" at Thiruvaiyaru by eminent musicians and form an important agenda in the programme of worship.

Raja Serfoji of Tanjore, a Maharatta monarch then ruling under the British aegis, was a lover of art, particularly music, and patronised a band of great musicians in his court. Having come to know of Thyagaraja as a great composer, he went and implored the latter to sing his glory promising substantial reward but the Saint refused and sang the famous song, *"Nithi Tsala Sukhama? Nara Stuthi Sukhama?"*, the song that totally transformed the king and made him shed his mundane pursuits!

The spirit of "bhakti" as expounded in his music was so great and mellow that anyone, be he a prince or a pauper, an agnostic or a rationalist, who came into contact with him and his music, was a ready and permanent convert to that cult like the "fool come to scoff remained to pray."

Thyagaraja was a great lover of the Varnashrama Dharma. He passed through the traditional stages of life enjoined by the scriptures. Though he married twice, his first wife having pre-deceased him in very early life, he became a *vanaprastha* once, he got a grandson through his only daughter who also died early snapping the progeny of the savant. "Sat-Guru" (the venerable master) to his ardent disciples, he started on a pilgrimage tour of the various religious and cultural centres of the south, singing his compositions on the presiding deity in every temple he visited. Thus, when divine realisation came to him, he started composing on all gods (Siva, Devi, Ganesa, etc.) instead of only Sri Rama as thitherto.

Thyagaraja disliked "rebirth" and was often heard to implore Sri Rama for sparing him from one, and one could even now "hear" him in the depths of his emotions, in *kritis* like *"Ksheenamai thiruka"*.

By the legacy of the image of Sri Rama that the Swami inherited from his father, hangs a thrilling tale which speaks for itself. The Saint's brother wanted to "reform" Sri Thyagaraja and distract him from the "craze" of Rama to family responsibilities and for achieving this purpose, he stealthily removed the image of Rama overnight and got it buried deep down in the Cauvery sands. Sri Thyagaraja woke up the next morning and was shocked by the disappearance of his cherished 'Hero' and was in despair.

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Woe-begone, the Saint did not eat, sleep or relish anything in this world for weeks together. At last, he consoled himself and resumed his normal routine of worship even without the image of Rama. On the night following this, however, he had the *darshan* of Sri Rama in his dream who revealed the exact place He lay buried in the Cauvery. The next morning, the Saint ran up to the river-bed, dug out the sands and, to his immense surprise and tears of joy, he recovered his companion, not in the original base-metal but in glowing and glistening gold! When this incident came to be known the whole town including the wicked brother rose and prostrated at the feet of the Saint and hailed him as an *avatar* of God! It is said that Thyagaraja once amazingly revived a dead man and restored him to his wife and who can deny this miracle to a God-man!

Thyagaraja was very humane and had an abundant sense of humour. He taught his pupils music very sincerely and whole-heartedly, expecting no return except their success. In his late years, he listened to the music of his full-fledged disciples and drew therefrom consolation and peace which he so badly needed especially after the death of his second wife. In his early life, Thyagaraja revelled in hearing other musicians, admired them and encouraged them though, as a rule, he never compromised on the quality or the purity of the music, be it from his own disciples or from recognized exponents. He took to *sannyasa* a few days prior to his end and predicted that his music would reach limelight after his "Samadhi", which came very true.

A bare garden—a *brindaban*—on the banks of the Cauvery, in January 1847, the scene of his "Samadhi" at Thiruvaiyaru was renovated and a shelter was put up in 1907, exactly 60 years after his 'Mukti'—and worship with regular rituals extending to ten days started, when, the Sat-Guru's songs were rendered and popularised.

Later on, in 1925, a pucca temple with the image of the "Swami" installed therein, was erected by Bangalore Nagaratnammal, a woman musician, who willed away all her properties to celebrate the day of the Saint annually with proper rituals and worship, and as a cultural-cum-religious festival commencing from that day of January which marks the 5th lunar day after full-moon (*Panchami*).

The festival has now grown into such proportions and significance that there is a happy representation of the South as well as the North at the annual "Aradhana" at Thiruvaiyaru, fusing the two at the Swami's feet in the cause of "bhakti" and music.

Truly, Saint Thyagaraja represents the very synthesis of culture and religion as expressed by the devotional and divine music and as such, his genius and inspiration are bound to live as long as music lives, ennobling humanity to higher virtues and values.

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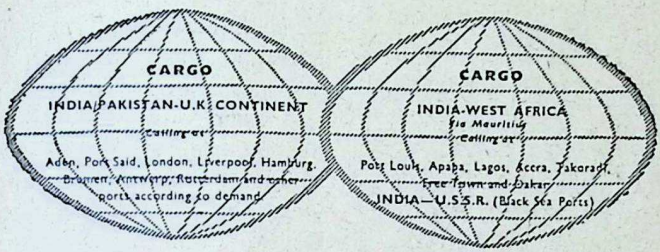

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Andhaka and Ardra

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

The 12th and 13th of January are sacred to Siva-devotees. The mythology behind it and its inner meaning are explained in this article.

IN the solar month Dhanus, the day when the moon transits the constellation Mrigasira has great significance.

On the evening of this day, temples dedicated to Siva are crowded with devotees eager to have *darshan* of a spectacle. The image of Lord Siva is taken round in procession. An effigy or drawing of the demon Andhaka is prepared and fixed to a rafter. The image of Siva is brought with speed and ovation amidst the sounds of temple music and the noise of crackers and pyrotechnic material lit up by fire.

The idol is carried with the gait resembling the movements of the cosmic dance of Siva. Hymns in praise of the dancing Siva are sung by the priests to befit the occasion. A show is made to signify the fall of the giant Andhaka, the inmate of the regions of darkness, by a shaft directed by Siva. The effigy or the curtain bearing the figure of the fiend is dropped down. The priests walk briskly on the figure.

The story of this demon is an allegory and is of great significance.

According to the *Saura Purana*, Andhaka was the son of Hiranyaksha. When Prahlada renounced all the concerns of the world, Andhaka assumed power as the overlord of the race of demons. He pleased Brahma by practising austerities. He was able to obtain many boons including inviolability from the attacks of the Devas.

In the Puranic accounts, Andhaka is represented as possessing 1000 arms and heads, 2000 eyes and feet. He was called Andhaka, because he walked like a blind man. Another interpretation is that he could not walk in the day. His movements were confined only to the dark hours.

Andhaka was obsessed by passion and was a maniac. He had lost the faculty of correct perception. So, he was blinded against everything that was good.

This demon somehow managed to go to Devaloka. He caused Devas great annoyance and havoc. So, the Devas approached Brahma for succour. Brahma was unable to prevent the onslaughts of this fiend and could

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only reply that in view of the bounties conferred already, the demon was inviolable and that his body would on no account touch the earth.

The ravages of the demon continued. When Siva was busy hearing the complaints lodged against Andhaka by the Devas, the fiend stealthily entered into the realms of the Mount Mandara and attempted to carry off Parvati, as also the celestial plant Parijata from heaven!

Siva in consequence prepared Himself for the fight, and put on the three serpents Takshaka, Vasuki and Dhananjaya as belt and bracelets.

In the meanwhile, a demon named Nila (the dark) assumed the form of an elephant and planned for an attack against Siva, whereupon Virabhadra, Siva's emissary, rose to the occasion and slew him by assuming the form of a lion. The elephant's skin was presented to Siva to serve as a cloak.

An expedition against Andhaka was led by Siva with His entourage consisting of *ganas* as also the Devas. Siva shot the demon with an arrow and wounded him, when to His surprise, He found that, each drop of blood falling from him on the ground, produced a duplicate Andhaka! Like the heads of a hydra, innumerable Andhakas sprung up. Siva next thrust His javelin on the original Andhaka's breast and commenced His violent dance, while the duplicate fiends were destroyed by Vishnu with the discus.

In order to stop the blood from falling on the ground, Siva and the Devas created different *shaktis* known as Matrikas.

From out of the flames that issued out of Siva's mouth, a power known as Yogeswari was created. The seven Matrikas had their genesis as follows: from Brahma arose his counterpart Brahmi; from Maheshwara arose Maheswari; from Skanda was formed Kaumari; from Varaha, the boar incarnation of Vishnu, originated Varahi; from Indra sprang up Indrani. Chamunda took her form from Yama.

Andhaka being made up of such mental qualities as are associated with evil, the gods had to produce powerful antidotes to kill those viruses of evil propensities.

Thus, Yogeswari killed *kama* or desire in Andhaka, Maheswari extinguished *krodha* or anger. Vaishnavi in her turn licked up all covetousness (*lobha*); Brahmi annihilated *mada* or pride. Kaumari had for her share *moha* or illusion. Indrani had a sumptuous meal of *matsarya* or fault-finding. Yami or Chamunda seized away all *paisunya* or tale-bearing. Last but not the least, Varahi took away all the particles of *asuya* or envy from out of the drops that trickled.

As a sequel to this mighty operation conducted by the Devas and Matrikas, the creation of secondary Andhakas was arrested. Andhaka was thus dispossessed of all the evil traits. The *asuri maya* or power was completely suppressed. The eight evil qualities were brought under check. Andhaka had to admit complete defeat.

The Devas praised the Lord's might. Andhaka offered his supplications to the Lord, who in turn was pleased and blessed him. He was released from the sharp edges of the Trident which pierced his body. At the instance of the Lord, he was raised to the position of a leader of the *ganas* and had

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a status equal to that of Nandikeswara. He was named Bhringi. Mother Parvati blessed him as if he were a son!

The Andhaka episode as related in the *Saura Purana* is an allegory. It pictures a conflict between the Spirit of Vidya (spiritual wisdom) as personified by the form of Siva and Andhaka or the darkness of Avidya. Andhaka is a synthesis of all the qualities of *tamas*: gloom, darkness, heedlessness, delusion and ignorance. He was sinking in a state of delusion, being completely sheathed by Avidya or ignorance.

Consequently, when the *tamasic* propensities reigned, he was subject to their influence and completely bound up by those properties only. When the spirit of Vidya launched an insurrection against Avidya, the latter tried to increase its might in defence in the form of the eight evil traits. This aspect is hinted by the multiplication of the demon's figure, when finally it was brought under control.

Andhaka became a great devotee and from the shores of death and darkness, he entered into the realms of Vidya or Immortality (knowledge). The shafts directed by Siva enkindled in him the light of knowledge.

At the end of this story, the narrator Sage Mahatapa concludes that this is a parable connected with the realisation of the knowledge of the self (ऐतत्ते सर्वमाख्यातं आत्मविद्यामृतम्).

The day following the destruction of Andhaka is the day of the sight of Siva (Ardradarsana) and this day is held to be very sacred by the devotees of Siva, for the Lord is flush with victory over Avidya.

The conception is that Siva manifested Himself on this day as Nataraja. Before sunrise, the devotees throng to the temple of Siva. The constellation Ardra is held sacred to Siva as on this day the moon rests in this lunar mansion. The idol of Siva as Nataraja is taken round in procession before dawn. Offerings are made to the Lord.

The sight of Siva in the early hours of the Ardra day is considered to be efficacious in procuring merit to the devotees. The so-called remains of Andhaka (the dust formed by the trampling of the figure drawn on the ground and mixed with oil) is smeared on the forehead as a charm against evil.

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Kulapati Munshiji Feted

WEDNESDAY the 30th December, 1959 was an eventful day for friends, well-wishers and workers of the Bhavan, for it was the 73rd birthday of its founder, Kulapati Sri Munshiji which was celebrated with great enthusiasm.

From very early in the morning, a stream of visitors kept pouring into Sri Munshiji's residence, besides a sheaf of telegrams and messages greeting him on the occasion.

In the evening a grand dinner party had been arranged in honour of the event.

Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay who presided on the occasion arrived at 8 p.m. On arrival at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan where the function took place, Sri Munshiji was greeted with *Purna-Kumbha* and Vedic chants. Besides the Governor, many dignitaries of Bombay including Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay, members of the Consular Corps, members of the Bhavan's Council, business magnates and friends of Bhavan took part in the function.

At the close of the dinner Sri N. H. Bhagawati, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, in his welcome address referred to the many facets of Sri Munshiji's life as lawyer, Minister, Governor, litterateur and founder of the Bhavan and his personal association with him down the years. He wished him a 125 years of active and useful life.

Sri Sri Prakasa rising amidst cheers paid a tribute to Sri Munshiji's versatility. He referred in particular to Sri Munshiji's great work in the Constituent Assembly of India in drafting India's Constitution and felt that Munshiji deserved better recognition for it.

The Governor referred to the part played by Sri Munshiji in India's struggle for freedom, his tenure as Home Minister of Bombay, as Governor of U.P., as a legal luminary and as the founder of the Bhavan. Referring to the forthcoming bifurcation of the State of Bombay, the Governor desired that the city of Bombay should continue to maintain its present prosperity and unity.

He endorsed Sri Bhagawati's wonder at Munshiji's amazing dynamism. He wished Sri Munshiji and his family a long and prosperous life.

Sri Munshiji, in reply thanked the Governor, Sri Bhagawati and other guests for their good wishes. (The full text of his reply along with photographs will appear in the next issue.)

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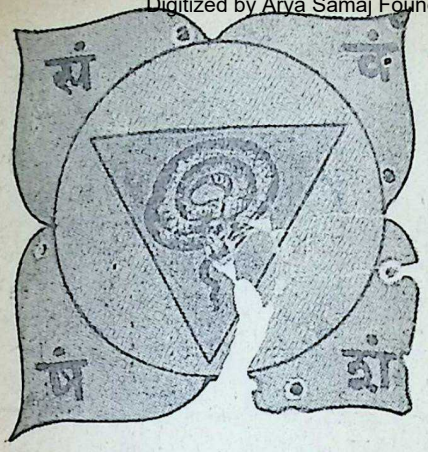

Kundalini and Mooladhara Chakra

the Mysterious Kundalini

SWAMI SIVANANDA

THE word Kundalini is a familiar one to all students of Yoga, as it is well known as the power, in the form of a coiled serpent, residing in Mooladhara Chakra, the first of the seven Chakras, the other six being Swadhisthana, Manipuraka, Anahata, Visuddhi, Ajna and Sahasrara, in order.

All Sadhana in the form of Japa, meditation, Kirtan and prayer as well as all development of virtues and observance of austerities like Truth, Non-violence and continence are at best calculated only to awaken this serpent-power and make it pass through all the succeeding Chakras beginning from Swadhisthana to Sahasrara, the latter otherwise called as the Thousand-petalled Lotus, the seat of Sadashiva or the Parabrahman or the Absolute, separated from whom, the Kundalini or the Shakti lies at the Mooladhara, and to unite with whom the Kundalini passes through all the Chakras, as explained above, conferring liberation on the aspirant who assiduously practises Yoga or the technique of uniting Her with Her Lord and gets success also in his effort.

In worldly-minded people, given to enjoyment of sensual and sexual pleasures, this Kundalini power is sleeping because of the absence of any stimulus in the form of spiritual practices, as the power generated through such practices alone awakens that serpent-power, and not any other power derived through the possession of worldly riches and affluence.

When the aspirant seriously practises all the disciplines enjoined in the Shastras and as instructed by the preceptor in whom the Kundalini would have already been awakened and reached its abode or Sadashiva (by

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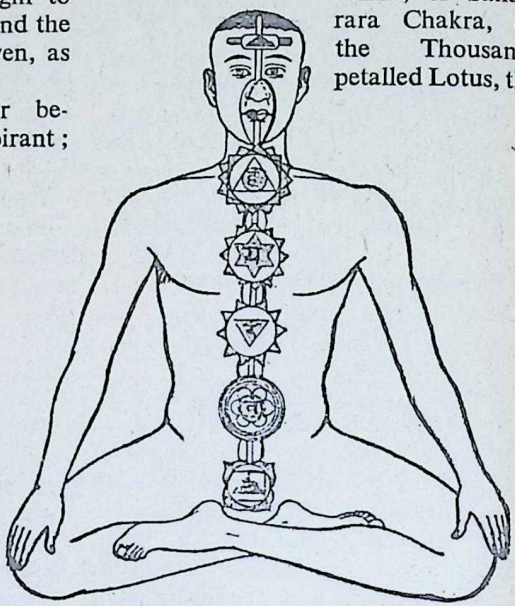
acquiring which blessed achievement alone a person becomes entitled to act as a Guru or spiritual preceptor), guiding and helping others also to achieve the same end, the veils or layers enmeshing Kundalini begin to be cleared and finally are torn, and the serpent-power is pushed or driven, as it were, upwards.

Supra-sensual visions appear before the mental eye of the aspirant; new worlds with indescribable wonders and charms unfold themselves before the Yogi; planes after planes reveal their existence and grandeur to the practitioner; and the Yogi gets divine knowledge, power and bliss in increasing degrees when Kundalini passes through Chakra after Chakra, making them bloom in all their glory, which, before the touch of Kundalini, do not give out their powers, nor radiate their divine light and fragrance and reveal the divine secrets and phenomenon, which lie concealed from the eyes of worldly-minded people who would refuse to believe in their existence even.

When the Kundalini ascends one Chakra or Yogic centre, the Yogi also ascends one step or rung upward in the Yogic ladder; one more page, the next page, he reads in the divine book; the more the Kundalini travels upwards the more the Yogi advances towards the goal or spiritual perfection in relation to it.

When the Kundalini reaches the sixth centre or the Ajna Chakra, the Yogi gets the vision of Personal God or Saguna Brahman, and when the serpent-power reaches the last, the top centre, or Sahasrara Chakra, or the Thousand-petalled Lotus, the Ocean of Sat-Chit-Ananda or the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute and becomes one with the Lord or Supreme Soul. He is no longer an ordinary man, not even a simple Yogi, but a fully illumined sage having conquered the eternal and unlimited divine kingdom, a seer having won the battle against illusion, a Mukta or liberated one, having crossed the ocean of ignorance or the transmigratory existence, and a super-man having the authority and capacity to save the other struggling souls of the relative world. Scriptures hail him



Ida, Pingala, Sushumna and the Chakras

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most, in the maximum possible glorifying way, and his achievement. Celestial beings envy him, not excluding the Trinities—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva.

Kundalini Yoga actually belongs to Tantrik Sadhana, which gives a detailed description about this serpent-power and the Chakras, as mentioned above. Mother Divine, the active aspect of the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss Absolute, resides in the body of men and women in the form of Kundalini, and the entire Tantrik Sadhana aims at awakening Her and making Her unite with the Lord, Sadashiva, in the Sahasrara, as described in the beginning in detail. Methods adopted to achieve this end in Tantrik Sadhana are Japa of the name of the Mother, prayer and various rituals.

Hatha Yoga also builds up its philosophy around this Kundalini and the methods adopted in it are different from Tantrik Sadhana. Hatha Yoga seeks to awaken this Kundalini through the discipline of the physical body, purification of Nadis and controlling the Prana. Through a number of physical poses called Yoga Asanas it tones up the entire nervous system and brings it under the conscious control of the Yogi; through Bandhas and Mudras it controls the Prana, regulates its movements and even blocks and seals it without allowing it to move; through Kriyas it purifies the inner organs of physical body; and finally, through Pranayama it brings the mind itself under the control of the Yogi. Kundalini is made to go upward towards Sahasrara through these combined methods.

But Raja Yoga mentions nothing about this Kundalini, but propounds a still subtle, higher path, philosophical and rational, and asks the aspirant to control the mind, to withdraw all the senses and to plunge in meditation. Unlike Hatha Yoga which is mechanical and mystical, Raja Yoga teaches a technique with eight limbs, appealing to the heart and intellect of aspirants.

It advocates moral and ethical development through its Yama and Niyama, helps the intellectual and cultural development through Swadhyaya or study of holy scriptures, satisfies the emotional and devotional aspect of human nature by enjoining to surrender oneself to the will of the Creator, has an element of mysticism by including Pranayama also as one of the eight limbs, and finally prepares the aspirant for unbroken meditation on the Absolute through a penultimate step of concentration.

Neither in philosophy nor in its prescription of methods Raja Yoga does mention about Kundalini, but sets the human mind and Chitta as its targets to be destroyed, as they alone make the individual soul forget its real nature and bring birth and death and all the woes of phenomenal existence.

But when we come to Vedanta, there is no question about Kundalini or any type of mystical and mechanical methods. It is all enquiry and philosophical speculation. According to Vedanta the only thing to be destroyed is ignorance about one's real nature and this ignorance cannot be destroyed either by study or by Pranayama or by work or by any amount of physical twisting and torturing, but only by knowing

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one's real nature, which is Sat-Chit- Ananda or Existence-Knowledge-Bliss.

Man is divine, free and one with the Supreme Spirit always, which he forgets and identifies himself with matter, which itself is only an illusory appearance and a super-imposition on the Spirit. Liberation is freedom from ignorance, and the aspirant is advised to constantly dissociate himself from all limitations and identify himself with the all-pervading, non-dual, blissful, peaceful, homogeneous Spirit or Brahman. When meditation becomes intensified, the aspirant loses his individuality in the ocean of Existence or rather the individuality is blotted or blown out completely. Just as a drop of water let on a frying pan he is immediately sucked in by the Universal Consciousness and is absorbed in it.

According to Vedanta there cannot be real liberation in a state of multiplicity, and the state of complete Oneness is the goal to be aspired for, towards which alone the entire creation is slowly moving on.

'They abuse him who is silent; they abuse him who talks too much; and they abuse him who talks moderately.' —This saying is not a new one, it is an old, old saying. There is none in the world who is not abused.

—The Buddha.

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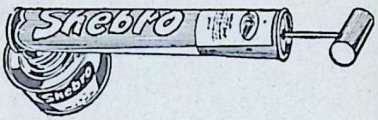

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

709

Sri D. Pitchumani, Madurai.

Q: What gives meaning and value to life?

A: To live in search of fundamental aspirations: Love, Beauty and Truth.

710

Sri Sadyojata Murthy, Mandya.

Q: Does the law of Karma apply to inanimate things, particularly to man-made machines?

A: The law of Karma postulates a soul. I do not know that man-made machines have a soul, or that it migrates from one machine to another.

711

Sri Y. Ram Narsiah, Secunderabad.

Q: What is your advice to the people of India about the tension between India and China?

A: Be strong enough to resist China but restrained enough not to precipitate war.

712

Sri Vasant, Shahabad, Mysore.

Q: What are the ways of loving God? Is it going to the temple daily for praying or is it by doing good to others?

A: (1) The highest way is to learn to live in Him. But if we cannot follow it, we should take the ways of *bhakti,* which involves complete surrender to Him.

(2) Seeing Him in all men and serving them is also loving God.

(3) Going to the temple for daily prayers is one of the ways by which we can learn to love God. If done with sincere faith, it may teach us to surrender ourselves to God.

713

Sri K. P. Janardan, Kasargod.

Q: Will you kindly explain in simple terms 'Prakriti' 'Purusha' and 'Moksha'?

A: Prakriti is nonsentient matter; Purusha is the sentient soul, and release or Moksha is the realisation of his separateness from Prakriti by the Purusha or soul. This is the view of the Samkhyas. The view differs from Acharya to Acharya. I am not a philosopher. I accept Purusha as the Atman or soul, the immortal essence of the Universal Spirit which underlies our body. Moksha is attained when this Atman transmutes attachment, fear and wrath, to which as animals we are heir, and realises Truth, Beauty and Love as stabilised principles of life.

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NOTE

There have been quite a few letters written to me by readers as regards my answer to Question No. 692 (Bhavan's Journal dated 13-12-1959) relating to the cloud blue colour of Sri Krishna.

Most of these explanations which have been given to me in the letters show that mystics have believed that the cloud blue colour of Sri Krishna indicated the all-pervasiveness of the Supreme. There are other mystic explanations too.

The Epics and Puranas clearly indicate that those who saw Sri Krishna and Sri Ramachandra remained under the impression that their skin was dark blue. In my reply, therefore, I was only stating a fact that whatever tradition has come down to us points to the fact that from their birth both these avatars had dark blue skins. What mystic or symbolic significance such colour had, is another matter.

K. M. Munshi

714

Sri H. S. Karibasappa, Shimoga.

Q: *What is the difference between Saivas and Veerasaivas?*

A: Saivism is a general term comprising all systems which regard Siva as the Lord of the world; it is contrasted with Vaishnavism.

Veerasaivism is a branch of Saivism. It is supposed to have originated with Sri Basava. One of its special features is *Lingadharan.*

715

Sri Rasiklal S. Trivedi, Rajkot.

Q: *I am unable to differentiate between 'Prarabdha' and 'Kriyamana'. Can you kindly explain?*

A: Both are *karman,* which is of three kinds: *Sanchita* or collected; *Prarabdha* or that which has started to bear fruit; and *Kriyamana* or that which is being stored up for future.

716

Sri R. P. Viswanath, Sagar.

Q: *Can you tell me who is the wife of Janaka, King of Mithila?*

A: He had four wives, of whom the chief was one called Sumati, according to Kalikapurana, Adhyaya 38.

717

Sri C. Gopalan, Cannanore.

Q: *I have heard it said that Ahalya, Droupadi, Tara, Kunti and Mandodari are remembered as 'Pancha Maha Kanyakas' (Five great spinsters). Having been legally wedded, how could they be called spinsters? Will you kindly clear my doubt?*

A: Kanya used in a broad sense is a young woman. There is, however, one reading *'Panchakam na smarer nityam'* 'A man should always remember' this group of five (पञ्चकं) ना - person.

718

Sri B. N. Ghosh, Cochin.

Q: *What are Ashta Vasus and Pancha Banas? I think Dhruva was one of the Vasus; I have not*

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been able to find the answers kindly enlighten.

A: The eight Vasus are:

धरो ध्रुवश्च सोमश्च अहश्चैवानिलोऽनल:।
प्रत्यूषश्च **प्रभासश्च** वसवोऽष्टा विति स्मृता:॥

The five arrows of Manmatha, the God of Love, are:

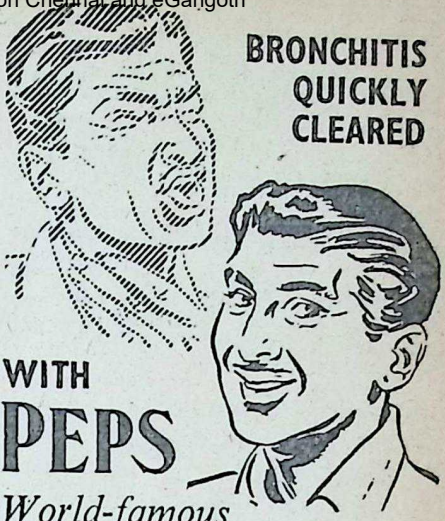
अरविन्दं अशोकं च चूतं च नवमल्लिका।
नीलोत्पलं च पञ्चैते पञ्चबाणस्य सायका:॥

719

Sri A. R. Paran, Kerala.

Q: *Is it possible for a human being to alter his destiny even in the slightest way by the exercise of his volition?*

A: Volition is given to man to lead him to spiritual growth. If therefore he submits his will to God's will, he will be able to alter his destiny, not otherwise.



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TECHNIQUE OF WAR IN ANCIENT INDIA

A. P. CHANDRASEKHARAN

[This is the third and concluding article in the series. The first two appeared in the last two issues of this Journal]

SUCCESS in war mainly depends neither on the strength of the army nor on the abundance of weapons used. It goes a long way if the army is efficient and practical in the actual field-operation, ably conducted by a well-trained team of commanders.

The two great wars that had been waged on the Indian soil during the Epic period give ample testimony for the importance of a highly technical knowledge of field-operations. Despite a large army that the Kaurava side possessed, their commanders quarrelled with each other and often changed. Karna even took a vow that he would engage in the war only after the death of Bhishmacharya!

On the other hand, Pandavas were blessed with the able and skilful leadership of Sri Krishna, and it was mainly due to him that they were finally crowned with success.

It is doubtful whether the Vedic warriors had known the technique of war as understood in later period. However, *Atharva Veda* speaks of a number of battle-charms for confusing the enemy and to render their plan futile by invoking the aid of gods and goddesses. About the Epic period, the techniques of warfare took a definite form and arrangement, and we know from the Epic, how the Kurukshetra War was full of complexities and technicalities due to an elaborate system of arrays and arrangements of armies.

This array—*vyuha* as it was called—was the arrangement of the forces which the commander adopted, according to the exigencies of the moment. There were various kinds of *vyuhas* among which the most interesting and the most invincible was *Chakra Vyuha*. Of all the famous warriors of the *Mahabharata* only Arjuna knew how to defeat this *vyuha*, and when his son, Abhimanyu, managed to enter into it, he was treacherously put to death by the enemies. Each army formed *vyuhas* in such a way as to cope with the *vyuha* of the other. Thus the *Mahabharata* speaks of various kinds of arrays formed each day: *Mandala, Suchi, Makara, Vajra, Sakata,* circular array, semi-circular array, *Chakra,* etc. There were other *vyuhas* also: *sarpa, mala, garuda, danda, kaka, simha,* etc. The position of each of the four divisions of the array varied according to the different *vyuhas*. Whatever the disposal of the army at the beginning of a fight, it does not appear that there was any conscious attempt to change the formation thereafter as circumstances required.

Arrays were primarily divided into four kinds: *danda, bhoga, mandala* and *asamhata*. Each had further classifications making the total number of arrays twenty. There was no definite rule as to the number of *vyuhas* formed; and each was named according to the shape of the array in which it was arranged.

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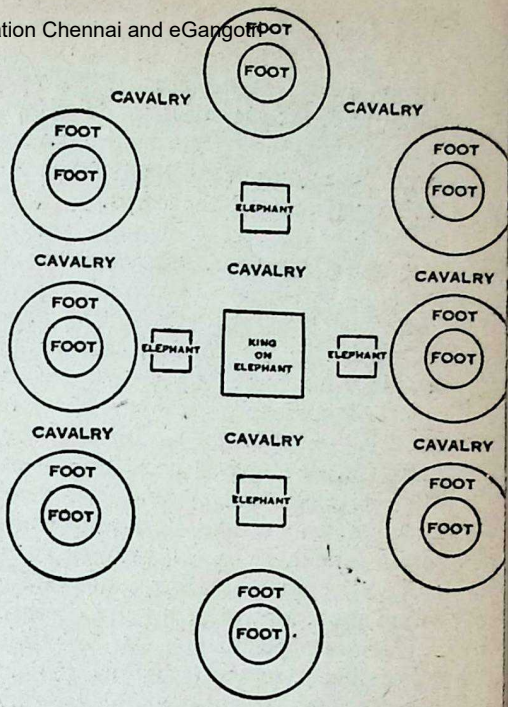
Apart from the particular *vyuhas* made according to the nature of attack, considerable care was taken with regard to the general arrangement of the army. The field-army usually was divided into three, four or seven parts. In the first classification, the *Uras* (breast or centre), the *Kakshas* (flanks) and *Pakshas* (wings) were the divisions. The second classification added the *Pratigraha* (reserve). The last added three more, i.e. the *Koti* (van), *Madhya* (middle or second line) and *Prastha* (rear between *madhya* and *pratigraha*).

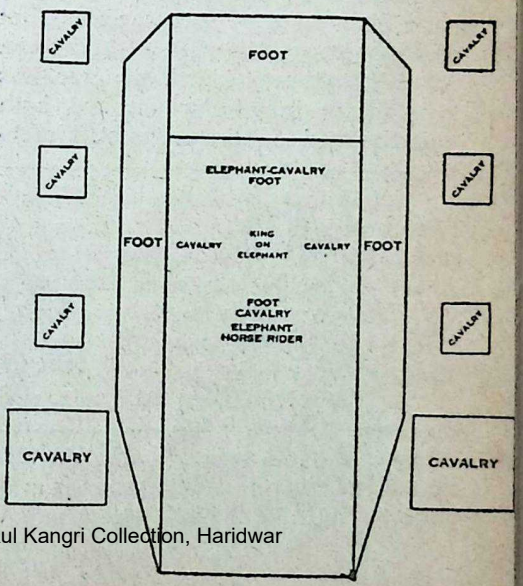
Those in whose fidelity the king had complete confidence occupied the main position. The responsibility of posting men in their proper places lay on the Commander-in-Chief whose was the final word in the battle-field.

Before classifying warfare according to techniques we have to dwell upon *Dharma-yuddha* which distinguished Indian warfare from that of other countries. Righteous fighting was the glory of the India of the past. In *Ramayana,* it is stated, Rama warned his brother Lakshmana against using *Brahmastra,* the most powerful of the divine missiles, against those who fled and those who yielded. Again, although the rules of righteous fighting were many a time infringed towards the end of the Mahabharata War, until his fall on the 'bed of arrows', the great Bhishma never adopted unfair means. "He did not like to strike a man who had laid down his arms, or who had fallen, or whose armour was unbuckled, or who was running away from fight, or who tendered submission or whose son had been killed or who was a man of humble position." So also it



Above: *Mala Vyuha*

Below: *Makara Vyuha*



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was laid down that men asleep or thirsty or tired should not be killed. Even the Greeks were struck with admiration at the strict moral principles adopted in warfare by the Indians who never disquieted the tiller of the soil or plundered the crops.

In the manner of fighting and in the use of weapons, rules of *Dharmayuddha* had been observed. Weapons were classified into *daivika, asura* and *manusha*. In the *daivika,* charms and spells were used. The use of mechanical instruments causing wholesale destruction was the *asura* form of warfare. In *manusha* came the formation of different arrays and their classification. In the two Epic wars which were fought, so to say, between virtue and vice, all these forms of warfare were used. However, the use of barbed or poisoned weapon was forbidden.

Similarly, in the technique of fighting included *Prakasa* and *Kuta* form of warfare, the first, of course, being given top priority. The *Mahabharata* gives clear evidence that throughout the eighteen days except perhaps on one or two days when Ghadotkacha fought and was killed, the war was fought in broad daylight and both parties used to retire at sunset. Treacherous or *kuta* fighting was rarely followed. Threatening in one direction and attacking in another direction was considered to be against the rules of righteous warfare. Again, destruction while the enemy was unconscious or unprepared had been looked upon with disfavour by the ancients. There was still another form of fighting, the silent, (*tushni*) warfare in which one side spread disaffection in the ranks of enemy's forces.

It was not unusual that before commencing attack or in intervals of fighting, fighters, especially car-warriors, exchanged sharp words. It was more so in wrestling and duels which were common features in ancient battles. The rules were also more strict in duels.

Alexander's invasion and the ensuing defeat sustained by the Indians in that battle proved that it was not expedient to adhere to the principles of righteous warfare in the fighting with a foreigner who believed that everything was fair in war. This lesson taught by the Greeks in the battle at Hydaspes had gone so deep into their hearts that its influence could be seen in later battles.

[*Concluded*]

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ABUBAKAR BALEWA

THE YEAR-END has been full of events for the African continent, chief among them being the Federal elections of Britain's largest colony, Nigeria, as a preliminary to grant her Independence this year.

With an area of about 373,000 sq. miles and a population of over 33 millions, Nigeria consists of three tiers, the Northern, Western and Eastern regions plus the Southern Cameroons. Already enjoying autonomous status, these constituent units had been brought together under a Federal Government which is stationed at Lagos, consisting of a legislature (the House of Representatives) and a Council of Ministers, headed by a Prime Minister and presided over by the Governor-General.

In persuance of the reforms proposals, the strength of the Federal House of Representatives has been increased from 184 to 320 and a Senate will be elected after attainment of Independence so that ultimately the legislature becomes bicameral. Here is the actual wording of the undertaking given by Britain: "If in 1960, the Federal House of Representatives passes a resolution asking for Independence for the Federation within the Commonwealth by a date in 1960, H.M.G. will consider it with sympathy and will then be prepared to fix a date when they would accede to the request—though not necessarily on the date named in the resolution."

In this Federal election as many as five parties contested. Out of them the Northern People's Congress has emerged as the largest party, although not obtaining absolute majority. The National and Radical Alliance has come out second.

If the N.P.C. won more seats it was due merely to the electoral system which had to allot 170 out of the 320 seats to the North by virtue of its population. In fact the peculiar circumstances of the Federation have necessitated different modes of enfranchisement for the different regions. For instance, the Northern region which is less advanced enjoys only male adult suffrage. The Southern region enjoys women-vote too. Again, the Northern region is as different from the rest of Nigeria as China from Britain, as a Nigerian leader put it; for it is predominantly Muslim in composition and conservative in outlook. And the Nor-

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thern region joined the Federation only last March while the other two regions had enjoyed autonomy since 1957.

Naturally, the Governor-General of Nigeria has called upon the Leader of the N.P.C. in the Federal Legislature, Alhaji Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, to form the Government. (Alhaji is a title given to one who has visited Mecca). Now, the President of the N.P.C. is the Premier of the Northern region, Sir Ahmad Bello, who chooses to call Federal Prime Minister Alhaji as his "lieutenant". There is therefore genuine apprehension among the parties whether there will not be regional rivalries.

Alhaji is not new to the office; he is the outgoing P.M. in the Council of Ministers earlier dissolved. He had distinguished himself in his work by his tact and competence. From his record and later statements, however, there is room to believe that he has views of his own on Nigeria's future, although a nominee of Sir Bello.

Before he turned to politics Alhaji Abubakar was a teacher and educationist. Born in the village of Tafawa Balewa, he belongs to the Gere tribe. While a teacher he specialised in history and went to U.K. on a scholarship and studied in the Institute of Education, London University. In 1949 he joined Nigeria's education service. He entered politics *via* an Emir's Council and later on became a Member of the Northern House of Assembly. He attended the 1948 African Conference at London as the sole Nigerian representative.

After playing his part in the politics of his region, he joined the Central Ministry in 1952 with the portfolio of Works and was again appointed to the Council of Ministers after the 1954 elections. In that capacity he travelled to U.S. and the Netherlands. He is an O.B.E. and C.B.E.

A man of austere taste, he is well known as a powerful and arresting speaker. He is known as the 'golden voice of the North'. In his ultramarine blue cloak and embroidered scarlet cap, he is picturesque to look at. He is 57.

Happily married, Alhaji is the father of a large family. A great reader, he continues to interest himself even today in his favourite hobby—history. He is a keen sportsman and athlete too.

In the task he has been called upon to shoulder, the most important thing to do will be to keep the country united in spite of its unenviable diversity. In the formation of his government, which is a Coalition, he has taken the next powerful party, the National and Radical Alliance, into his government; but for reasons not known has left out its leader. Dr. Nnamdi Azikiwe, the leader of the Alliance, is a powerful person to reckon. He had resigned his Premiership of the Eastern Region to contest the Federal elections and he is virtually the father of modern Nigerian nationalism. In a Coalition he deserves a Deputy Premiership and the Foreign portfolio. Will Alhaji keep clear of power blocs? Will he throw his lot with pan-Africanism? These are interesting questions that time will answer.

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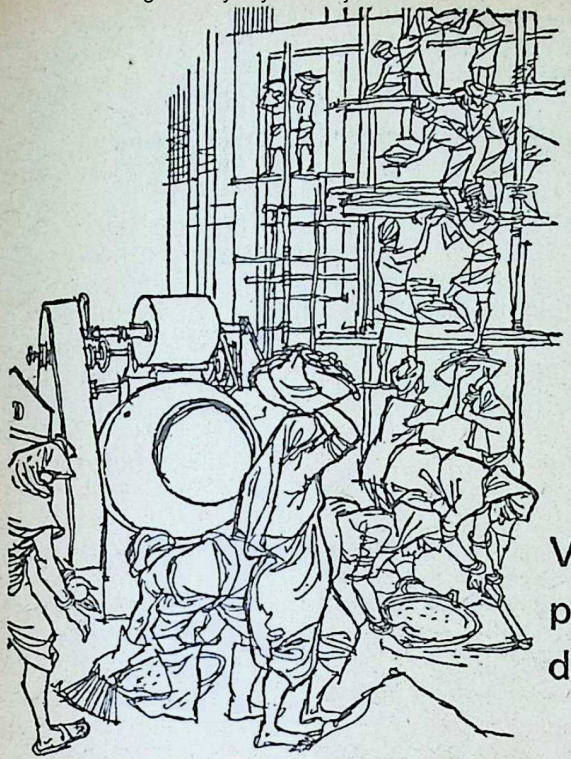

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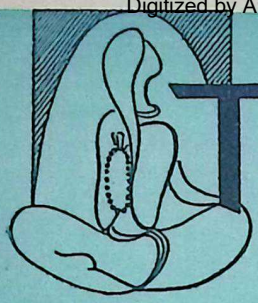

K. M. Munshi's Tapasvini

or

The Lure of Power

A SOCIO–POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

For three years Sheela had a trying time adjusting herself to the waywardness of her husband. One day Radharaman sent word to Ravishankar to meet him for consultation on a point of Hindu law, but the latter refused. This upset Radharaman. Bhagwandas resigned his job and started for Bardoli to join Gandhiji's satyagraha. Sheela became interested in the news when Bhupat was announced.

12. On the Pilgrimage to Bardoli

FOR eight long years Uday Solanki had been longing to return to India and had fondly hoped that he would be able, on his return, to spend a happy time with his family, his mother, brother and sister. All those hopes had been shattered today. The mother who patiently supervised his education and faced so many hardships in the process, who was dearer to him than his own life—that mother's feelings had been deeply hurt today. At the same time, Alice whom he loved dearly was heart-broken.

From the day Uday decided to marry Alice, he had started initiating her into Indian ways and Indian culture. While still in England, he had felt satisfied that Alice would be able to bring about a happy assimilation of the eastern and western ideals, inspired by his own love for her and the affection of his mother. But, on the very day of their arrival in India he realised that all three of them, his mother, Alice and he himself were going to be crushed in the cultural collision which appeared impossible to avoid. For the moment, however, he

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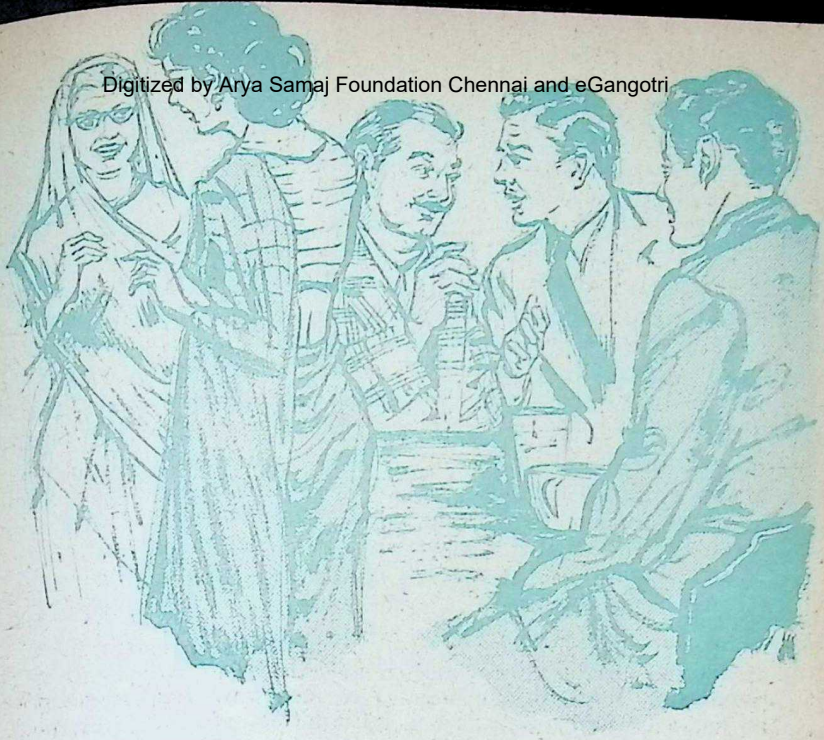

. . . The Solankis at Radharaman's . . .

decided to ignore the great conflict that had arisen in his own heart and concentrated on taking whatever steps he could to reduce Alice's unhappiness.

On landing in India, he had felt a sense of pride when he saw his mother. The memory of her which he had carried for eight years was nothing compared to the great respect that she had now evoked in him. The effortless ease with which she had won over Karan brought back to his mind memories of his own childhood. She was also able to understand Alice's unhappiness and this pleased him because he felt that no one but his mother would be able to allay Alice's unhappiness.

In the evening, Uday took Alice with him for a drive to Worli. It was a Saturday and there was to be a dance after dinner and the hotel dining-room was tastefully decorated. After dinner, they danced and for a moment they were able to forget their worries of the day. Alice suddenly remembered, while dancing, that Karan had been left behind with her mother-in-law. She told Uday, "Darling, we have forgotten to bring back Karan."

Uday replied smilingly, "But Majiba has not forgotten. She has put Karan to bed in our room upstairs and is now waiting for us. While you were dancing, a message came from her." Alice's eyes were filled with tears and she commented gratefully, "Ma-

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The two of them went up to their bedroom and found Padmakunverba sitting by the side of Karan who was fast asleep. Alice thanked her very warmly. Padmakunverba said, "I did not like to send Karan with anybody else. He has become so fond of me that I felt he would not be happy unless I accompanied him. But now I must go. You must be tired. You better lie down."

Uday and a grateful Alice accompanied Majiba up to the car to see her off. As she was leaving, Majiba said, "Uday, please come by half past eight tomorrow morning. Your uncle wants to take you to Radharaman."

The following day, Uday, his mother and his uncle went to Radharaman's bungalow. While in England, Uday had heard of Radharaman's reputation as a counsel and had fondly hoped that he might be able to 'devil' in his chamber. He was afraid lest this hope might remain unfulfilled.

Uday's uncle, Bhupat Sinh, and Radharaman had been friends ever since they were fellow-students in the Elphinstone College. Bhupat Sinh introduced his nephew and his sister to Radharaman. It was natural that Uday should feel self-conscious in the presence of such a leading legal luminary. Sheela greeted all of them and welcomed Majiba with particular warmth. She then asked the servant to bring some more tea. The warmth of Sheela's welcome and politeness helped in making Uday feel more at home. Radharaman for his part, with the skill of a practised actor, behaved as if he had never been angry at all and started talking very pleasantly. Bhupat Sinh

man to let his nephew Uday join his chambers as his junior.

"Bhupat, I would gladly do anything for you. But I have already 7 or 8 young men devilling in my chamber," said Radharaman. "This is a difficult profession and you are mistaken in thinking that he will profit in any great way by working in my chamber."

"Barrister Saheb," remarked Majiba with characteristic dignity, "you are a friend of Bhupatbhai. If we do not put Uday under your care, to whom else can we entrust him? We have to place him under your care."

Padmakunverba's voice was soft but there was in it a decisiveness which Radharaman immediately realised. After all, it was part of his profession to judge human character.

"Mrs. Pratap Sinh, how can I say 'no' to you and Bhupat? But, please do not go away with the idea that I shall be able to help Solanki very much, merely because he works in my chamber. This is a very exacting profession, and one can get on in it only through one's own efforts," remarked Radharaman very politely but firmly.

"Well, sir. I have no illusions on that point. I am prepared to work very hard. Whether I succeed or not will depend on my luck," said Uday.

The servant bringing in tea created an interruption and gave Radharaman an opportunity to leave his guests. He remarked as he stood up, "Very well then, I have eight devils already, you will be the ninth. You may come tomorrow to my chamber at 5.30 in the evening. Please excuse me, Mrs. Pratap Sinh. I have to go

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with Bamanshah to my club. Sheela will look after you. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Bhupat Sinh.

"Namaskar," said Majiba politely and in a manner which made Sheela feel as though she had administered a rebuke to an impolite and insolent boy.

Radharaman too was no fool and he was impressed by Majiba's dignified reaction. When he chose to, he too could behave in an irreproachable manner.

"Bahen, please forgive me. I have an appointment and I have to go with Bamanshah to the Gymkhana. Solanki, come along with me. I shall be able to introduce you to a number of people."

Uday looked at Majiba for her permission. Majiba said immediately, "Mr. Radharaman, today I have to take Uday to pay his respects to a very learned Pandit of our family. Please take him with you some other time. After all, I have entrusted him to you."

"Very well," said Radharaman somewhat abruptly. Although he smiled as he went out of the room, he did not like that his suggestion was not immediately accepted.

Sheela was already annoyed before Padmakunverba and her brother and her son had arrived. Now Radharaman's rudeness and discourtesy added fuel to the fire, and when she compared it with Padmakunverba's politeness, she realised wherein lay the real difference between culture and the want of it. In order to protect, as it were, the good name of her house she felt that it was now up to her to remove the bad impression created by her husband's conduct by redoubling her own efforts as a hostess.

"Ba Saheb," she asked "may I give you some more tea? Solanki, you seem to prefer the western way of drinking tea."

"If you permit us, we would like to go. We must go soon. Bhupatbhai's driver is not familiar with the new Bhoiwada area."

"Does your father's friend live in Bhoiwada? What does he do?" inquired Sheela on hearing her speak of Bhoiwada.

"He is an old Shastriji, a very learned man and a real saint," replied Majiba,

Sheela was startled. "You do not mean Ganapatishastri?"

"Yes, my sister. Do you know him?"

"Yes, quite well. How do you know him?"

"When Kunwar Saheb was studying in Baroda in the College, one of his very special friends was Shivubhai Shastri. His father is Ganapatishastri and Kunwar Saheb, therefore, had always looked upon him as his father.

"Did you ever meet Shivshankar? When did he die?"

"Bahen, Shivubhai was a great patriot. Kunwar Saheb loved him more than he loved his brother. He and Kunwar Saheb had both joined a secret society. Shivubhai went to Calcutta to start a factory for the manufacture of bombs and there the police killed him. Ever since then, Ganapatishastri has been respected as an elder of our family."

Sheela felt as if destiny had at long last stepped in and saved her from eternal slavery. Unconsciously, one of her hands went up to her forehead as

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she said, "I too have the deepest respect for Ganapatishastri."

"Shastriji is very kind to us and that is why I am taking Uday with me to pay his respects," replied Majiba.

"Majiba also regards him as her Guru," added Uday.

It was as if God had directly intervened in her affairs—that at least was Sheela's feeling. "Then, Majiba, please wait a moment. I will just change and if you have no objection, I would like to come with you to meet Shastriji. My driver knows his house."

"Very well, bahen," said Majiba, "what can be better than this arrangement?"

Uday was almost bewitched by Sheela's personality and her humility. This was India. He thought of the women in whose contact he had come during the last eight years: women who smoked, drank and danced. Alice too passed across the screen of his memory for a moment.

Radharaman stopped Sheela as she was passing from her bedroom to his and said, "Sheela, I shall lunch at the club today. Where are you going in such hurry?"

"I am going out with Padmakunverba."

"Where? You have made friends already; but, remember, she is a very typical Kathiavadi (woman from Saurashtra)."

Sheela's eyes showed her anger. "I am going to Ganapatishastri's house," she replied, as she proudly looked up.

"What did you say?"

"I am going to pay my respects to Shastriji," repeated Sheela clearly and firmly, even though her heart was thumping violently.

"See that you do not forsake me," joked Radharaman but his face had become red with anger.

For the first time, Sheela looked, though for a moment, contemptuously at Radharaman, drew her sari tight around her as if even a touch of Radharaman would pollute her and then walked away without uttering a word. As she walked away, she heard Radharaman's voice trembling with anger, "If you go to that Brahman's house, I will not let you into this house again."

She walked quickly away to her bedroom and shut the door with a bang. Ten minutes later, she came down. She had changed into a plain sari and was ready to go out with Padmakunverba.

Bhagwandas master was still waiting for her. Radharaman had gone away with Bamanshah in his car to the Gymkhana.

"Master, by which train are you going to Bardoli?"

"By the train leaving at 10 o'clock tonight," replied Bhagwandas.

"I shall come with you to Bardoli. Please book a first class ticket for me."

Sheela's car was standing in front of the main door and Padmakunverba and Uday got into it.

[*To be continued*]

Despondency is not religion, whatever else it may be. By being pleasant always and smiling, it takes you nearer to God, nearer than any prayer.

—Swami Vivekananda.

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LADY WHO ATE CLAY-BALLS

SARPATI said in reply to Bhoja's question:

Once upon a time there lived a god-minded, pious and virtuous brahmin. He had a shrewish wife who was the personification of godlessness. She was a storehouse of wickedness, ignorance and pugnacity. Falsehood was rooted in her. Without abusing her neighbours at least once in a day, she would not rest in peace. Should perchance a guest arrive at her place, he could not even dream of getting a handful of rice from her. *Bhutabali* and *athithi-bhiksha* were foreign to her vocabulary.

The poor brahmin would occasionally bring a guest, but the lady would not only abuse the guest but physically push him out of her doors. The poor guest would exclaim: "Never in my life have I had this treatment! And it is too late to go to another house now," and he would go away hungry. With this wicked wife, the godly brahmin lived his life, unable to perform his worship of God and man.

One day the lady had gone out to fetch water when a beggarly-looking man, with tattered clothes and dishevelled hair, came running to his house. He had the look of a maniac. The street-dogs had been pursuing him and the street-urchins booed him. When the brahmin saw this man enter, somehow it struck him that the newcomer was a *vignana* yogi and he wanted to take advantage of his wife's absence for earning some *punya* (virtue) by feeding him.

He came out of the house, looked around in all directions and assuring himself that his wife was not anywhere near, searched the kitchen for something to feed the yogi. After examining many utensils, he found one which contained steaming rice-pudding. Not being able to handle it, he frantically searched for a spoon to serve the pudding. Time was the crucial point. Not finding a spoon anywhere, he snatched a small leather cup which he dipped into the steaming pudding and served it hot into the begging bowl which the newcomer held out. The man ate it with relish and left.

When the lady arrived, the brahmin put on an air of innocence. Entering the kitchen, however, she found the utensils in disorder, and the pot containing the pudding open. But finding the spoon undisturbed in its place, she dismissed all suspicions. Life went on for the couple in the usual manner.

The husband and wife died in their own time. Yama's messengers took the lady to their domain and were meting out the punishment due to her for her cruelty to her husband and other mis-

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deeds. On the other hand, angels took the brahmin to *Devaloka* where they served him a huge quantity of steaming pudding with a leather spoon. Staggered by the quantity but nauseated by the leather spoon, the brahmin asked the angels: "Why should I be served so much food?"

Yama's book-keeper, Chitragupta, who was standing by, opened the brahmin's page in his ledger and read out: "This brahmin for the most part of his life merely observed the *dharma* of his caste, but he had never given any *dana* or alms. On a solitary occasion, however, he served food to a yogi with a leather spoon. Since a *dana* given to a yogi will multiply a crore times, he should be offered a crore cups of pudding here."

Food served to great yogis will thus grow into a mountain of *punya*. The yogi and God are one and the same. The yogi will play like a child, wander like a maniac, or behave like one possessed by the devil. Common people cannot recognise his worth.

When Sarpati ended the story, King Bhoja said:

"Deva! I am greatly indebted to you for learning the value of giving alms and feeding great yogis. The story you had been telling is moving. May I know what happened later to the brahmin who went to *Devaloka* after death and was treated to a large quantity of hot pudding served with a leather spoon?"

"Listen to the rest," said Sarpati and continued the story as follows:

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When Chitragupta explained to the brahmin why he was being treated thus, the brahmin who found the leather spoon nauseating, replied: "I have taken enough, I do not want any more of this experience; please take me to some other place."

On hearing his petition Devendra replied: "You cannot go like that. You have to enjoy all the fruits of your actions here. Do not get disheartened. Let things take their own course. Would you like to hear an anecdote in illustration of this principle?"

The brahmin nodded his head in assent and Devendra related this anecdote:

There lived a lady as beautiful as Rati Devi. As ill-luck would have it, her husband went on a pilgrimage. During the absence of her lord from home, she lived a virtuous life in the house of her parents by controlling her mind.

One day a young and charming yogi came to her place and asked: "Please give me alms!"

This lady who had gone out for something was so struck by his extraordinary beauty that for quite some time she could not turn her eyes away from him.

The yogi who saw her transfixed asked her: "Have you ever given alms to yogis? It is not right to stare at guests like this. If you have any food to offer, please give. Otherwise, let me go."

His words, however, stirred up her emotions still further and she became all the more dazed. Without realizing what she was doing, the young lady dropped the ball of red clay with which she intended to decorate the facade of her house into his begging bowl. The yogi too received it without looking at it and walked away briskly.

In course of time, this lady was eaten up by her love of this yogi and died. She was taken to Yama's abode where she intensely suffered the pangs of hunger. When I (Devendra) chanced to see that lady, I asked Chitragupta what her bill of fare was.

Chitragupta referred to his books and replied: "This lady gave a ball of clay to a hungry yogi. Since that gift will grow a crore times, she has to be fed on a crore of clay-balls!"

Accordingly, one of Yama's attendants gave her the clay-balls to eat. Seeing them, the lady bewailed: "Can any one eat clay-balls? Please forgive my sins and give me food to eat. I am so hungry."

Moved to pity by her plaintive cry, I pleaded with Chitragupta: "I admit that her action was cruel, but tell me if there is any means by which we can give food to her."

Chitragupta again went through her records and replied: "This lady has not given any *dana* or alms. Yet, in the clay-ball she dropped in the yogi's bowl there was a grain of barley (*yava*). To that extent she has earned *punya*. You can see it written here."

Upon hearing that, I arranged with Chitragupta in the following manner: the lady should be given a ball of barley-flour for a day and clay-balls for a month. In this way that lady started consuming the fruit of her *karma*.

But even after a long time, the heap of clay-balls would not diminish and so she came to me one day and pray-

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ed: "Deva! I cannot see any sign of decrease in this mud-heap which I should eat. Would you help me to arrange things so as to enable me to take another birth and complete eating the mud-heap at the end of that birth?"

Agreeing with her proposal, I gave her the chance she asked for. She was born as a daughter in a brahmin home. She married, and when her husband went out on a pilgrimage she lived in her parents' home. One day a yogi came to her house with his begging bowl.

On seeing him, she ran inside and quickly brought a pot of steaming *payasa* which she served to him on his outstretched palm. The pudding being very hot, the yogi's palm was scorched and he yelled: "O lady! Does it become you to make my hand blister in this manner? Is not what you did in your previous birth sin enough? You are not to blame. It has become part of your nature!"

So saying the yogi left. But the lady who heard that castigation ruminated: "What sin might I have possibly committed in my previous birth?"

Determined to know it, she ran behind the yogi and prostrating herself before him, begged: "Lord! Please treat me as your sister and explain to me what sin had I committed in my last birth."

The yogi told her all about her previous birth, her current birth and what lay in store for her too, at which her whole body started trembling like a reed in the wind. Finally she pleaded: "Deva! Pray tell me how I can escape suffering the remaining part of my *karmic* fruit?"

The yogi replied: "Listen, lady! I shall tell you a way out which you can follow if you like it. Put on the guise of a fallen woman and frequent the society of lewd young men and ogle at them. Some of them will fall for you and follow you. At that time do not fall for them but save yourself. If on the contrary you fall, you will have to suffer worse consequences. Keeping your wits about you always, go about like this and you will succeed in washing off your stored-up sins.

"Those people who find you behaving thus as a tart will start abusing you. At each such abuse, each of the remaining clay-balls you have to eat will go to them. In course of time, the mountain of clay will pass on to the mouths of those loafers. Remember that great souls consider the abuse of the wicked to be a blessing for them. It is a sure way of washing one's sins away."

After the yogi went away, the brahmin lady followed his advice by dressing herself as a tart and moving about in the area haunted by the lewd. When one of them fell for her, she would disappoint him by beckoning to another man. After spending the nights thus, she would bathe in the early morning, worship Lord Shiva, take but one meal in the day and spend the rest of the day in the contemplation of her husband who was away.

[To be continued]

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PRINCE WHO BOUGHT A CAT

ON the following day Chaturya spent his time uneasily, although the palace continued to wear the festive appearance.

In order not to give himself away, he put on his best face, chatted and cracked jokes with those who accosted him and when night set in, dressed himself appropriately and entered the bridal chamber and, as on the previous night, feigned sleep on the luxurious couch.

It was the turn of the younger Princess that night. So, she dressed herself enchantingly and entered the chamber noiselessly.

In the dim light of that chamber which was filled with exotic perfume, she looked like an *apsara* descended from heaven to meet her lover. Chaturya who could not help looking at her from the corner of his eyes felt for a moment if he was not making a fool of himself in the environment which was too tempting even for gods.

But his sense of mission served to put things before him directly in the right perspective. He removed the cover from his face and started snoring.

The young Princess who had little or no knowledge of the deep game that Chaturya was playing nor indeed of what had happened the previous night to her sister, was in excellent spirit and her bosom heaved proudly as she looked forward to meet her wedded lover.

One look in the direction of her husband revealed that he was there already, relaxing perhaps as she thought. She daintily placed the platter of delicacies and the cup of concentrated milk she had brought on a stand and walking like a doe reached the rim of his couch on which she sat ever so lightly, hoping perhaps to be tucked in by her lover. But nothing of the kind happened. She waited another minute and still nothing happened. The measured breathing of her husband did not indicate any change in the atmosphere. A frown started gathering on her face which only gave edge to her beauty—but who was there to appreciate it? Her husband was too tired perhaps to notice her, she consoled herself.

So, with a broad smile she tiptoed away from the couch and taking hold of the *Veena* which came handy, sat cross-legged on the floor and raised a melodious tune on it with her chiselled fingers which would leave no doubt

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Lovely today—

Lovelier tomorrow—

MYSORE
Sandal
SOAP

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about her condition on its hearer. Still there was no response.

There are limits to the endurance of wives. When the melody too failed to evoke any response, she laid the instrument aside with a certain abruptness and as a last resort did the finger-clap—the lover's call—deciding to cast him away as a dud if he failed. But luckily Chaturya jumped from his bed at this, when the Princess's face beamed in smiles.

Exclaimed she: "My lord does not appear to have overcome the fatigue!"

"No, the best of women! Don't you know of the proverbial fatigue of the newly wed?" replied Chaturya and both of them laughed.

"I have a remedy for it. Please try it," said she placing before him the platter of delicacies and the medicated milk.

Chaturya took some of them, accepted *tambul* and spoke banteringly, after which the Princess entertained him with music.

As the hours of the night shrank, the tempo of her love rose, at which Chaturya became alarmed and decided to employ the same recipe as he used in the case of her elder sister on the previous night.

Asked he: "Why are you in such frightful haste, love? Nobody can steal the water away from the well. Let us talk for some more time. Do you like stories?"

The Princess who was at first dejected, sat up with a jerk at the mention of the word 'story.' Who has fully overgrown his childhood, at any rate in the matter of listening to stories? Not the young Princess, to be sure.

Chaturya narrated to her the following story which was cunningly chosen in view of her age:

King Alakesa of Alakapuri got a son after a long time. I do not know if the birth of children has any influence on their parents; but in the case of Alakesa, it did have and woefully too. Three years after the child was born, King Alakesa died. The boy and his mother came under the protection of Alakesa's brother who, starting as a regent, gradually usurped the throne and drove the young Prince and his mother away from the palace.

For a time the mother and son lived on charity. Deciding to fend for her son's future, the mother went to her parent's place leaving her son behind, mainly with a view to raising some capital for him to trade with. She did succeed in borrowing a hundred *mohurs* from them which she brought and gave the Prince. Then she said:

"My son! It does not become us to live on the charity of others. Sooner or later they will get fed up and we will be in the streets and people will laugh at us. We must create our own means of living. Here are a hundred *mohurs.* Invest them in some trade or business and try to build it up, and from the income we can lead an honourable life."

"Yes, Ma! I shall start on it today itself," said the young Prince who, taking the money in his hands, started on a journey to a neighbouring place to buy goods for selling.

The ex-Prince had to walk the distance to that place along an outlandish route. While halfway through, he saw a villager carrying a gunny bag on his

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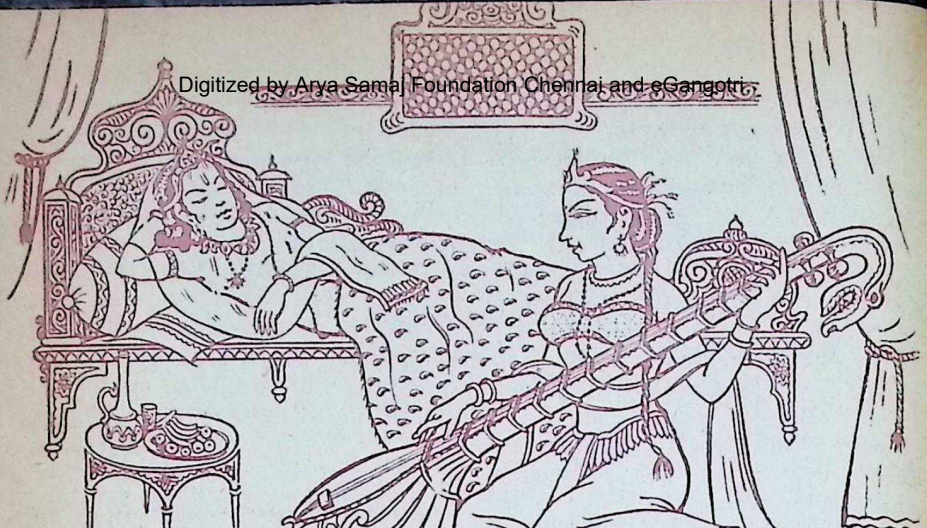

. . . raised a melodious tune . . .

head coming from the opposite direction.

That villager was living in a cottage by the wayside. He had a large family but was of poor means. His home consisted, besides his children, of a litter of kittens which not merely deprived his own kids of their share of milk but were a positive nuisance.

Deciding to get rid of them all, he tied them up in a gunny bag and was carrying it to let them out at a far-off place lest they should nose their way home later.

Now it was this gunny bag on the villager's head which caught the attention of our young ex-Prince.

Stopping the villager, the Prince asked: "Sir! What is it you carry in that bag?"

VILLAGER: "They are kittens."

EX-PRINCE: "Are they for sale?"

The villager was a shrewd person. When he heard the foolish question, he decided that the youngster was a simpleton. Trying to make fun of him, he replied: "Yes, Sir! They are for sale. Each kitten costs five hundred *mohurs*."

EX-PRINCE: "Please, for my sake won't you give me for a hundred *mohurs*, for I have only that much."

The villager really pitied the naivete of the youngster. Mockingly he replied: "Yes, for your sake I shall give them to you. Where is the money?"

The ex-Prince produced the *mohurs* from the bag under his armpit—all

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that his mother had placed at his disposal to start the business.

The sight of gold has alchemic properties. It can change a saint into a savage. How can a poor villager resist its power? When what started as a joke became a reality, the villager's honesty lost its colour and he became a robber.

He coolly pocketed the hundred *mohurs* and placed the gunny bag on the ground.

The ex-Prince who was in the flush of excitement in making the first purchase for his business, opened the bag when, lo! all the kittens but one scampered for safety, unceremoniously scratching his hands in the melee.

All the while the villager was surveying the ex-Prince from head to foot.

"Well, Sir," said the latter, "only one kitten remains and I have paid for them all. Haven't I?"

"No, Sir," replied the villager with a twinkle in his eye, "you will remember I asked for 500 *mohurs* for each kitten, but later agreed to reduce the price to a 100 in view of your candidness. You will thus realise that the bargain is only for one kitten."

The ex-Prince thought the other man was right and holding his merchandise of one kitten in his hand, walked home in a jubilant mood.

The villager thanked his stars for relieving him of his poverty at a crucial moment and prayed for more such opportunities.

The ex-Prince came home after a brisk walk and as a dutiful son sought his mother and placed at her feet the kitten he had bought and prostrated.

"What is this, son?" asked she confounded.

"I have bought this kitten for my business," said he.

"What? Where is the money I gave you?" asked she.

"I bought this kitten for that money."

"My God!" screamed the lady and holding her reeling head in her hand, slumped on the floor.

[To be continued]

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NEWS AND NOTES

FOUNDATION WEEK

THE Annual Foundation Week of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will be celebrated from the 13th to 18th of this month. The following is the programme:—

Wednesday, 13th January, 1960—

6-15 P.M.

Convocation.

Chief Guest:

Shri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker, Lok Sabha.

Thursday, 14th January, 1960—

6-15 P.M.

Variety Entertainment.

(Dance and music items by the students of Bharatiya Sangita Shikshapith and Bharatiya Nartan Shikshapith). Also recital of 'Git Govind' by Shri Raghunath Panigrahi.

Friday, 15th January, 1960—

6-15 P.M.

Garba by Bharatiya Stree Seva Sangh.

Saturday, 16th January, 1960—

6-15 P.M.

Full length Gujarati Play by Kala Kendra, CHAI CHAINOO CHAMATKAR written by Shri Homi Tavadia and directed by Shri Adi Marzban.

Sunday, 17th January, 1960—

10-00 A.M.

3 One-Act Plays in Gujarati:
(1) VATESAR-NI-VAT,
(2) PARDA PACHHAL,
(3) BHITAR-KI-RAMJANE.
Written by Shri Mulraj Rajda.

6-00 P.M.

Full length Gujarati Play by Kala Kendra:

GUP-SUP, Written & Directed by Shri Adi Marzban.

7-30 P.M.

Students' dinner at College Campus at Andheri.

Monday, 18th January, 1960—

6-15 P.M.

Symposium on CRISIS OF CHARACTER IN PRESENT-DAY INDIA — ITS CAUSES AND CURES.

DELHI HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE Delhi Historical Society, attached to the Bhavan's Delhi Kendra, paid its tribute to the memory of Dr. A. S. Altekar and Dr. G. S. Sardesai in a resolution proposed by Dr. Deodhar of Bhandarkar Oriental Research Institute and seconded by Dr. V. Raghavan. The resolution pointed out how the late Dr. Altekar devoted his life to the pursuit of reconstructing the history of ancient India with rare zeal and devotion.

The second resolution, proposed by Dr. K. A. Neelakanta Shastri and seconded by Dr. V. G. Dighe, paid its tribute to the memory of Dr. G. S. Sardesai, the great historian of Maratha history. The resolution drew attention to his dedicated life in the pursuit of knowledge without regard for reward. In him, the resolution said, his generation of students found a real Guru living in the best of traditions of India.

Copies of the resolutions were forwarded to the members of the bereaved family.

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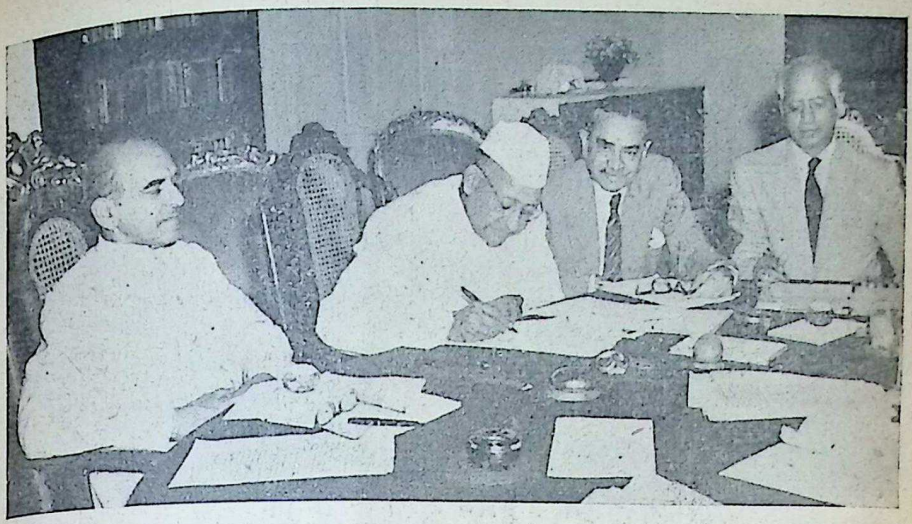

The second meeting of the Committee on Religious and Moral Instruction appointed by the Union Ministry of Education was held in Bombay last month. Picture shows Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay, and Chairman of the Committee signing the report.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL INSTRUCTION

SHRI SRI PRAKASA, Chairman and members of the Committee on Religious and Moral Instruction signed its report in Bombay last month.

The Committee which was appointed by the Ministry of Education, Government of India in August last held two meetings on November 17 and 18 and on December 20 and 21 at Raj Bhavan, Bombay. At its second meeting which concluded on December 21, Shri K. G. Saiyidain, Educational Adviser to the Government of India, also participated in the deliberations.

While appointing the Committee, the Union Ministry of Education desired that the Committee should make a detailed study of the entire question of religious and moral instruction in educational institutions. The terms of reference of the Committee were: (i) to examine the desirability and feasibility of making specific provision for the teaching of moral and spiritual values in educational institutions, and (ii) if it is found desirable and feasible to make such provision (a) to define broadly the content of instruction at various stages of education, and (b) to consider its place in the normal curriculum.

Besides Shri Sri Prakasa, Chairman of the Committee, the other members are Shri G. C. Chatterji, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Rajasthan, Shri A. A. A. Fyzee, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Jammu and Kashmir and Shri P. N. Kripal, Joint Secretary to the Government of India in the Ministry of Education. Shri Kripal also acted as Secretary of the Committee.

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THE LANGUAGE OF THE SELF. By Frithjof Schuon. Translated by Marco Pallis and Macleod Matheson. Published by Ganesh & Co. (Madras) Private Ltd., Madras-17. pp. 264+xx. Price: Rs. 15.

FRITHJOF SCHUON, the *chela* of Guenon, Swiss by residence, German and French by culture, has to his credit already three books which are translated into English: *The Transcendental Unity of Religions, Spiritual Perspectives and Human Facts,* and *Gnosis,* i.e. Divine Wisdom.

The volume under review is a valuable collection of essays from the author. The English translation of these essays done for the first time has been now published. The book is dedicated to His Holiness Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi Kamakoti Pitha and he has been pleased to accept the dedication. It carries a Foreword by Professor Dr. V. Raghavan, which gives an extremely useful and analytical account of the contribution made by a modern group of Orientalists to Indian thought.

This group believes that tradition and orthodoxy are to be honoured. They also believe that underlying the different religions of the world there is a common tradition and a basic unity. The different religions express the nature of the fundamental in different languages. The metaphysical essence is one. That is based on Revelation. It is immutable and cannot change. *The knowledge of the Self is the core of all religions and it is in Hinduism it is found in a most pronounced form and has never been forgotten.*

In the Hindu metaphysics, the mutually exclusive perspectives in other religions are combined. What is elsewhere mutually exclusive is here explained on the basis of *adhikarabheda.* The *jnana-marga* of Sankara is interpreted in a way that is not opposed to *bhakti.* The *japa* concept is interpreted as a part of the Jnana Yoga (pages 70-71). The way of knowledge is the spiritual way, so all the other ways merge in it openly and also implicitly. It is the highest way open to man. The importance of the *avatara,* the *guru* and significance of the *mantra* are described well by the author. Schuon regards Yoga technique and *japa* as the golden thread running through *karma, bhakti* and *jnana.* Our author reconciles the different outward contributions in the rich synthesis of the metaphysical essence. The unity of all religions becomes clear if we focus our attention on the gnosis.

The reading of the different chapters of the book is a rewarding experience. It points to the underlying unity i.e. gnosis; in the Vedantic language it is the *sruti.* Once we realise the basic unity of all traditions, we will never have that evangelic obsession of converting others to our faith, nor would we dilute our doctrines nor dress them up for propaganda to others. We will leave each to practise his own *svadharma* (the best framework for each soul) to realise his best.

Religion cannot speak the language of the aspirants. Each needs to grow in the direction of his true *svabhava.* In the language of the *Gita* he should not take to others' ways of life. Schuon gives the urgent message which we all need to know in our perplexity. Here is a book which harkens us back to our ancient scriptures and ways of life.

The chapter on "The Distinction in the Social Order" merits our scrutiny. When we, today, are feeling that our glorious past is a fable and is vanishing, it is very heartening to be reminded that our ancient scriptures are time-

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less and eternal and that our moral codes in the *smritis* have rules necessary for every defined and undefined eventuality. It is good to be reminded of our precious past. Some members of this group of orientalists have criticised many a contemporary Indian philosopher, not excluding Vivekananda, as indulging in 'spiritual demogogy'. It is bad to thoughtlessly follow westernisation and give up our precious heritage, and it is also equally bad not to shift the accidental elements from the permanent ones in our own tradition. "There cannot be a healthy and victorious survival if we make of the past a fetish instead of an inspiring impulse." The book is reflective in its moods and is disturbing to the minds of the liberal Hindu.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE, A Narrative and Interpretative Review of his Life, Career and Contemporary Events. By T. V. Parvate. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. pp. 484+viii. Price: Rs. 8.

GOPAL KRISHNA GOKHALE was one of the makers of modern India and he was acclaimed by Gandhiji as his political *guru*. In reply to critics who said that he was carrying on Lokamanya Tilak's work, Gandhiji categorically stated that his method was not Tilak's method, implying thereby that his was Gokhale's method. Fulsome was the tribute that the Mahatma paid to Gokhale as a political worker: "pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault."

M. A. Jinnah wanted to be a Muslim Gokhale and Lord Curzon avowed that Gokhale would have obtained a position of distinction in any Parliament in the world, even in the British House of Commons. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri spoke in hushed whispers of "him who recoiled from crudity and ruggedness, whose soul ever sought the harmony, and the secret of whose success lay in moderation." Lokamanya Tilak, who differed from Gokhale all

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his life emphasised "his selfless and complete dedication to the service of the motherland."

It was not his intellectual eminence in a period of intellectual giants nor his vast, various and exact knowledge nor yet his direct expression and lucid exposition which endeared Gokhale to his contemporaries and earned him the undying homage of posterity. He was one of the pioneers of the Indian renaissance; he was a noble soul fired by a patriotism that was all-consuming. He was utterly devoid of narrow sectarianism of every kind. His personal life was so austere and simple and his character was so unselfish and pure that he inspired love and trust in all who came in contact with him. He emphatically condemned the amoral doctrine that the end justifies the means; rather did he believe that the prize was in the process. Of him can it be said with justification that he spiritualized politics.

Gokhale died at the very early age of 49 but he managed to crowd into this short-lived career achievements at once glorious and incomparable. A graduate at 18, Professor and associate editor of *Sudharak* at 20, Secretary of the Sarvajanik Sabha at 21, Secretary of the Provincial Conference at 25, Secretary of the Indian National Congress at 29, leading witness before an important Royal Commission at 31, Member of the Bombay Legislative Council at 34, Member of the Imperial Legislative Council at 36, President of the Indian National Congress at 39 and founder of the Servants of India Society at 40—it is indeed a marvellous and brilliant career.

There is no doubt that T. V. Parvate has studied all the available literature on Gokhale and has made an earnest attempt to produce a comprehensive and well-documented biography. Gokhale's work in connection with the Welby Commission and in the Imperial Legislative Council is described with imagination. The biographer has highlighted the extraordinary abilities of Gokhale and his constructive statesmanship. But it is regrettable

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that Parvate has not given us a word-picture of Gokhale the man; nor has he pinpointed those human qualities which enabled Gokhale to win his way into the heart of his contemporaries.

There are also a few factual errors. Gokhale's visit to England in 1897 in connection with the Welby Commission was not his "seventh visit" as averred on page 86 but it was his first. But it must be said that Parvate's book is a source-book of recent Indian history. It is indeed a pity that such a maker of modern India like Gokhale should still await a critical biographer.

—*R.P.A.*

THE OTHER WORLD. By M. K. Spencer. Published by the Spiritual Healing Centre, R. S. Puram P.O., Coimbatore (S. India). pp. 224. Price not mentioned.

THIS small book on the 'Other World has run into four editions. It bespeaks its popularity. It speaks of Life Beyond the Veil' in a language which even a layman can understand. It has many chapters of absorbing interest such as 'What is Spiritualism?', 'The Living Dead', 'Description of Other World', 'Communication with the Other World', 'Spirit Communion', 'Predictions', and 'Spiritual Healing'. Every chapter is replete with illustrative instances culled from a large variety of books on the subject. Many of the incidents are so graphic and vivid that once you read, they leave a deep impression on your mind.

After perusing the book, a person with an open mind can hardly doubt that 'life persists beyond death'. The description of the 'Other World' is the most interesting and instructive part of the book. I cannot resist quoting a passage from the book:

"Life in the spirit world is a mission. We have here to plod for our living. We work and fret and fume. Chained to a physical body, we have to feed it, clothe it and doctor it when it gets 'out of joint'. We get the kicks and we suffer in silent anguish. Our work is seldom appreciated. We may have ideals but we are misunderstood and at every step we meet with obstacles. Our path is strewn with thorns. But in the heavenly world there is no pain, there is no suffering. Life is an eternal feast of mental work. No one takes a holiday, for work is a holiday. The spiritual body needs no food, no drink, no sleep, no rest. There is no night in the real sense of the word. Life is an eternal round of pleasant service. Each one knows the law of God and joyfully and merrily follows it. There are no courts of law, no capitalists or exploiters to exploit your soul and body. It is a happy world, for one can pursue his ideals without fear or favour. Doctors have no avocation except to heal those who, having suffered long on the earth plane from incurable diseases, find it difficult to forget the impressions of the earth life. There are no locomotives or steamships. Long distances are covered by thought in the twinkling of an eye. Messages are sent by thought and received without the least delay, whatever the distances may be. There are no stars or moon visible in the World Beyond. It is all light, perpetual Light. There is only one road and that leads to God. Teachers and preachers continuously teach and pray and every soul instinctively progresses. Each knows his destiny. The powers of the spirits are a thousand times greater than ours. There is not laborious reasoning. It is natural. There are no hypocrites. Characters are writ large on their spiritual bodies. No deception can be played. They are so happy. Not even for the lordship of the whole world would a disincarnate spirit who has touched the fringe of heaven care to return to this weary, dreary world of ours."

It will repay anyone who has an inquiring mind to know what 'Life Hereafter' is going to be, to read through this book and digest the innumerable examples cited therein of the disincarnate spirits coming to help, to heal and otherwise to make happy the loved ones left behind on this earth.

I must congratulate the author on the lucidity of style, clarity of expres-

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sion, and vividness of some of the descriptive passages in the book. If a reader going through this finds his appetite for such spiritual knowledge grow, and if he asks like Oliver Twist 'for more', I at least will not be surprised. —*Sri R. K. Dalal*

SAMBANDHA VARTIKA OF SURESWARACHARYA. Edited with an English Translation, Introduction and Extracts from three unpublished commentaries by T. M. P. Mahadevan, Professor of Philosophy, University of Madras. Published by the Madras University, Madras. Price: Rs. 25.

IN his learned introduction, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan has dealt with the traditional view about Sri Sureswaracharya, the Vartikas in general, Sureswara's work, the Mimamsaka view about the place, scope and value of Vedic rites of different types, the Advaitic point of view about Vedic rites and rituals, the relative values of Karma and Jnana, the stand of Niyogavadins, especially that of Prabhakara and the Advaitic replies thereto, etc. Making but a passing reference to the Sureswara-Mandana equation, the learned author does not enter into a detailed examination of the different views on this matter. But the Advaitic tradition about the identity of both cannot be easily disposed of. True, there are doctrinal divergences between Sureswara and Sankara, but they are not in any sense fundamental but are easily reconcilable. The traditionalists can point many a similar and identical passages in the *Brahmasiddhi* of Mandana and the *Vartika* of Sureswara in support of their theme.

The *Sambandha Vartika,* as the name indicates, establishes the relation between Karma and Jnana and reinforces the view that Karma performed without any regard for the fruits of the action has the propensity to make the mind become fit to receive knowledge. The end of all Karma, therefore, is detachment. The introduction, which considerably enhances the value of the work, deals very ably with all the questions relevant to Karma and Jnana.

The author has added an English translation of all the verses, followed by relevant extracts from the commentaries on them.

The work contains as many as 1136 verses, and to translate each one of

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them perfectly in detail both in meaning and content is certainly a Herculean task, especially when it is understood that translation, however ideal, has its own intrinsic limitations. That the task has been generally well executed is a tribute to the scholarship and painstaking labour of the devoted author; that certain parts of it admit of improvements is but proof that the work as a whole provokes thought.

Speaking of rites, both obligatory and occasioned, the learned author maintains that their performance, according to the Vedantins, is productive of merit. But a comprehensive view of the matter would include among the rewards, certain worlds *(lokas)* for the doer.

In Verse 297, अदृष्ट is taken to mean an "unseen fruit". Actually, however, it connotes a means of some unseen fruit. But in the explanatory portion of the same stanza, the meaning is clearly brought out.

'Sravana' is translated as mere hearing. But in the context of the category of Sravana, Manana and Nididhyasana, which are the means of Atma Jnana, the word is to be understood to refer to inquiry and investigation.

In Stanza 379, the word प्रणयति is translated as "sprinkling of water". But the word means only "taking the water from one place to another".

In Stanza 409, प्रयाज which are ancillary rites of Darsapurana is rendered as fore-*yagas*. It is the name of an ancillary rite.

In rendering the Verse 413, the author takes अप्राप्तं to mean that which is not accomplished. But in fact it means "that which cannot be known through any other means of knowledge."

In the explanatory portion of Stanza 806, the text दाक्षायणयज्ञेन यजेत प्रजाकामः is quoted with the translation "one desirous of offspring should perform the Dakshayana sacrifice" and a reference in this connection is given to *Taittreya Samhita* 2. 5. 4. 3. But the said text runs दाक्षायणयज्ञेन सुवर्गकामोयजेत it means that one who desires heaven should perform the Dakshayana sacrifice. —*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar*

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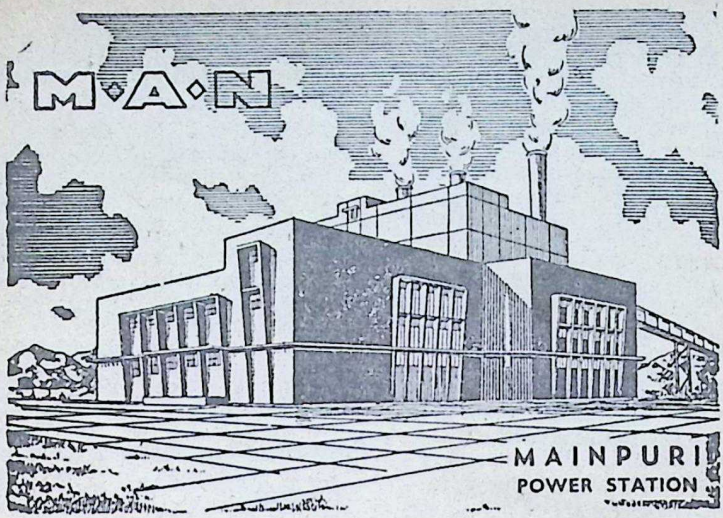

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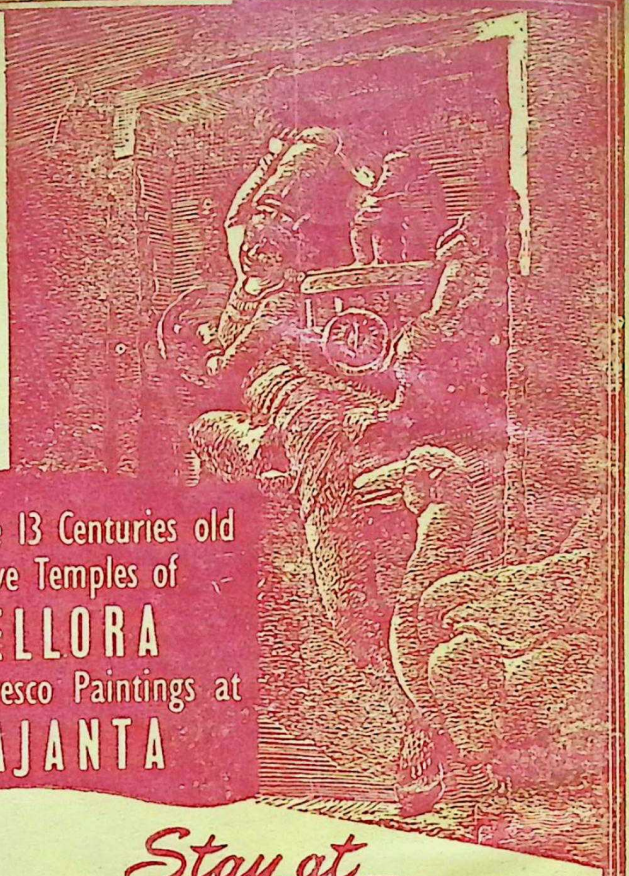

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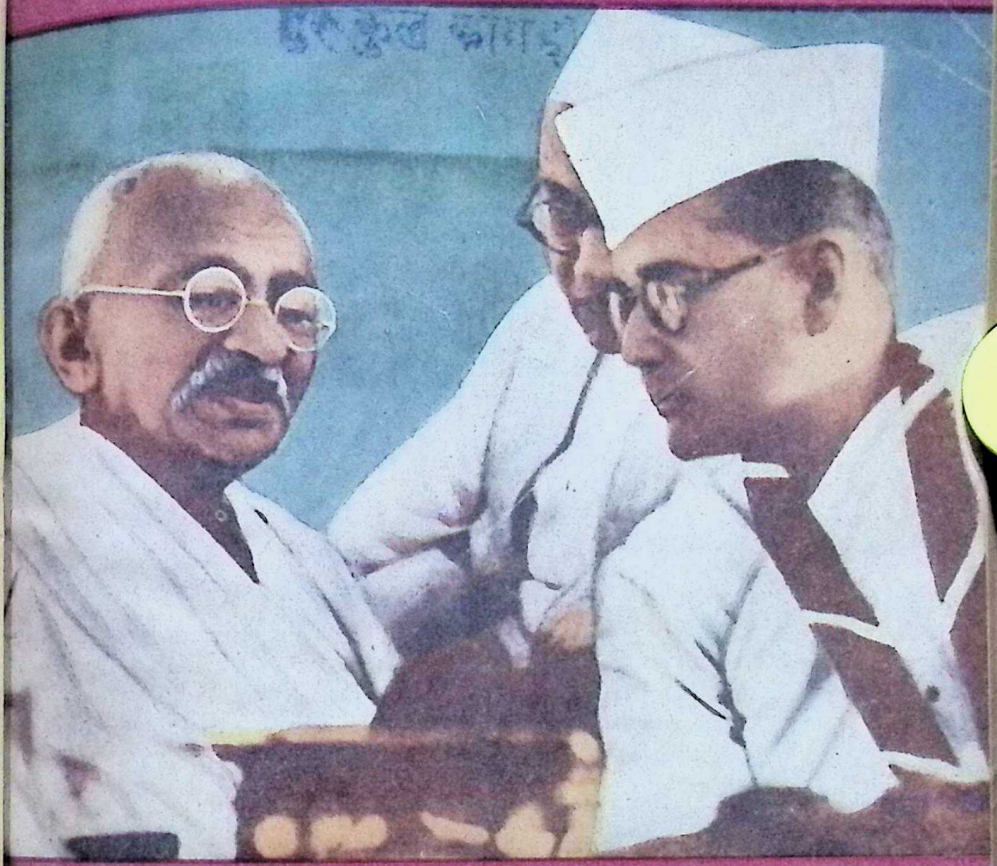

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI JANUARY 24, 1960 No. 13

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FRONT COVER

GANDHIJI AND NETAJI
At the HARIPURA Congress Session

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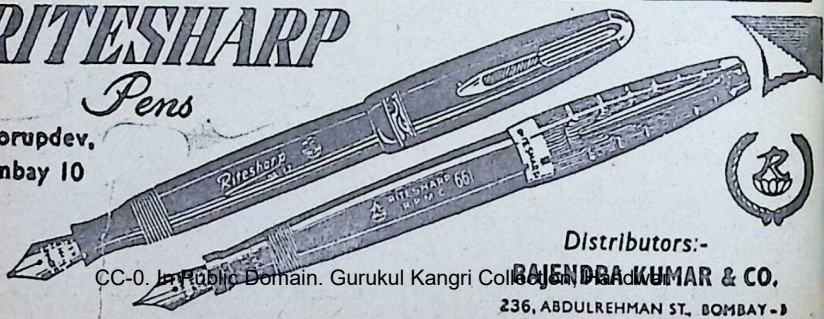

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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GIVE US STRENGTH

तेजोऽसि तेजो मयि धेहि।
वीर्यमसि वीर्यं मयि धेहि।
बलमसि बलं मयि धेहि।
ओजोऽसि ओजो मयि धेहि।
मन्युरसि मन्युं मयि धेहि।
सहोऽसि सहो मयि धेहि।

Thou who art Power, fill me with power.
Thou who art Valour, infuse valour into me.
Thou who art Strength, give me strength.
Thou who art the Vital Essence, endow me with vitality.
Wrath (against wrong) art Thou, instil that wrath into me.
Thou art Fortitude, fill me with fortitude.

—**Shukla Yajurveda**, XIX. 9.

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 197

★ *73rd BIRTHDAY* ★ *WHAT I HAVE LEARNT*
★ *AN OFFERING*

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
JANUARY 24, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AS you know, December 30, 1959, was my 73rd birthday. I had, therefore, thought of sharing my thoughts on the occasion with you in a letter. But then came the Founder's Day celebrations of the Bhavan, at which I had to speak on the same subject. Rather than repeat the same sentiments in different language, you will permit me to transcribe here my reply given on the occasion to the very kind words which Shri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay, and Shri Justice N. H. Bhagawati, ex-Judge of the Supreme Court, said about me.

"I am overwhelmed at the kind words which have been spoken about Mummy and me on this occasion, and we deeply appreciate the gesture of affection made by you in holding this dinner.

You have just assured me, Sir, that I am 73 today. But my birthday has been a very tricky business. Last month, the Hindi Institute of the Agra University presented me with a volume commemorating my 70th birthday. Again, the Bhavan celebrated my 60th birthday in 1947; Delhi friends did it in 1949; Ahmedabad in 1951. All these uncertainties are rather baffling.

Sir, you are an eminent jurist. You will, therefore, agree with me that there is no direct evidence to prove when I was born. The only admissible testimony, that of my mother who was present at my birth, is not available. Going a step further, Sir, it is a case, I submit, in which it is difficult to prove, for want of admissible evidence, that I was born at all! Following this line of argument, the fact that I am alive is also not free from reasonable doubt.

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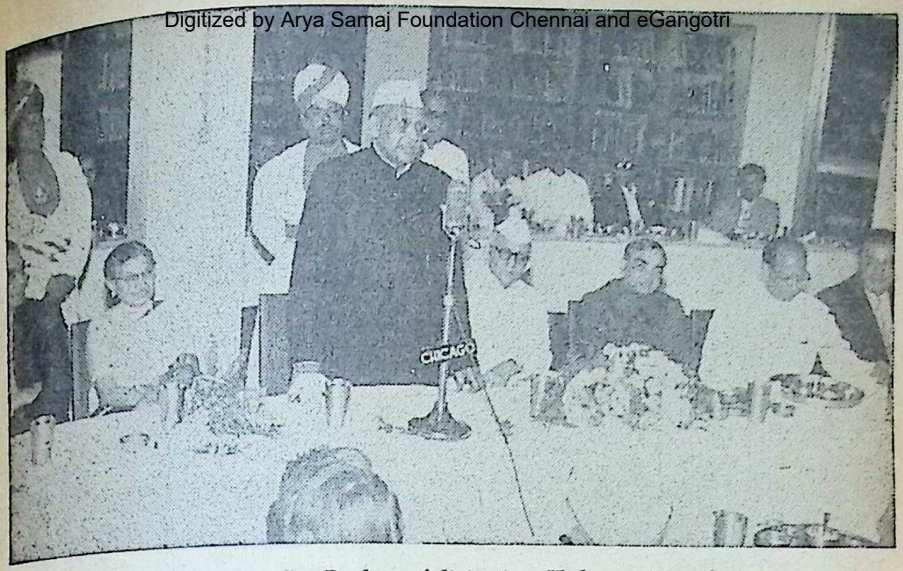

Rajyapal Sri Sri Prakasa felicitating Kulapati Munshiji.
L. to R.: Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff of Bombay, Smt. Lilavati Munshi, Sri Sri Prakasa, Sri K. M. Munshi, Sri N. H. Bhagawati, former Judge of the Supreme Court, Dr. Sri Ranjan, Vice-Chancellor of Allahabad University. Sri I. A. Makani, Consulate General, Costa Rica.

Hundreds of students of one University in U.P. will swear to the fact that they carried me once—at any rate what they *thought* was *me* —to the funeral ground and consigned my relics at the sangh in Prayag, and on the authority of all our *shastras,* I would therefore be in heaven. On another occasion hundreds of students of another University in U.P. not only consigned what they *thought* was me to flames, but a lady student who *thought* she was my wife removed the *tikka* and broke her bangles to testify her widowhood. If all these incidents have any evidentiary value I am in doubt whether I am alive or dead. It looks as if I am both alive and dead, and I have a wife and a widow living at the same time! In the mood of Hamlet, I am inclined to ask myself "Am I or am I not? That is the question."

○○○

Compliments have been paid to me by both Sri Rajyapal and Justice Bhagawati for whatever little I have done for the Bhavan. But the credit really goes to all the friends who have stood by us during the last 20 years, and given it money, service, loyalty and affection. But for them, the Bhavan would not have been what it is today.

This is not only true of my activities relating to the Bhavan; it has happened to me throughout life in all the spheres where I have ventured to tread—at the Bar and in

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politics; in the different institutions which I have helped to build up; the multifarious activities with which I have been associated. The priceless gift which God has given me is friends. It was given to me not only after I attained some measure of success, but even from my childhood, and even during the days of life-and-death struggle with ill-health and poverty. If I am rich today, I am rich only in the affection of friends.

On this occasion, I am tempted to look back on my life. So looking back I find that the most revolutionary change that has overtaken our little world has been the transition from stagnancy to flux, from security to insecurity. I was born in a house which was constructed in the 17th century. I played in a house which a distant ancestor had built in the latter half of the 18th century. I lived, when young, in a house which was constructed at the beginning of the 19th century. When I was young, everyone knew to what world he belonged; everyone tried to provide security not only for himself, but his grandchildren and great grandchildren. But now we live a life in which everything is insecure. We do not know where and how we would live next year. We do not know what taxes will filch whatever security we have this year. We do not know what shape the world will take a few months hence.

I am not passing any value judg-

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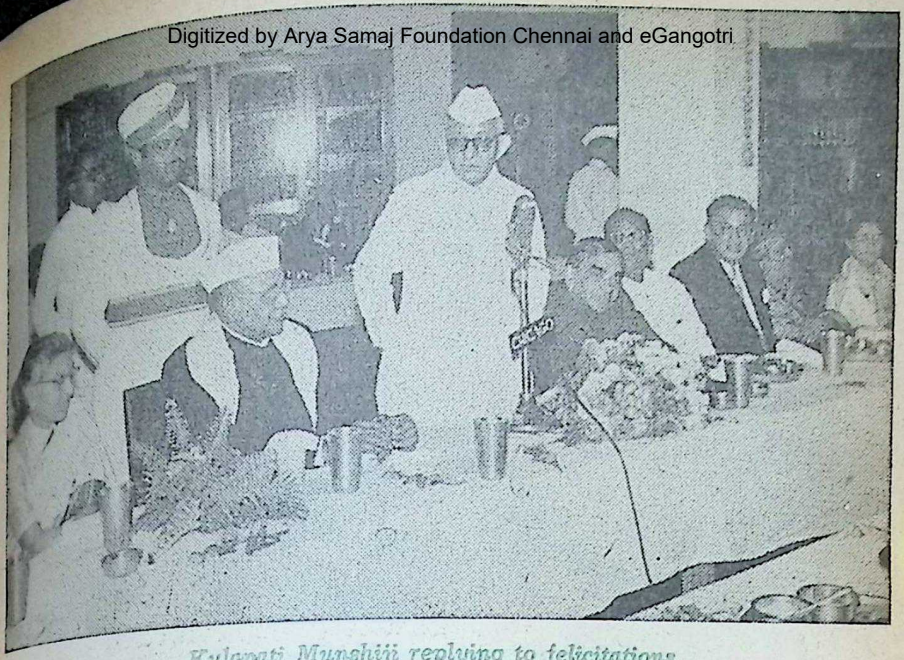

Kulapati Munshiji replying to felicitations.

ment. The Industrial Revolution, the shrinkage of time and space, the two World Wars and an epidemic of restless, aimless dynamism which knows not whither it is going, have ushered in an era when it is difficult to find anything stable to hold fast to, which would give us faith in ourselves and in our future. But, in spite of this rapidly developing changes, I have found that the fundamentals with which I started life have been found to possess self-evident validity.

I started with a deep faith in *Sanatana Dharma*,—not the rituals nor the religious doctrines which go by that name but the eternal and all-pervading ethico-spiritual Order on which it is founded—एष धर्म सनातन : —and to which all right actions should conform. And in spite of the decay of values which we see today, I have found with every year that that Order is inescapable: that Truth which comes of loyalty to one's own convictions, Love which works to give self-fulfilment to others, Beauty which comes of self-restraint, are absolute values, which no one can disregard and fulfil himself.

Above all, experience of three score years and ten has given me this firm conviction that nothing that we do, nothing that we hope to do, is done by us ; we never achieve what we want to achieve, no plans, no ambitions, no calculations and no regrets have any place in life. The achievement, big or small, is the outcome of a Higher Will.

The more I see of life, the more clearly do I see the truth that the

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Kumari Nisha Sheth, Munshiji's granddaughter, who gave a Bharata Natyam recital on the occasion which was greatly appreciated.

man who thinks that *he* is doing something is a conceited fool—अहंकार विमूढात्मा. Nothing happens as he wishes. His Will alone prevails. The tiny mite we call man, living on a petty little sphere revolving around a minor star in a universe, in which a hundred million light years is but a unit of measurement, has no place except as a manifestation of His Will.

Several things, which I have learnt during these years will for ever remain the pillars of my faith.

First, life, even the hardest, is a most beautiful and wonderful adventure in the world.

Secondly, adherence to one's own truth as one sees it, at all cost, is a thing of beauty; it makes life happy; it gives an irresistible power to sustain ideals. It is that which alone gives man the sense of fulfilment.

Lastly, greed and fear, hatred and coercion, and denial or disregard of God—even if they masquerade in the holy garb of standard of living and welfare, peace and maturity, justice, co-operation or progress,—never can and never will create mental, moral or material millennium.

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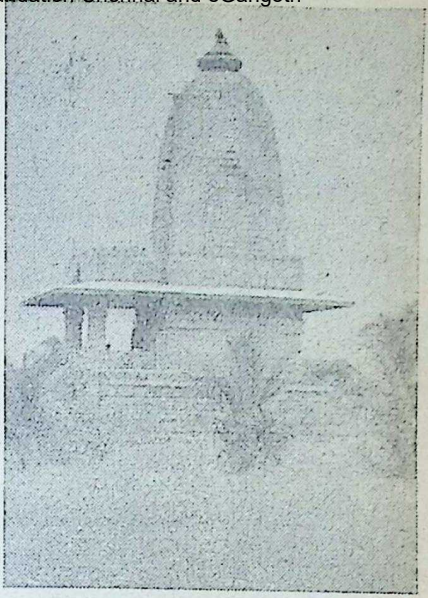
With age, my interest in life's adventure has not abated. Some people are afraid of being considered old. I confess I like being old. When you are old, everyone wants to make room for you; everyone wants to see that you do not stumble on the steps; everyone—friends, children and co-workers—thinks that you need protection and tries to give it; everyone looks upon you as something not to be hustled or elbowed. And you can be indifferent to praise or blame, for you have nothing to gain or lose or fear in the limited future at your disposal. This makes you happy. Anyway it makes me happy.

The old Sanskrit poet was willing to put up with old age, but for the fact that young ladies called him 'father'. When he was so called he felt the tusks of a hundred elephants goring him. But I rather like the experience. It throws a wall of protection around me; and so protected, I can look upon the fresh young things around me as denizens of a bright, new fairy land.

The spirit of adventure has never lost its zest as I march in the company of old friends. There is novelty also in growing old together, a privilege which God has permitted me to enjoy in a large measure. For instance, Sri Harsiddhbhai Divatia, our Vice-President, and I started life together, almost from 1906. We have been comrades in life, in the work of the Bhavan as in other walks of life.

Again, for over 36 years, in friendship and in married life, my wife and I have grown up together, sharing every thought and emotion, planning and working together, partners in anxieties, triumphs and failures. And in thus growing together, we have felt a freshness which has never faded since we first came together 39 years ago.



Chandrasekhara Temple building at Andheri.

From the day I conceived the idea of the Bhavan, we have nursed it with more than parental solicitude. We have given to it of our best, and if God gives us some more years of life, we hope to see the Bhavan fulfil its mission of helping the reintegration of Indian culture in an age when culture is losing its high values; of standing for God in an age when to deny God

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is considered as a badge of superiority; of giving to the coming generation that faith in *Sanatana Dharma*, to serve which so many of our great men have given their lives.

There is very little more that I can give to the Bhavan. But on this occasion when you have been so kind, I would like to make a humble offering. Our family deity, Chandrasekhar, is still installed in what was once the Munshi family house in Broach. That deity is not a mere image to us; it has been for us, for generations, an ancestor whose living inspiration has never failed. Next month I will part with this cherished family deity to the Bhavan. I have already provided a temple for it at the Andheri campus. And I hope that some day those of you who live after us will see that our ashes are placed at the feet of the Lord.

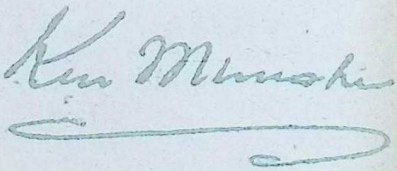
My life, as you have said, has been full of varied activities. During the last 62 years I have collected diaries, records, letters and files—a few hundreds in number, my first diary going back to 1st January 1897. The collection includes records of many of the activities with which I have been associated. There are over 150 files containing papers of the Constituent Assembly, most of which are not available elsewhere; they are being now edited by you, Mr. Chairman and Sri Venkatarama Iyer. There are files of the historic episode of the integration of Hyderabad; files containing documents relating to the period when I was Home Minister, Minister of Food and Governor. There is also a fairly voluminous correspondence between Gandhiji and Vallabhbhai and myself.

I have decided to donate all these files, papers and documents, many of which are not available anywhere, to the Bhavan in the hope that they will be properly preserved and made use of for appropriate studies. I also give a donation of Rs. 5000/- for equipping the room in which these files would be kept and for the installation of the deity in the temple.

I thank you heartily for your overwhelming affection."

And thus ended the Founder's Day Dinner of the Bhavan.

Yours sincerely,



For me, politics bereft of religion are absolute dirt, ever to be shunned. Politics concern nations and that which concerns the welfare of nations must be one of the concerns of a man who is religiously inclined, in other words a seeker after God and Truth.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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PATH TO GOD REALIZATION

Although its tongue is bleeding by eating them, the camel yearns to eat thorny bushes only. Even so do men entangle in worldliness suffering much sorrow and agony yet without coming to senses.

*

You cannot get fire by wet matches even if you strike fifty. Similarly, if your mind is thoroughly soaked in worldliness, God-consciousness cannot be kindled. Pray to the Divine Mother to dry up that mundane craving.

*

When a grain of paddy is sown, it sprouts into a plant; but a grain of boiled paddy does not. So is it with one who has realised God who cannot become interested in the sordidness of the world.

What will you achieve by mere reasoning? Reason, a mere intellectual exercise, is like a man who can go only so far as the outer court of the house. But Bhakti is like a woman who goes into the inner court!

*

By scholarship you can fool man but not God.

*

Live in the world like an ant. The world is a mixture of truth and untruth—sugar and sand. Become an ant and pick out the sugar, truth.

*

God provides everything for a genuine devotee, even without his making any effort. The son of a ruling king gets his monthly allowance all right.

SRI RAMAKRISHNA PARAMAHAMSA

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Funeral obsequies of Ravana over, Sri Rama congratulated the vanaras on their heroism and installed Vibhishana on the throne of Lanka. Later on He sends for Sita.

SITA'S REUNION

पुनि प्रभु बोलि लियउ हनुमाना।
लंका जाहु कहेउ भगवाना॥
समाचार जानकिहि सुनावहु।
तासु कुसल लै तुम्ह चलि आवहु॥

Calling Hanuman the Lord said: "Proceed to Lanka and inform Janaka's Daughter of all that has happened and come back with news of her welfare."

तब हनुमंत नगर महुँ आए।
सुनि निसिचरीं निसाचर धाए॥
बहु प्रकार तिन्ह पूजा कीन्ही।
जनकसुता देखाइ पुनि दीन्ही॥

Thereupon Hanuman entered the city of Lanka. On hearing of Hanuman's arrival demonesses and demons ran to meet him. This time they paid him all kinds of homage and conducted him before Janaka's Daughter.

दूरिहि ते प्रनाम कपि कीन्हा।
रघुपति दूत जानकी चीन्हा॥
कहहु तात प्रभु कृपानिकेता॥
कुसल अनुज कपि सेन समेता॥

From a respectable distance Hanuman made obeisance to Sita and the latter recognising him as Sri Rama's messenger, asked: "Tell me, dear son, if my gracious lord with His younger brother and the *vanara* host is doing well."

सब बिधि कुसल कोसलाधीसा।
मातु समर जीत्यो दससीसा॥
अबिचल राजु बिभीषन पायो।
सुनि कपि बचन हरष उर नायो॥

Hanuman replied: "In all respects the Lord of Kosala is well. Mother, the ten-headed monster has been conquered in battle, while Vibhishana has attained this eternal kingdom." Hearing Hanuman's words, Sita's heart was filled with joy.

अति हरष मन तन पुलक लोचन सजल
कह पुनि पुनि रमा।
का देउँ तोहि त्रैलोक महुं कपि किमपि नहिं
बानी समा॥
सुनु मातु मैं पायो अखिल जग राजु आजु
न संसयं।
रन जीति रिपुदल बंधु जुत पस्यामि
रामसमनामयं॥

Her mind and body were filled with great joy and tears filled Her eyes as she said repeatedly: "What can I give you? There is nothing in all the three worlds that can equal this news." At which Hanuman replied: "Mother, listen. I have today attained, without doubt, the sovereignty of the entire creation, finding Sri Rama safe and sound with His brother, after conquering the enemy's ranks on the battle-field."

सुनु सुत सदगुन सकल तव हृदयं बसहुँ हनुमंत॥
सानुकूल कोसलपति रहहु समेत अनंत॥

Replied Sita: "Listen, my son. May all good qualities fill your heart, Hanu-

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man, and may the Lord of Kosala with Ananta (Lakshmana) live in your heart and bless you.

अब सोइ जतन करहु तुम्ह ताता ।
देखौं नयन स्याम मृदु गाता ॥
तब हनुमान राम पहिं जाई ।
जनकसुता कैं कुसल सुनाई ॥

"Now, child, tell me how I can see with my own eyes the dark and tender limbs of my lord?" Then Hanuman returned to Sri Rama and communicated Him the happy tidings of Sita.

सुनि संदेसु भानुकुलभूषन ।
बोलि लिए जुबराज बिभीषन ॥
मारुतसुत के संग सिधावहु ।
सादर जनकसुतहि लै आवहु ॥
तुरतहिं सकल गए जहँ सीता ।
सेवहिं सब निसिचरीं बिनीता ॥
बेगि बिभीषन तिन्हहि सिखायो ।
तिन्ह बहु बिधि मज्जन करवायो ॥

Hearing Her message, Rama, the ornament of the solar race, called Prince Angada and Vibhishana and said: "Both of you accompany Hanuman and respectfully escort Janaka's Daughter here." Quickly all went to where Sita was. There the whole host of demonesses waited on Her in all humility. At Vibhishana's bidding, the demonesses gave Sita multifarious baths.

बहु प्रकार भूषन पहिराए ।
सिबिका रुचिर साजि पुनि ल्याए ॥
ता पर हरषि चढ़ी बैदेही ।
सुमिरि राम सुखधाम सनेही ॥

They beautified Sita with ornaments of every description and then brought a beautiful palanquin tastefully decorated. Thereupon Videhi joyfully mounted it, Her thoughts bent on the all-blissful Rama, Her loving lord.

बेतपानि रच्छक चहु पासा ।
चले सकल मन परम हुलासा ॥
देखन भालु कीस सब आए ।
रच्छक कोपि निवारन धाए ।

On all four sides guards marched, staff in hand. All were supremely delighted at heart. The bears and the *vanaras* all strained to have a look at Her; but the annoyed guards tried to keep them back.

कह रघुबीर कहा मम मानहु ।
सीतहि सखा पयादें आनहु ॥
देखहुँ कपि जननी की नाईं ।
बिहसि कहा रघुनाथ गोसाईं ॥

At this Rama ordered, "Follow my advice, Vibhishana, and bring Sita on foot," and added laughingly "Let the *vanaras* have a look at Her as they would on their own mother."

सुनि प्रभु बचन भालु कपि हरषे ।
नभ ते सुरन्ह सुमन बहु बरषे ॥
सीता प्रथम अनल महुँ राखी ।
प्रगट कीन्हि चह अंतर साखी ॥

Hearing the Lord's words, the bears and the *vanaras* rejoiced; the gods rained flowers in profusion from the heavens. Sita who had been previously entrusted to Agni was now sought by Sri Rama, the inner witness, to be brought back to light*

तेहि कारन करुनानिधि कहे कछुक दुर्बाद ।
सुनत जातुधानीं सब लागीं करैं बिषाद ॥

It was for this reason that the Ocean of Mercy addressed some reproachful words to Sita. On hearing those words, even the demonesses who had accompanied Her, began to despair.

* See *Bhavan's Journal*, dated December 14, 1958.

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प्रभु के बचन सीस धरि सीता।
बोली मन क्रम बचन पुनीता॥
लछिमन होहु धरम के नेगी।
पावक प्रगट करहु तुम्ह बेगी॥

Holding on Her head Her Lord's command, Sita pure in thought, word and deed, said, "Lakshmana, help me as a priest in the performance of this *dharma* and quickly light me a fire."

सुनि लछिमन सीता कै बानी।
बिरह बिबेक धरम निति सानी॥
लोचन सजल जोरि कर दोऊ।
प्रभु सन कछु कहि सकत न ओऊ॥

Hearing Sita's words, which were distressing, discerning, *dharmic* and prudent, tears welled up in Lakshmana's eyes as he joined his palms in prayer; but he too could not protest to the Lord.

देखि राम रुख लछिमन धाए।
पावक प्रगटि काठ बहु लाए॥
पावक प्रबल देखि बैदेही।
हृदयँ हरष नहिं भय कछु तेही॥

Seeing Sri Rama's determination in His looks, Lakshmana ran, lighted a fire and brought a load of firewood. Videhi rejoiced at the blazing fire and did not fear in the least from it.

जौं मन बच क्रम मम उर माहीं।
तजि रघुबीर आन गति नाहीं॥
तौ कृसानु सब कै गति जाना।
मो कहुं होउ श्रीखंड समाना॥

Said she: "If by thought, word and deed, I have never set my heart on anyone other than Raghuvir, may this fire, which knows all minds, become cool like sandal-paste to me."

श्रीखंड सम पावक प्रबेस कियो सुमिरि प्रभु मैथिली।
जय कोसलेस महेस बंदित चरन रति अति निर्मली॥
प्रतिबिंब अरु लौकिक कलंक प्रचंड पावक महुँ जरे।
प्रभु चरित काहुँ न लखे नभ सुर सिद्ध मुनि देखहिं खरे॥
धरि रूप पावक पानि गहि श्री सत्य श्रुति जग बिदित जो।
जिमि छीरसागर इंदिरा रामहि समर्पी आनि सो॥
सो राम बाम बिभाग राजति रुचिर अति सोभा भली।
नव नील नीरज निकट मानहुँ कनक पंकज की कली॥

The Princess of Mithila entered the flames as though they were cool like sandal-paste, uttering: "Glory to the Lord of Kosala, whose feet are adored by the great Lord Siva with the purest devotion!" Both Her shadow-form as well as the social stigma (occasioned by Her forced residence at Ravana's) were consumed in the blazing fire; but no one could know the secret of the Lord's doings! Even the gods, Siddhas and sages stood gazing.

God Agni appeared in person leading by hand the real Sri (Sita), praised in the Vedas and the world, and escorted and presented Her to Sri Rama, even as the Ocean of Milk presenting Goddess Lakshmi to Lord Vishnu!

Standing on the left side of Sri Rama, Sita shone resplendent in Her exquisite beauty like the bud of a gold-lily beside a fresh blue lotus!

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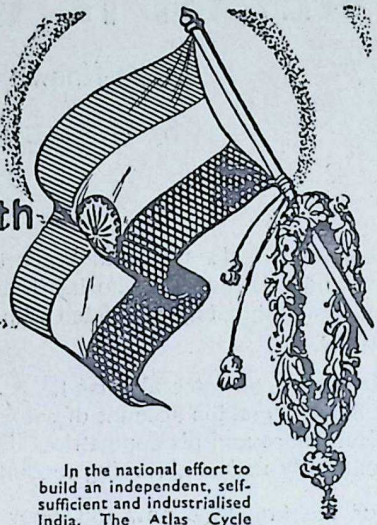

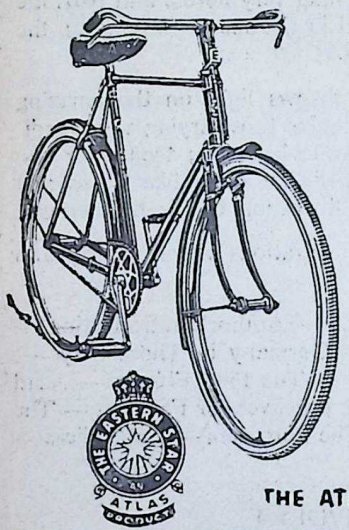

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OUR DUTY TO The Mahatma

Jairamdas Doulatram

FAR into the dim distant future as time flies on and centuries merge into millennia, the echoes of the supreme sacrifice of Gandhiji will rebound from the ever receding walls of eternity. No one whom history knows was in life so faultless a man. No man could by his death pay homage to nobler principles. We are too close to the mountain to measure its height. Remote posterity will correctly assess the true greatness of the soul which departed so suddenly from this earth.

A diamond has many facets. So had Gandhiji. But though manifold were his activities for the service of mankind, one high purpose inspired them all. That high purpose was to live in tune with the law of humanity: the law of love known as Ahimsa. Man has to outgrow the instincts and passions of the beast. To the extent he does he is himself. The evolution of man in the moral sphere is alone true evolution. And so Gandhiji moulded himself from hour to hour through sixty long and strenuous years and outgrew the elemental emotions inherited by man from his brute ancestry. He practised and through that practice preached the basic human virtue of love for all that lives.

This is also the fundamental teaching of the Hindu religion to which he was born. Because he dared to live according to this teaching of the Hindu religion, he was assassinated by the hand of a Hindu and in the name of Hindu interests. But the Hindu assassin was really the representative of a mental attitude which stood for the negation of the principle for which Gandhiji lived and laboured. It stood for hatred and intolerance. It denied to others the right to hold and propagate a contrary opinion. They could do so only at the peril of life. The appearance of this monster of intolerance is a warming to India. Hatred can only breed hatred. It is an unerring boomerang.

Bapu has passed away. And yet even as the pen scribbles this, the mind retorts that Bapu can never die. He belongs to the galaxy of the immortals. His living influence will shape the lives of millions. All who would be his followers have to be true to him. His tasks must be ours, feebly though we may be able to shoulder them. May God give us the faith and the strength to do our duty!

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25

The Lifting of Govardhan

VRINDAVAN was split into two sections. One section began preparations for the Festival of Govardhan, and the other continued to prepare for the Festival of Indra.

Gargacharya and Sandipani were for Krishna—and so were Nanda and a large section of *gopas*. The other section, led by Aiyyan's father Stoka-krishna, though small, was bitter and aggressive. For want of an Acharya to officiate, they brought one of the learned Brahmans from Mathura.

The *gopas* and *gopis*, who followed the lead of Nanda, just ignored the hostile group. Then came the day of the festival. Many people gathered on the outskirts of the village to join the procession to Mount Govardhan. All cattle were washed clean and well fed. Most of them had bells tied to their necks; some favourites had even jingling anklets on their feet. Most of the cows had been decked with shells and plastered with powders of many colours. The fiery and tempestuous stud bulls had their horns pasted with silver leaves. Elderly women, in gay-coloured dresses and decked in ornaments, were riding in carts, siging festive songs. The bullocks, which were drawing the carts, had been covered with multicoloured trappings.

Some high-spirited boys raced on fiery bulls. Most men were dressed in gay head-dresses and scarves of varied hue. Most boys and girls were on foot, racing, jumping and romping. Among the girls was Radha, radiant in the new dress and lovely ornaments which Mother Yashoda had presented her with on the day of her betrothal.

At the head of the gay procession walked Krishna and Balaram. Balaram, taller than all others by half a cubit, carried a small plough on his broad shoulders; he would not be content with carrying anything lighter. With him was Krishna, in yellow silk, *pitambar*, garland and flower wristlets and a crown of peacock feathers and the inseparable flute in his waistband. He talked with friends as he met them

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and cracked jokes with girls. He had a smile or a graceful compliment for every elder and a pat for every cow that he came across. He was the life of the party.

Old Gargacharya and Sandipani, with wise eyes, saw the change which the festivities had brought on Krishna, and their hearts beat with high expectation of great events to come.

At noon the procession reached Giri Govardhan, and under the shade of ancient trees, each family sat to the repast which it brought with itself, sharing delicacies with the neighbours.

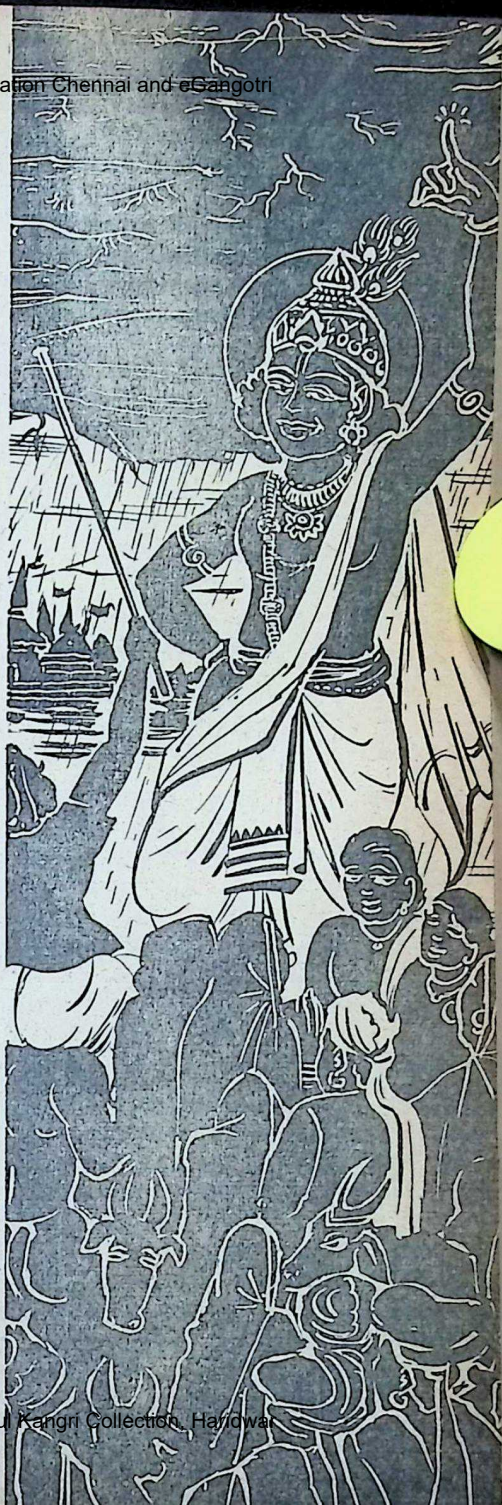
In the evening began the songs and dances. Mimics copied the neighing of horses, the roars of tigers, the bellowing of bulls and the bark of dogs.

Morning came. The birds sang. The cows were milked. The cattle were cleaned, watered and bedecked once again. Adults and children gathered round the milking cows to quaff their potful of fresh milk.

Then the crowd had both, and with flowers and red powder, climbed to the top of Govardhan. Everyone felt a new joy as Gargacharya and Sandipani prepared the worship of the Mount. For, hereafter, Govardhan was not only the lord of hills, but a god.

The *arti*, the offering of the flames, was getting ready, when Krishna saw Aiyyan and two of his friends whom he had brought from Mathura climbing up the hill by a trail at the back. His keen eyes perceived their furtive looks and the way they were coming stealthily towards the group of girls in which Radha was standing. A quiet smile played on his handsome lips. His eyes were as loving as before.

The men and women assembled



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there also saw Aiyyan and his friends and were angry or suspicious.

'Shridama, Aiyyan and his friends have come to join the Festival. Invite them here', Krishna said loud enough to be heard by them. 'Aiyyan, please join me in the worship.'

Shridama started towards where they were standing, but Aiyyan and his friends ran down the path by which they had come.

Gargacharya not only worshipped Govardhan, the cows and the trees, but ended by offering worship to Krishna himself. And *Jaya Jaya* (Victory, Victory), issued from every mouth.

●●●

It was the last day of the festival and the gayest. In the evening, the *gopas* and *gopis* had a hearty meal. Songs were sung, many of them describing the exploits of Krishna when he was a child.

The stars were shining quietly and the breeze was mildly exhilarating. As darkness fell, each family went to sleep near its carts and bullocks and cows. Everything was quiet. It was after midnight that a dark cloud rose in the sky and then another. The wind grew chilly and people, even in their sleep, became uneasy. Then lightning flashed, the bullocks and the cows were restive and the cowherds woke up. The sky was overcast.

A great fear entered every heart. God Indra, the ruler of rains and storms, had been affronted and was out to punish them. They had failed their god and listened to the foolish advice of the boy Krishna, and worshipped cows and trees and Mount Govardhan.

The rain god was angry, no doubt, for the sky grew darker as the dawn came nearer. Every cowherd, without speaking a word, began to harness the bullocks to his cart. It was best to hasten back to Vrindavan before the rains overtook them.

But lightning came in flashes and with it thunder. Though the sun had risen, darkness was over the earth. And the rains came in torrents. The streamlets began to overflow and the ground grew slushy. Men and women had to creep under the shelter of the uptilted carts.

God Indra was wroth. They were all trapped. It was impossible to return to Vrindavan by forest paths submerged in water and the sky pouring rain in cascades.

Men and women began to pray to God Indra to forgive them their trespasses and vowed to perform the Indrotsava without fail, if the god only rescued them from the storm.

As the first cloud appeared in the horizon and the chill wind began to blow, Krishna was on his feet. He measured the sky with an eagle's eye and got his friends together. God Indra had to be fought.

With the first faint glimmer of light, Krishna led his friends towards some hollows which rain and wind had carved out in the belly of Mount Govardhan. In his earlier visits he had known them well, for they always echoed to the voice of men and the footsteps of the cattle.

'Balaram, Indra is out to fight us. We will now have to fight him,' said Krishna, as he tried to roll a boulder away to lay open a big cave.

They stepped into it and Balaram, aided by others, succeeded in removing other boulders.

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Shouts of victory issued from the enthusiastic boys; the girls heard the cry and, forgetting their plight, ran towards the spot from whence the shouts came. They had faith in Krishna, and if there were shouts of victory, they knew he must have worked a miracle.

They were all filled with the sense of a mighty struggle. They were fighting against god Indra and for their beloved Krishna. Boulders, stones, *kankar* (concrete) and sand were removed from the hollows with quick enthusiasm.

'Bring the children here,' Krishna said with authority, and the grown-up girls ran back to their families to bring the children to the shelter.

Nanda and several cowherds, anxious to know what was happening, came to the spot. And many came after them.

Krishna made a gigantic effort to push away a rock which separated them from a huge cavern in the belly of the hill, and the hand of every adult and child added whatever strength it had to help him.

Suddenly as the storm grew in strength, there was thunder which shook the hill. Frightening echoes reverberated in the hollow. Lightning flashed and fell somewhere.

The thunder-storm broke over their heads. There was a sharp earthquake. Even Govardhan, they felt, was tottering. The rock, which Krishna was trying to remove, got detached from the hill and would have fallen on them had not Krishna, aided by numberless hands, held it back.

Again a mighty roar of thunder rolled overhead. A terrific tremor shook the earth, throwing everyone off his balance. And lo! a miracle happened. Giri Govardhan, the god among hills, rose higher by a couple of cubits.

The rock rolled out. A huge cavern was disclosed which, due to the rising of the hill, was high enough for men to stand upright.

Shouts of joy issued from a hundred throats. The *gopas* and *gopis*, with their children and cattle, rushed to find shelter which Krishna had provided by lifting Govardhan.

Protected by the hill, the *gopas* and *gopis* regained their festive mood. They began to laugh at Indra. He could now do his worst! Their Krishna was with them—their darling and their god.

As Krishna stood in the midst of them all, he saw the devotion in their eyes and smiled with love. They all felt that he was their own and they were his and that they were all part of him.

The *gopas* and *gopis* continued to defy the wrath of Indra till it was spent. Ultimately the rain stopped. The sun came out, shining fiercely.

And as they left, the *gopis*, who felt proud of having helped Krishna to raise Govardhan, came to him.

'Govind, (for that was the new name which they gave him on that day) you are our god now. We will never have you for our *rasa*.'

'Why not? Am I not yours? The next month is *Aswin*, the autumn moon is at her best. We shall have our *rasa* at that time, I promise you.' Then he quietly added, 'Now we are no more afraid of Indra. We shall join the Indrotsava.'

[*To be continued*]

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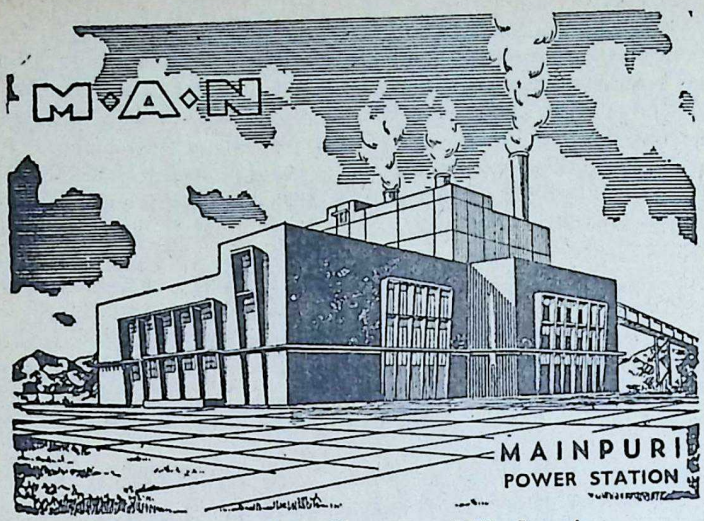

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When we are occasionally faced with crises or difficulties of a political or economic nature, some of us are inclined to doubt the efficacy of the Democratic system on the Indian soil. The Rashtrapati examines this fundamental problem in this article excerpted from his recent Kharagpur speech, and reassures us convincingly that India is in excellent company.

THE TWIN WHEELS OF DEMOCRACY

Dr. RAJENDRA PRASAD

RIGHT from the day we launched our struggle for freedom under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership, we had resolved in our minds to follow the democratic way of living. This resolve was reinforced on the day power was transferred into our hands twelve years ago. Since then we have missed no opportunity of demonstrating our faith in the ideals of democracy and acting up to them to the best of our lights. What greater proof of it can one ask for than the clear and unequivocal provisions embodied in our Constitution? Democracy is a tender plant in our soil. While we have had the institution of village panchayats from time immemorial and may also claim to have had a number of republics in our chequered history, I must confess as far as I know, never before was the principle of popular re-

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....Heart-searching and self-criticism are the twin wheels of Democracy. This tendency, heart-searching and self-criticism, though healthy, may sometimes make us despondent and pessimistic and despair as to the efficacy of Democracy on the Indian soil. But there is nothing in history to warrant disheartening.....

presentation through election recognised or applied in that sense or on such a large scale as we have done today. This did not prevent us from opting for full-fledged democracy with adult franchise, fundamental rights, distinct organs of State Administration—and all these in a jump almost without any apparent preparation. Faith in those principles and the deep conviction of our leaders were our only strength.

May be, it was a legacy of the British connection, a legacy for which we feel happy and let me hope our former rulers share this happiness. With our faith and the little training which the Britishers had given us in running the representative and democratic institutions when they held sway here, India's ship of State was launched on the high seas with full faith in our people and the destiny of our nation. We have since been able to hold two general elections sending the world's largest electorate to the polls.

In all the States comprising the Union of India we have reorganised the village system, putting panchayats on a better footing and introducing therein the elective principle. On the whole, matters have gone on well and there is the testimony of many a foreign visitor lauding our effort in no uncertain terms. But it has not prevented, some of us at any rate, from occasional heart-searching necessitated by casual administrative crisis or some peculiar difficulties inherent in the situation here. However healthy we may consider this tendency to do heart-searching or indulge in self-criticism as the twin wheels of the cart of democracy, our difficulties have sometimes shaken some of us and now and then pessimistically inclined critics have thrown their hands in despair stigmatising the democratic system as ill-suited to Indian conditions. Sometimes the blame is thrown on what are supposed to be our historical traditions and sometimes on the general world trends of the day. I will not be wrong in saying that while on the whole things may be said to be going more or less smoothly, doubts and misgivings continue to lurk and often threaten to multiply.

The plant of democracy whether one looks upon it as indigenous or exotic, has nowhere grown without careful nursing. The system which democracy has come to represent is the most complicated political fabric that one can think of, yet it is a fabric which in respect of utility and durability is unrivalled in many ways. There is no nation which tried it and which did not have to grapple with conflicting claims leading to persistent difficulties. Such of them as could muster sufficient patience and perseverance to face those difficulties and get over them are still flourishing as democratic States. Others, which could not do so, had for one reason or the other to give way to other forces. In the history of these groups of

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The plant of Democracy has nowhere grown without careful nursing....but in utility and durability, it is unrivalled.

nations, there is nothing which might dishearten us. Far from that, we feel doubly convinced that for a country like India which is pledged to freedom and equality of treatment of all its citizens, there is no other course but to follow the democratic way of living. The democratic pattern promises justice to all and healthy growth of all the various elements comprising the Indian population. We believe in the dignity of the individual as much as in upholding the rights of the society in which he lives. Every Indian citizen is a unit unto himself and yet an inalienable part of the national life. We believe in collective effort and a reasonably fair distribution of wealth and the means of production. We are against discrimination of any kind against any section of our people on social, economic or religious grounds. For the furtherance of our objectives we do not desire to use force or aggression of any type. We want every individual to contribute to the building up of the State according to his or her ability, and at the same time we are anxious that the State is able to underwrite a suitable standard of living and a modicum of comfort and amenities to every individual. For the achievement of these aims the democratic way is best suited. We are, therefore, determined to follow it, happen what may.

However, to be sure, mere mental resolve is not enough to follow the democratic way of living or to make a success of it. There is something else which is needed and it may be taken to as an essential condition of success. That something, in my opinion, is that in practice everyone does his duty. Freedom brings new opportunities in its train for the people, and it is not altogether unnatural for them to lay stress on the rights accruing from freedom. It is after all the consciousness of those rights which provides the incentive for the people to do their duty and thus safeguard democratic traditions. It must, however, never be forgotten or minimised that rights can after all flow from duty well performed.

So, there are two aspects of freedom and the democratic way of living, namely, certain inalienable rights of citizens, and secondly, the duties equally unavoidable, which devolve upon the citizens. How far a democracy succeeds would depend ultimately on the citizens of that nation to strike a proper balance between rights and duties. Too much of emphasis on rights will disrupt the democratic machinery, just as too much stress on duty to the exclusion of rights will turn a country into a nation of automatons. In the former case chaos will threaten democracy and in the latter regimentation will be the outcome. Therefore, wisdom lies in avoiding both of these courses and resorting to the golden middle path in which right gets converted into duty, and duty itself becomes a right.

If I am not misconstrued, I would like to say that of late there has been too much stress on rights in our coun- section of the population

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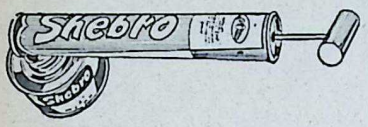

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is worried about not only claiming, but if possible, enforcing its rights. In the midst of the resultant noise, the call of duty is either forgotten or relegated to a place of unimportance. No one, therefore, need be surprised if we find symptoms of imbalance in the Indian society. In fairness to you and to myself, let me tell you that the student community in general is also guilty of this faulty emphasis on rights and neglecting the stress on duty. The same may probably be said of some other sections in our society. The only way to get over this trouble is to recognise duties as well as rights to which every citizen in democratic State is entitled. Recognition of duty will provide a healthy corrective and also clear up the perspective which has been blurred by over-emphasis on rights.

If democracy guarantees certain fundamental rights for the individual, it also insists on his imbibing certain basic qualities or virtues. The individual must place the country before self and cultivate in him the quality to sacrifice, where necessary, personal interest to the interest of the society. In short, the individual must develop a social sense which in turn is the guarantee of his own well-being.

The true source of rights is duty. If we all discharge our duties, rights will not be far to seek. If leaving duties unperformed, we run after rights, they will escape us like a will-o'-the-wisp.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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Chief among those tremendously influenced by the life and actions of Mahatma Gandhi is our Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, who has given expression to this influence on several occasions. But of them all, the words with which he described

GANDHIJI HAD THE

WHENEVER I think of Gandhiji and whenever I am made to speak about him, I have a feeling in me of utter inadequacy; the subject and the man, too big for me to understand.

How am I to talk about or speak about him when even in his lifetime I was always struggling with this question, because my memory of him running over a large number of years covering much ground during all these years, and whether I was with him or away from him, the question always troubled me—I wouldn't say, trouble, intrigued or filled my mind as to what Gandhiji was, because he was a giant among us all and I wanted to be able to understand the man who had so powerfully influenced India's millions, including one of the millions like me and like others and I found that being myself rather of a rebellious nature, not easily agreeing to anything that he said and trying to argue with him, trying even, consciously or unconsciously, to irritate him, because I was, if I may say so, not at all of the religious variety of human beings.

I hope I have some element of spirituality in me but I am not moved by the things that move men of religion but I was powerfully moved by him all the time. And when I went to him I sensed a feeling of inadequacy always, inadequacy in the sense that I had not lived up to what he had said or what he had expected us to do. Almost a sense, some sense of shame came over one, why can't one live up to his standards which he was setting forth to all our people. And so whether we lived up to them or not, we were pulled up continuously in the attempt to live up to. We made mistakes.

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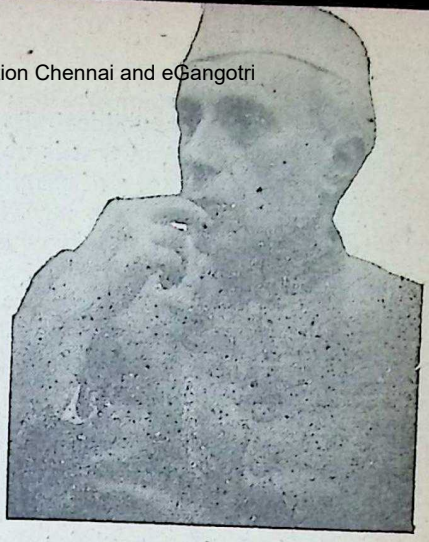
the Mahatma's influence on him at the time of laying the foundation stone of the first Gandhi Bhavan at the Delhi University, are perhaps the most revealing. The following are excerpts from them.



DIVINE FIRE IN HIM

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

Now, again I speak not on the religious plane, but what impresses me is this man and the work he did in India because he did something amazing in India and having been through that period close to him, this sense of wonder never left me. He was a wonderful man and not by any means the person who did not make a mistake. I do not like people who do not make mistakes or who think, even more so those people who think they cannot make mistakes, but one could not help feeling that he was somebody who had the divine fire in him, somebody before whom the proudest head went down, somebody in spite of all his mistakes—they occur—was the essence of truth.

And so one honoured him and so that basic feeling of truth and the basic feeling of, well, non-violence I do not know, but non-hatred. I do not think he had any hatred for anybody. That approach of his, of affection, of love, even for his opponent, and many of the opponents I saw humbled before him by his approach of love and affection, and at the same time an unbending will of a man of steel who would not give up what he considered the basic principle although he would compromise over other things. So in this way he functioned and he functioned in this way not for a sect, not for a small group of intimate people, he functioned in this way for the 400 million people of India. That is the wonder of it, the amazement of it. He functioned in this way not on the religious plane, not on a narrow

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plane but on the public, political plane of India in this way. And that is unique in the world's history of people. There have been very great men in the world but this man should come and function on the political plane and raise that plane to higher levels and try to influence on that plane 400 million people of India, I never could get over the wonder of that.

Now, whatever he may have stood for, I am not competent to tell you. I could tell you many things which impressed me. Others would be better exponents of what he stood for. For me it was how I felt about him that counted, even more than what I thought about him. And so even in later years, while I have played about on the political field, and agreed with some people and disagreed with others, more and more I have felt that it was not a man's opinion that was important but what a man was, how he lived. That is more important than even the opinion he might profess or the faith he might profess. What is a man, how he functions, how he lives, what essentially he is. That is the most important thing because ultimately it was Gandhi as he was that counted.

On any particular sphere, there may be cleverer, abler men than he was but still there has been no Gandhi in spite of their great abilities. So this man, having this divine fire in him—I use the word not in any technical sense, came and changed India.

And this man was put to death by one of our own people, a young man. That is said to be a tragedy. I am not quite sure in my own mind if it was a tragedy. It was a tragedy in some sense, of course. In public sense, it was a fitting end to that man's career. But whether that was a tragedy or not, it would be a tragedy indeed if the people of India started forgetting him and his lesson. The death of his body meant nothing or not much, he had to die a little later perhaps, but it would be a killing of the spirit if the younger generation today forget to think about him or what he said.

Not only would people lose something very precious but something also which I think is peculiarly needed today in India and the world. I would like to say it is not so much the words that he wrote or uttered and you may agree or disagree with this or that, but the whole thing taken together, I think, he was far greater than anything that he wrote or said. And his words sometimes, often, they are very powerful words. Nevertheless, they do not convey to you the man who was infinitely greater.

But we cannot produce the man personally before you and so we have to go to his words and the record of his activities. It is a record which fills us with pride, fills us with humility, and for any Indian, young or old, not to be interested in that, even though he may not agree with it, is a strange thing which I cannot understand.

I should have thought that men of this generation, growing generation, would be eager to know what this person was like whom they have not met or seen but about whom they have heard so much. If that curiosity even is lacking, there is something very seriously lacking in us.

But I want you to realise that in this India of ours today, in the immediate past, a mighty revolution hap-

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....his life, taken as a whole was a thing of beauty. It was a ballad almost sung out to the people of India in terms of action; no false notes in it. Every gesture of his had beauty in it because behind that gesture was no anger. There was great feeling; he was a man a tremendous feeling. That feeling was a feeling of affection and love....

pened and do not, when you talk about revolution, think only of the major violent revolutions of other countries because this was a bigger revolution in its own way as any. Only it was a peaceful one. So people pay less heed to it perhaps.

Now a mighty revolution happened here and many of us are the children of that revolution, and that revolution in some way or other is going on and will go on. And we forget that fact that we have still to function in terms of that revolutionary process, to carry on the work that Gandhiji began and carry it forward so tremendously. We have to do that and if we fail in that, then we cease to be children of that revolution, we are merely hangers on and not living a worthwhile life in this exciting age in India and the world. And in doing that, I do not attach too much importance to your agreeing to this or that particular matter which we are told Gandhiji stood for because he stood for many things and I hope you will be able to agree with many of those things, and I do not attach much importance to them, but I do attach importance that you are able, you are trying to get something of that fiery spirit behind all that. That is the important thing.

Now, today in India as elsewhere of course even more so, we talk of the wonders of this scientific and technological age. It is indeed wonderful, it is tremendous, it is revolutionary and it is taking the world in a direction which nobody can foresee how far it will go. We must not be frightened by that. And whether we are frightened or not, it has taken place and will take place. The world will not wait on our fears and we have to tread that path also fully but remember also that that path by itself does not quite appear to be adequate. And perhaps some of the problems of the age, major problems are due to that certain inadequacy in them. Something more is wanted, to control that, to round it off, to give it direction. And it may be that something more that is wanted, you may find in the broad approach and teachings of Gandhiji. I believe you can, the world can. We can.

Therefore, even from a strictly practical point of view. it becomes necessary that we should understand this man and his teachings and we must welcome every opportunity to do so. I say this and yet it frightens me—how, the efforts to bring Gandhiji to the people or to bring his teachings to the people ; how they miss the real essence of the thing because as I said right at the beginning, my own difficulty is how am I to deal—I, an ordinary man,—with an extraordinary man ; how can I talk about him or convey him, to tell you what he used to eat, that because he dressed in a peculiar way or did not have much

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dress on, as if they have any value in a man! To me it is of no importance whether Gandhiji was a vegetarian or not. You see we begin to see the small things, little things. According to me hundreds of little things by themselves taken together may have some importance but there are many people who have hundreds and hundreds of things attached to them. With all those hundreds of things and many more, they are not Gandhis at all.

So how to grasp the unsubstantial greatness of a man and find out what was it that moved millions of hearts. What was that essential truth for which he stood. You can find it if you speak it in his words, you can find it best of all in his life itself, for his life taken as a whole was a thing of beauty. It was a ballad almost sung out to the people of India in terms of action, no false notes in it. Every gesture of his had beauty in it because behind that gesture was no anger. There was great feeling, he was a man of tremendous feeling, that feeling was a feeling of affection and love. And so his gestures and his words were soft though often you felt there was steel behind. How can I tell you what he was? It is beyond me. But it was given to us, to my generation to see him, to hear him, to work under him, and to imbibe something of what he said. Not much perhaps; we often failed as we fail today but the memory of him still revives us, gives us strength.

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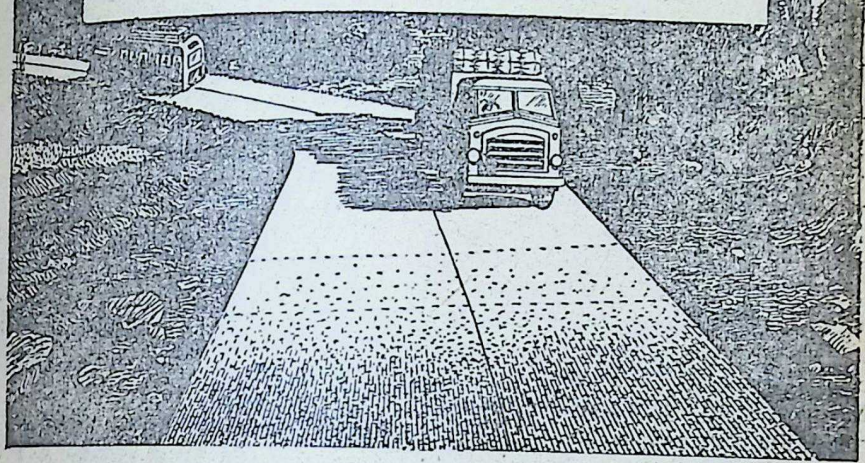

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Mrs. Annie Besant

India's Freedom Fighter

Sri Prakasa

LARGE numbers of persons—men and women alike—who had the privilege of knowing Mrs. Annie Besant in their younger days, will think of her with great affection and gratitude. Born in 1847 in London, a hundred and twelve years ago, she came to us in 1893 at the age of 46 after already making a great name for herself as a courageous and undaunted social worker, and an orator of unrivalled power, to serve us in a spirit of true humility, for India to her was both her homeland and her holy land. She was very greatly attracted by the philosophy of our ancients, and fondly believed that the Masters of Wisdom lived here who ruled the destinies of mankind. She came to learn rather than to teach. For full 40 years, till her death in September 1933, she gave every ounce of her energy in the service of our country, and put all her gifts and resources at our disposal. We can never be sufficiently grateful to her for all she did for us; and it is good that we should remember her and pay our tribute to her memory as best as we can, now that she is no more.

The actual scene in India when she came to us, should doubtless have presented to her bewildered eyes, three great problems that faced us at that time. The first thing that must have impressed her, was that though she herself came full of admiration for our country's ancient codes of life and thought, and though she herself was very well-versed in the legends of our gods and goddesses, and stories of our heroes and heroines, the educated persons she met were not only ignorant about these matters but actually looked askance at them. They regarded everything old and sacred of their own traditions, as sheer superstition and insensate folly. They felt that nothing could save them and their country except imitating western ways. Mrs. Besant would certainly have thought in her mind that this wave of scepticism and so-called modernism, needed to be immediately stemmed, and men's minds restored to an appreciation of their traditions and a love for the great achievements of their ancestors, so that they might imbibe in themselves that pride and that self-respect which alone can make a people great.

The second thing that is bound to have struck her, was that while on the one hand, persons who regarded

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themselves as educated, were becoming cheap imitations of western peoples, and were aping foreign ways, on the other there were important elements in society that could be called orthodox and that were very frightened at the trend of events, who were actually withdrawing themselves in a shell of their own creation, feeling that everything was lost; that nothing could save their culture from total destruction; and that by keeping themselves aloof from the world and its activities, they could at least save their own souls which they prized above everything else. Mrs. Besant must have resolved in her mind that this pessimism must be fought, and these people told that nothing was really lost unless they themselves were determined to lose it, and that the country could still be saved if they would only make the necessary efforts, so that she might make her own proper contributions to world-thought and world-endeavour, which would redound to her glory and be of genuine assistance to all mankind.

Then there was the third and overriding factor of foreign domination. She saw what was obvious, that her own people held us under their political subjection and rode roughshod over the feelings of everyone. They ruled the country in their own interest, and violated all her own and her country's principles of justice, freedom and propriety. She is bound to have determined in her own mind that, even if she were to receive the opprobrium and hostility of our own countrymen, she would help to bring back freedom to the great people who had done such wonders in the past, but who lay helplessly under the heel of a foreign power, because of which alone, the two previously mentioned phenomena—scepticism towards the ancient and imitation of the modern, of some, and pessimism and despair, of others—were possible.

Mrs. Besant fought on all these three fronts in her own way. To the educated, she preached with an eloquence that was unsurpassed, that India was once great and shall be great in the future as well; that she had ever been the teacher of mankind; that spiritual verities were superior to material successes; that persons with education owed a high and sacred duty by their country; and that they could neglect their great responsibilities only at their peril. It was not a small thing that a person with a white body—and that meant much those days—said all that she did; and thousands gathered round her to listen to her. They felt a glow of pride in their ancestors. They took a pledge that they would create a new India worthy of her past and capable of holding her own in the world of the future. This great work Mrs. Besant did by her endless tours throughout the length and breadth of the country, speaking from a hundred platforms and reaching hundreds of thousands of men and women all over the land.

To break the solid wall of reactionary orthodoxy that pretended to follow the past without understanding it, and refused to look at the present unaware of its achievements and its possibilities, she opened her chain of educational institutions in which teaching of our ancient religion was compulsory, only same was taught in

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an enlightened manner. Through these institutions, she also tried by methods of love and persuasion, to introduce social reforms which took the orthodox out of their narrownesses, and led them to sympathise with current ways of thought. All this successfully induced them to accept the good that lay in many modern ways, and at the same time, to keep fast to the ancient moorings of their traditional thought and life.

And when these two objects were accomplished, when the modern educated man started thinking of the glories of the past, and when the orthodox accepted reforms and began to see their own faith in a new and pleasing light she entered the political arena towards the latter part of her life in India. She actually took the people by storm and immediately came to the front of the country's struggle for Freedom. Both her writings and her speeches at the time had the most magical effect. In the midst of the First Great World War, she openly talked of 'England's difficulty being India's opportunity;' cheerfully went into internment when a horrified Government could no more allow her to roam about freely and was soon after given the highest honour that lay in our hands at that time to offer —the Presidentship of the Indian National Congress. In a way, she laid the foundations of Mahatma Gandhi's later work which steadily and surely developed to enormous proportions; and owing to the complications of the Second World War, gave us our Freedom under his inspiring lead. It is our duty today to see that the spiritual values of our ancient faith are not lost; that unreasoning obstinacy in the shape of orthodoxy, does not interfere in our taking our rightful place among the nations of the world of today; and that the political Freedom that we have won, is kept inviolate for ever.

Sri Sri Prakasa

Apart from the lessons that she gave to the country as a whole, she had also some very important lessons to give to us as individuals. We should do well to learn them for our own well-being. These can be culled from her day-to-day life as she lived it. She seemed to say to all even if she did not do so in so many words, that it was the duty of everyone to be very careful of three things: his time, his health, and his friends. She was a very punctual person, and put in a single 24 hours more than others would do in 72; and that was only possible because she was very meticulously careful of how she utilised her time. We should take a lesson from her, for we do waste a great deal of our time, and thus harm ourselves and our society as well. Then, she was very careful about her body, and took great care of it by proper diet

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and regular exercise. We, generally speaking, are very careless about our health, and thus cause no end of pain to ourselves and anxiety to others as well. I never found Mrs. Besant ill though I was in very close touch with her throughout my own life. I always saw her busy with her work all the time in good health and cheer. We should imbibe this very important lesson from her life, and keep our bodies fit, strong and healthy. Another lesson that her life should teach us, is to be very careful of our friendships and considerate to our colleagues. She was a perfect friend—generous, affectionate and helpful to a fault. We in India, I fear, do not value friendships. That is why we keep talking ill of each other, and are unable to work with others. We make friends easily and let them go equally easily as well. That was not Mrs. Besant's way, and that is why she was so successful in all the great work that she was able to accomplish. May we also be as careful as she, of our time, of our health, and of our friends!

To-day as I throw my mind back to over sixty years of my own life, and recall Mrs. Besant in innumerable situations—at her meals, her recreations, and her unremitting toils; and the domestic circle, on the public platform, and in stormy meetings—I must say I stand amazed at what she really was. I offer my heart's grateful and reverent tribute to the memory of this great figure whom I was privileged to know closely as a child, as a boy as a youth, and as a middle-aged person; whose words of wisdom and inspiring presence, humble as I am, have greatly helped and strengthened me in my own journey in life; who elevated whatever she touched; who really accomplished wonders; who showed us light in the midst of darkness, and gave us hope in the midst of despair; who opened for us the way to greatness and success in difficult times; and who even though coming from a distant land, and wearing a foreign body, taught us to be spiritually, intellectually and politically free. May we be worthy of the Freedom we have achieved, and all those who helped to make us free.

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The year that has just ended has helped put things in their proper perspective, at any rate in the case of India. It has, according to Munshiji, exposed the chinks in our armour and it is his belief that our political outlook has turned for the better.

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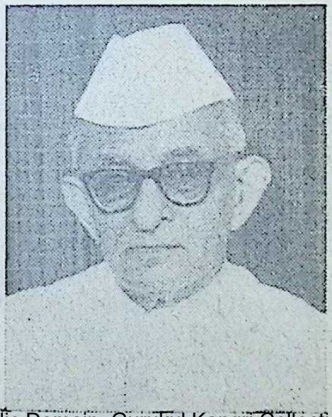
The last twelve months

K. M. Munshi

DURING the last twelve months, the political scene in India has been considerably changed.

For about a century, the frontiers of India had remained inviolate; in recent months, they have been violated by Communist China. This has had grave repercussions.

The foreign policy of Pandit Nehru has received a serious jolt; *Panchshila*—the ideological device sponsored by Panditji and Chou when they met in fraternal conference at Delhi—has failed miserably. And the Communist Party of India, which, as corollary to the foreign policy of India, had gathered strength, has been losing ground on account of internal dissensions and massive unpopularity in the country.



The Kerala episode was another factor which contributed to the change. In that smallest State of ours, the Communist Party of India, as a result of accidents, came into power under our democratic Constitution. But, no sooner it acquired power, it set about establishing an extra-constitutional State within a State run by the Communists and for the Communist Party. This led to a strong resistance by the people. Thousands went to jail; hundreds suffered injuries or lost their life.

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In the end, the Communist Government could not continue to hold power any longer. The Union Government, under the powers vested in them by the Constitution, suspended the democratic apparatus of the State.

This led to two results: The disappearance of the only Communist Government in the country and an awareness in the country that democracy cannot survive in the face of Communist manoeuvres unless those who have faith in it develop the strength to offer conscious resistance to Communist devices.

Synchronizing with this Kerala episode was the rape of Tibet by China. Tibet had been linked to India by several centuries of intimate contacts. It formed an outer bastion of India's security. The country's sympathy was, therefore, with the Dalai Lama when he sought an asylum in India. But the Prime Minister, though correct in according asylum to the Dalai Lama, was unwilling to offend China; his faith in Indo-China friendship had then remained unshaken. This was disliked by the country. His great influence, however, softened the expression of its moral indignation. On this point, Jayaprakash Narayan's, not Nehru's, was the authentic voice of the country.

In the matter of the Chinese aggression, public feeling has been voiced by most public men, even by the President, and the Prime Minister had to accept its logical outcome, to build up a 'nation in arms.' The C.P.I., which had openly sided with the Chinese, or some of its leaders who tried to trim the sails, have lost the confidence of the country.

The Indian National Congress under Gandhiji was the voice and instrument of the nation. In 1947 it inherited power in the country at the level both of the Union and the States. Though strongly entrenched in organisational strength, of late it has been torn by dissensions in State after State; it has been kept together only by Panditji's power and influence as the Prime Minister. But the public, by and large, has lost faith in it. Its influence and prestige have been on the wane, though not to the extent of losing grip over the legislatures.

However, the one-party pattern of rule in the country is being transformed in several parts of the country. In Orissa, the Congress Party has had to form a coalition government with Ganatantra Parishad, a conservative party. In Kerala, it has had to make electoral alliances with the Socialist Party, the Muslim League—a communal organisation, supported by the independent, Mannath Padmanabhan, the great leader of Kerala who organised and led the mass upsurge against Communist rule and who is the most powerful man in the State. In fact, the alliance is a democratic front against the Communists.

Two other factors of considerable importance have come into existence. One has been the emergence of the Swatantra (Freedom) Party. This Party stands for what the Congress stood for before the Prime Minister's enthusiasm for socialism stampeded the Congress into embarking on programmes which were not far removed from some of the totalitarian devices. That so far the Swatantra Party has received spontaneous support

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from the people and the Press indicates that the Prime Minister's socialism imposed from above has created a sense of distrust among the people, even among a large section of Congressmen who would not, however, leave hold of his coat tails for fear of losing their own position.

The same distrust was evidenced by the civic elections recently held in the five major cities of Uttar Pradesh, the largest State in India and so far the stronghold of the Congress. An overwhelming vote has gone to the rightist Jan Sangh or the Independents, who in all cases stand for a conservative political creed. The Congress has gained majority in no single corporation. The Socialists have secured some triumphs. The Communists have lost all along the line.

The present political scene can best be described as a transitional one. The Communists have lost heavily. The Congress, in spite of its power and influence largely due to its being the ruling party, is losing ground. The parties of stability have been gathering strength.

The Congress programme has had a setback. The boosted State Trading has collapsed; co-operative farming is yet a slogan; inflation is growing; corruption is rampant. People in general feel unhappy. It has begun to be realised by those in power that there has been something cardinally wrong with their food policy. The new Food Minister is going back to more practical steps envisaged in 1950-52—buffer stocks, elimination of regional controls, intensive cultivation and facilities for individual farms. It may be expected that the planners will also forget the near-Communist plan frame. The needs of defence will also drive them to a more reasonable estimate of resources and expectations.

In spite of what leading politicians might say in public to keep up the morale of their party, the country has begun to realise the grim realities involved by the Chinese aggression. The country knows that, however fulsome the excuses, those in power have failed to defend the country. Perhaps this has awakened them to the needs of a pragmatic approach to the situation in Asia. The policy of non-alignment has been shaken out of its self-complacent moorings. There has been a better understanding of the value of the West. The defence of our frontiers, which had been neglected so far, has begun to receive attention.

Whatever the future, the political outlook and thinking of India will never be what it was a year ago.

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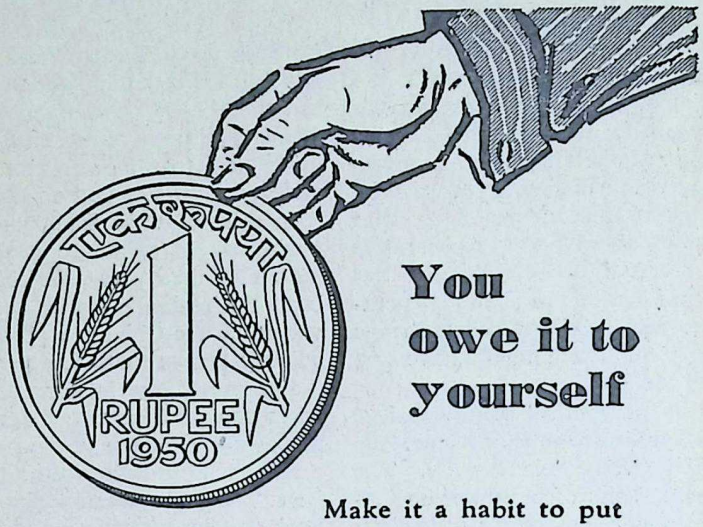

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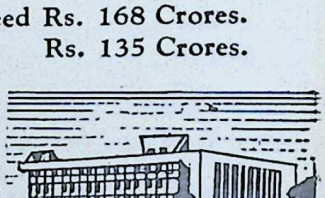

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At a time when the country is eagerly awaiting the Report of the Sri Prakasa Committee on Religious and Moral Instruction, the following article, excerpted from a recent address of Dr. C. D. Deshmukh, Chairman of the University Grants Commission, bearing on the subject, delivered at the Ramakrishna Mission, New Delhi, will be read with great interest.

Religious & Moral Instruction in Educational Institutions

Dr. C. D. DESHMUKH

THE University Education Commission have devoted a whole chapter, namely, Chapter VIII, in their Report of December 1948 to August 1949, to the subject of religious education. In tracing the history of the problem, they pointed out that in the pre-British period the teaching of religion was regarded as an essential part of education, since one of the major aims of education was the development of the whole man and since, in addition to the development of intellectual powers, man required for the regulation of his personal and social life a code of behaviour based on the fundamental principles of ethics and religion. The British, being foreign rulers, considered it judicious to accept a policy of religious neutrality, despite pressure exercised by Christian missions.

The Education Commission of 1882 recommended that an attempt be made to prepare a moral text-book based on the fundamental principles of natural religion such as may be taught in all government and non-government colleges, and that the principal or one of the professors in each government and aided college deliver to each of the college classes in

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every session a series of lectures on the duties of a man and a citizen. This was the way that suggested itself to them between the State's declared secular character, on the one hand, and the provision of facilities in educational institutions for the inculcation of all forms of faith, on the other hand. This recommendation was, however, rejected by the Government of India in 1884, on the ground that the introduction of such a moral text-book as was proposed would raise a variety of burning questions, as also on the ground that it would be too vague and colourless to be accepted or to remedy the defects of secular education. The Indian Universities Commission of 1902 recognized the inadequacy of a purely secular education, but was unable to suggest any definite measure for improvement; and with reference to a specific suggestion made, it decided that it was neither practicable nor expedient to make provision for a Faculty of Theology. The Calcutta University Commission of 1917 to 1919 gave a wide berth to this difficult question. The matter was then left in abeyance, apparently for nearly thirty years, when the Central Advisory Board of Education resolved that, while they recognized the fundamental importance of spiritual and moral instruction in the building up of character, the provision for such teaching should be the responsibility of the home and the community to which the pupil belongs.

Referring to this last resolution, Dr. Radhakrishnan's Commission observed that we cannot leave religious training to the home and the community any more than we could leave to them instruction in the pupil's scientific and literary training. They feared that if such guidance is left to the home and the community the chances are that communal bigotry, intolerance, and selfishness might increase.

When the University Education Commission considered this matter, they had the advantage of studying it in relation to the principles in regard to religious instruction in educational institutions about to be adopted in our Constitution, such as freedom of conscience and free profession, practice, and propagation of religions; also the principle of non-recovery of taxes by the State for the promotion of any particular religion. It followed that no religious instruction is to be provided in any educational institution wholly maintained out of State funds, provided that this interdict is not to apply to an educational institution which is established and administered under an endowment or trust which requires that religious instruction shall be imparted in such institution. Also, no person attending any educational institution recognized by the State or receiving aid out of State funds shall be required to take part in any religious instruction that may be imparted in such institution, or to attend any religious worship that may be conducted in such institution, or in any premises attached thereto, unless such person or, if such person is a minor, his guardian has given his consent thereto (Article 28 of the Constitution).

It follows that if a religious community provides educational facilities, and is in a position to do without State assistance, the imparting of religious instruction is not prohibited. But it

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....The University Commission specifically rejected the view that secular conception of the State meant that nothing is sacred or worthy of reverence..... Our Constitution itself is such as to spur the spirit of religion....

may as well be recognized that in these days there would be very few educational institutions of this character, especially in view of the restriction on numbers that is normally imposed by educational authorities and the mounting cost of any education that could claim to have the minimum of modern facilities and amenities. In the majority of educational institutions, therefore, the situation could be that religious instruction could not be provided at all.

Religious instruction is to be understood as distinct from research or study concerning religion. In other words, while religious dogmas cannot be taught in institutions maintained by the government, religion can be studied critically as part of a course in general culture. The preaching of dogma is to be distinguished from the study of the philosophy of religion. The intention therefore is not to ban all religious education, but to ban dogmatic or sectarian religious instruction in State schools. The view held by the University Education Commission was that if we teach sectarian creeds to our children in public schools, instead of developing in them the spirit of peace and brotherly love, we encourage the spirit of strife, as the children become conscious of their separate creeds and group loyalties. The Commission specifically rejected the view that secular conception of the State meant that nothing is sacred or worthy of reverence. They therefore rejected a purely scientific materialism as an intended philosophy of the State, especially in view of the religious strain that 'has run throughout our history like a golden thread'.

The Commission argued that our Constitution itself was such as to spur the spirit of religion, providing as it does freedom of conscience, freedom of inquiry, and moral solidarity. Referring to what they called the Indian view of religion, the Commission held that religion is not to be identified with a creed to be believed, or an emotion to be felt, or a ceremony to be performed, but it means something that changes life, character, and disposition. Thus religion is a matter of realization, which cannot be reached through mere knowledge of the dogmas, but by the exercise of one's own will and reason to attain spiritual enlightenment. According to them, religious dogmas have a place only for giving comfort to the human spirit. They held therefore that the university was not the proper place for the study of dogmas, which would turn the student over to theologians of different denominations for instruction in the conflicting systems of salvation and thus undermine that fellowship of learning which defines a college or a university. They went to the length of holding that in a sense religion is the most secular of all pursuits. 'It starts where man is, with the facts and problems of his concrete life, and goes with him wherever he is and whatever he does. No real religion will submit to separation from life. All life must be infused with the life of spirit.'

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The Commission went on to argue that respect for other religions is a sign of true humility of spirit. They urged therefore that competing religions abstain from putting forth exclusive claims to be the sole possessors of eternal truth and recognize that there is a common universe of discourse transcending the difference of tongues, the many dialects in which man has tried to speak of the Unseen. They went on therefore to advocate the inculcation of a sense of universal religion which would harmonize all faiths in one synthesis, and they asserted that India was by virtue of her cultural history well fitted to play an important role in bringing about such a consummation.

The practical measures which the Commission recommended were based on this fundamental philosophy. In the first place, they regarded mere moral instruction as inadequate in the organization of the citizen's life, and they advocated therefore that it must be reinforced by inculcation of virtues which are independent of time or environment. They quoted in support the views expressed in this matter by Gandhiji in 1938 to the effect that, since the fundamental principles of ethics are common to all religions, they should be taught to the children and should be regarded as adequate religious instruction. They conceived the secularity of our State to be equivalent to the need to be deeply spiritual and not narrowly religious. As regards the actual mode of instruction, they deprecated the starting of moral and religious instruction merely as one of a number of subjects 'to be taught in measured hourly doses'. They therefore devised ways calculated to impart religious vitality, promote simplicity, and create an atmosphere of consecration that would permanently influence young lives, and recommended as follows:

(1) that all educational institutions start work with a few minutes for silent meditation.

(2) that in the first year of the Degree course, lives of the great religious leaders, like Gautama the Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Socrates, Jesus, Sankara, Ramanuja, Madhva, Mohammed, Kabir, Nanak, Gandhi, be taught.

(3) that in the second year, some selections of a universalist character from scriptures of the world be studied.

(4) that in the third year, the central problems of the philosophy of religion be considered.

Although over ten years have elapsed since the University Education Commission made their recommendations in regard to religious instruction as part of the higher education, very little has been found possible in respect of implementing these recommendations. Having at one stage of my own high school education received religious instruction of a kind and believing that I have derived great benefit from it, I was *prima facie* biased in favour of the inclusion of religious instruction in education generally, if not higher education. On a deeper study of all the contentious issues involved, I have, however, come to the conclusion that the recommendations of the University Education Commission will not really attain the object which have in-

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fluenced me are two: the first is the one which has already been indicated, namely, that tolerance of other religious dogmas and creeds is not as easy to the followers of dogmatic religions as it is to the followers of religions like Hinduism or, perhaps, Buddhism; and, second, that moral instruction, which is the essence of the aim of religious instruction, at least from the practical point of view, seems to lack the necessary appeal unless it is a part of religious instruction and is also imparted at an appropriate stage of life.

Following this trend of thought, I have come to the conclusion that if moral instruction has to have any effectiveness at all, it has to be a part of some specific religious dogma or creed, and the instruction has to be made imperative as part of the creed, as, for instance, the Panchashila for Buddhists or the Ten Commandments for Christians. If this is accepted, then, the other part of the dilemma comes into view, namely, that specific religious instruction on the basis of any particular dogma or creed cannot under our Constitution be imparted, at least in institutions maintained by the State, and can only be carried out on a voluntary basis in other institutions which receive aid from the State. If universality of religious instruction is to be aimed at, it is obvious that we have to look elsewhere for facilities for the imparting of such instruction.

Perhaps the way for a consideration of this question will be clear if we were to concede that all education, in its broadest sense, of a child or any person, need not be imparted only in a normal institution of education, such as a school or a college. It is possible to conceive of a society in which either this kind of education takes place in the home of the child, or is looked after in such institutions as are established and maintained by the religious heads of the religion which the child's or person's family practises. Indeed, the question of whether religious instruction should be imparted in schools and colleges would not have arisen, had religious organizations ministered to the religious needs of the people. It is a weakening of their hold on modern society which has thrown up a problem of this kind. There can be no short cut to a rectification of this matter, and I am of the opinion that the time has arrived when the various religious bodies concerned should begin to organize regularly and effectively religious instruction for those who profess adherence to their particular faith.

In expressing this opinion, I am not losing sight of the argument used by the University Education Commission that such revival of religious organizations will make children conscious of group loyalties. Whatever might have been the facts of history in this regard, I believe that modern man has now arrived at a stage where, without either accepting or altering their faiths, he will be prepared to reconcile himself to others enjoying the same kind of freedom that he wishes to enjoy for himself in the profession and practice of any particular body of religious dogma or creed. If modern society is incapable of organizing religious instruction in the manner indicated here, then, by logical inference, it will follow that it will furnish a very poor environment for the successful transfer of these arrangements to normal institutions of education.

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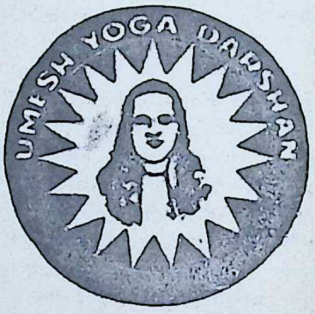

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RESULTS OF
3-ACT PLAY COMPETITION

We have pleasure in announcing the results of the 3-Act Play Competition on Puranic or historical themes conducted by the *Bhavan's Journal*.

There were 83 entries in all.

Out of them the three entries given below have been adjudged as best in order.

In this connection, we express our deepfelt gratitude to the five eminent Judges Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Smt. Rukmini Devi Arundale, Prof. R. Srinivasan, Dr. A. K. Das Gupta, and Sri Adi Marzban who, despite their heavy preoccupations, scrutinized the entries and evaluated them.

The consensus of opinion among the Judges was that the standard of the entries was generally high and they showed great promise. The writers showed a keen awareness of all the elements that go to make up a successful play.

With a little more practice, they felt, some writers could improve their diction and stageability of their entries.

The following are the first three winning entries and their authors:

Entry	*Author's Name and Address*
1. "Mother and Son" (Kunti & Karna)	Smt. K. B. Thakur, Sion, Bombay-22.
2. "The Siege of Chittore"	Smt. S. Janaki, P.O. Sirsi, N. Kanara Dist., Mysore State.
3. "Sri Gopika Krishna Lila Tattva"	C. S. Narayana Rao, Madras-14.

The prize amount has been forwarded to all the three winners.

Smt. Thakur, winner of the first prize, received the Kulapati's Medal in person on January 13, 1960 on the Convocation Day of the Bhavan.

—*Editor.*

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NETAJI SUBHAS —MAN OF GOD

The writer of this article, Sri Ayer, is a veteran journalist and he was Minister of Publicity in the Azad Hind Government. His close association with Netaji has enabled him to pinpoint the secret of Babu Subhas's greatness.

JANUARY 23, 1960 marks the 63rd Birthday Anniversary of Netaji Subhas Chandra Bose who toiled all his life and sacrificed it at the altar of India's Freedom.

During the last World War and at the historic Red Fort Trials immediately after the War, the people of India were thrilled to hear of the exploits of the Liberation Army that he raised outside India's borders and led them on the battle-field in the Second War of India's Independence, the first being the 1857 National Uprising which the British called the Sepoy Mutiny.

Netaji Subhas Bose did not live to see the end of World War II, but his dream of a Free India became a reality in 1947. There were conflicting reports on his fate. No Indian in or outside the country was at first inclined to give credence to the reported crash of the plane in which he took off from Saigon in August 1945. It is now more than fourteen years since that plane-crash, and if, in fact, he had not lost his life in that accident, we would have had him back on Indian soil long ago or at least heard about him or from him. There are still many who sincerely believe that he is alive, and somewhere abroad, and will come back to us one day. Whether he is still alive in flesh and blood or not, he will for ever live in the hearts of Indians for the valiant fight he fought for India's Freedom, and the sufferings and sacrifices he underwent cheerfully and courageously for the sake of his country's Independence.

There can be no more appropriate occasion than his Birthday Anniversary for recalling a facet of his life that is perhaps not very well known even to his own countrymen. And that

S. A. AYER

is his deeply spiritual nature. It was this spiritual urge in him that made him leave his home and beloved parents at the early age of 14 and wander in the Himalayas in search of a Teacher who would show him the Path to Realisation. His soul was restless and he searched for a Guru who would help him to see God. At long last, he met a sage who, in simple words, told him that he would realise God if he went back home and began serving suffering humanity among the millions of his fellow-humans.

That was a turning-point in his life. He took a vow then and there that he would dedicate himself to the selfless service of the poor and helpless and thus serve God by serving man. From

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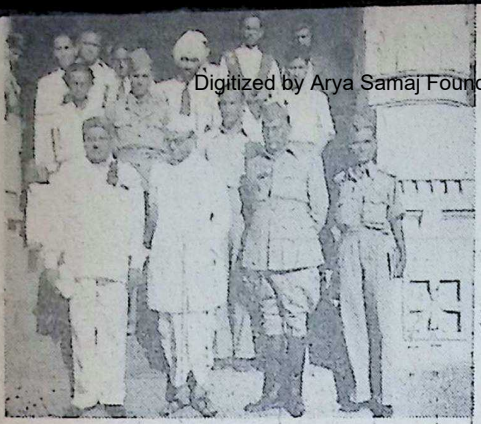

The late Sri B. G. Kher, then Chief Minister of Bombay, inaugurated the Fourth I.N.A. Rally in India in November 1949, at The Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. (Front Row L. to R.: Major General J. K. Bhonsle, Chief of Staff, I.N.A., in mufti; Sri B. G. Kher; Sri S. A. Ayer in I.N.A. civil uniform).

that day on, he never looked back. His going back to school, then entering college and going abroad for competing in the I.C.S., were mere interludes before he finally threw himself heart and soul into the Freedom Struggle.

Politics to him was not an end in itself; it was only one of the means of Self-Realisation. Wherever he was and whatever he was doing, his concentration was on the spiritual aspects of life. His faith in God was rock-like. Both in and outside India, he faced situations that might have crushed lesser men. But he faced even the darkest hour with a detachment and sublime self-confidence that were amazing to those who had a near view of these events.

Even in the midst of a political tempest he would stand with a perfect composure of the body and mind that could come only to men with a rare faith in the Supreme Being. No catastrophy or calamity could deflect him from the path he had chosen for himself. The heavier the blows of fate, the more serene and composed he looked, felt and spoke. He was truly an embodiment of Karma Yoga. He knew no rest in body or mind whether he was in the forefront of the Liberation fight in India or leading the Indian National Army across the Burma border against the forces marshalled by the British rulers in India.

But deep down in his soul prevailed Supreme Peace. This was the source of all his physical and moral strength. This was the greatest secret of his greatness among the illustrious sons of India.

Those who had come into intimate contact with him during the I.N.A. days in East Asia have spoken of the quiet and unostentatious manner in which Netaji meditated on God in the midst of his ceaseless activities as the Supreme Commander of the Liberation Army and Head of the Provisional Government of Azad Hind. It is said that often, late in the night, he would drive to the Ramakrishna Mission in Singapore and there put on a *dhoti* and sit barebodied in the prayer-room all by himself in deep meditation.

Only a small circle of his entourage knew that he always kept a tiny-sized *Gita* and a *Tulsi-mala* under the pillow on his bed. He would never sleep, even if he went to bed, in the early hours of the morning which was normal with him, without reading a few verses from the *Gita*. He practised the teachings of the *Gita*—all his waking hours. Thus, he was truly a Man of God.

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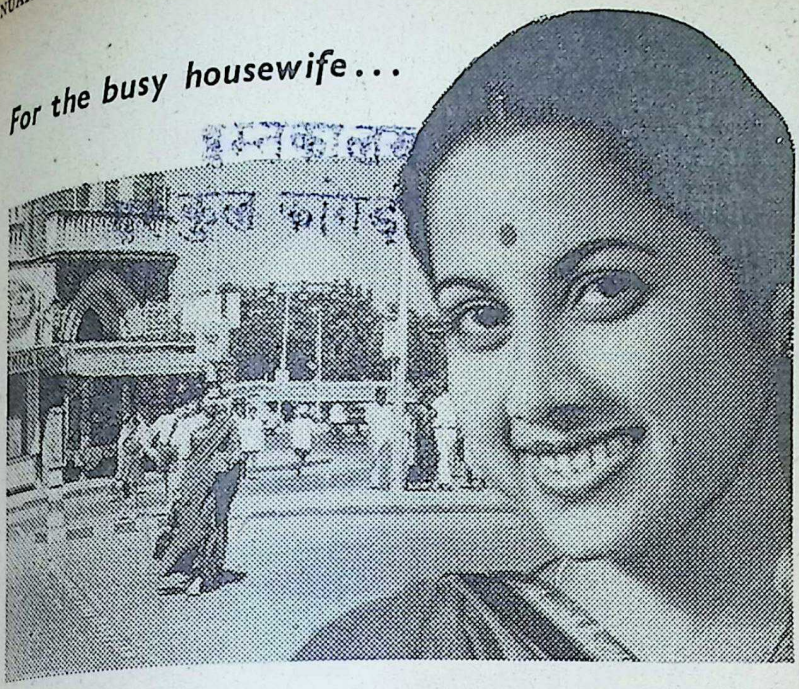

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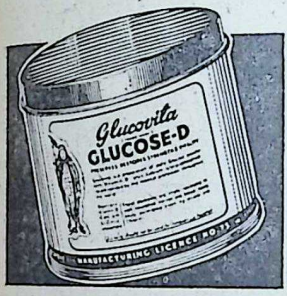

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K. M. Munshi's

TAPASVINI

Or

The Lure of Power

PART I

Translated from Gujarati
by H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

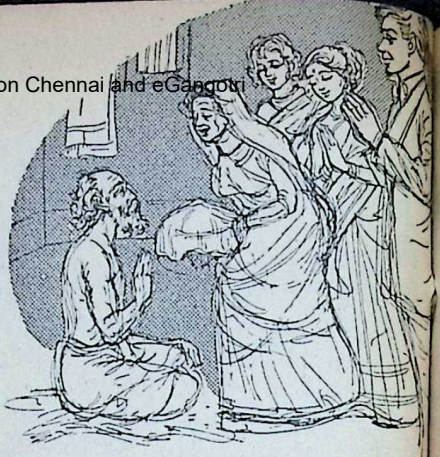
The Solankis called on Radharaman and requested him to accept Uday as one of his Juniors to which he agreed half-heartedly. Sheela who accidentally learned that Ganapati Shastri was also the Guru of the Solankis stood up to her husband deciding to join Mahatma Gandhi at Bardoli.

13

Mother and Son

RAJBA was a young girl, 16 years of age and as fresh and beautiful as the daisy. She was an imaginative child and liked having her own way. Majiba had, therefore, extracted from her a promise before coming to Bombay that she would behave as a person well brought up. It was not easy for her to honour this promise.

Today she had organised a kind of concert. Bheem was using a brass flower-pot as a drum, while Rajba danced to its music. Alice watched her with wide open eyes, and little Karan was attempting to imitate his aunt.



....Majiba offered her respects....

Rajba had drawn up her sari across her face, as she danced.

"Mere to Giridhar Gopal, dusra na koi,
Dusra na koi, Sadhu Sarvalokajoi."

Raj said to Bheem: "Do keep proper time, otherwise I cannot dance properly."

"Am I your *tabalchi?*" he asked. "You do not know how to dance and you find fault with me!"

"Sadhusang baith baith loklaj khoi"

Majiba, Uday and Sheela watched this for a while standing at the entrance, and as Raj reached this point in her song, they acclaimed her. "Well, well, this is enough of Mirabai," said Majiba, "get ready. We have to go to Shastriji's house. Be quick."

After a while Majiba, Uday, Alice, Rajba, Bheem and Karan together with Sheela went to Bhoiwada in Sheela's seven-seater car. Uday was all the time silently comparing the importance attached to punctuality in England with the indifference to it in India. His mind was also engaged in a silent comparison of Sheela and her vivid yet placid and dignified features

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with Alice and her stern face and free and easy manners.

As they went along, Sheela talked to Alice in English and told her about the streets, buildings and institutions which they passed by, while Rajba and Bheem whispered to each other as they looked out of the car window. Meantime, Karan kept turning Majiba's face this way and that with his little hand and insisted upon his questions being answered. Majiba complied, of course, even though she seemed anxious to complete the account of Shivubhai's life to Sheela.

The filth of Bhoiwada evoked pity in Uday: it horrified Alice. She found it difficult to go up the rickety staircase, dressed as she was in her sari, and more than once Uday had to support her and save her from falling. Alice was able to think of only one thing: how to extricate herself from the almost intolerable set of circumstances in which she had involved herself. And what did she see on arriving at the top of the staircase? A small attic with a hole for a window; a small balcony, which could be called so only by courtesy, in which clothes were drying in a corner, a glowing oven, and by its side a half-naked young man; in another corner, there was a box and on it were some mattresses; near the window sat an old man on a deer sikn. "Awful, shocking," murmured Alice to herself.

Her mother-in-law, Majiba, bent forward and with folded hands offered her respects; Karan imitated her. Sheela went a step further and placed her forehead on the ground as a token of deep respect. Seeing her do this, Karan also knelt and bowed. Majiba then took from the hands of the driver who had followed them, a garland and a tray: the garland she placed round Shastriji's head, and the tray containing uncooked foodgrains, flour, ghee and all condiments necessary for cooking, at his feet.

Uday took Alice by the hand and took her close to the old man. He himself then bent low and made his obeisance. Alice, somewhat against her will, greeted him with folded hands. She was understandably awkward about it and found it not easy to sit down on the floor, afraid as she was all the time that her sari might come off. She felt it to be the height of humiliation to have to sit on the mat close to the dirty old man. "Dirty, dirty, dirty," was her mind's sole refrain.

Uday also found the whole thing somewhat unpleasant. What poverty! And how strange were the Indian customs? Kunwar Saheb and Majiba evidently looked upon Shastriji as their Guru and yet they had not, even if only in memory of such a patriot as Shivubhai, made it possible for him to live cleanly and comfortably. Uday felt ashamed but then he suddenly remembered that it was Shastriji himself who had taken the vow of poverty and so would not let himself be helped to better conditions of life. Dressed as he was in western clothes, Uday found it somewhat difficult to squat down but he managed somehow. Shastriji looked at them all with an affectionate eye and gave them his blessings. He particularly inquired about Sheela.

"Shastriji," said Majiba, "my son has returned after completing his studies and has brought along with

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him his wife. Please bless him so that he may prosper in his profession."

"Bahen, Uday has inherited the qualities and culture of his parents and so he is bound to prosper," said Shastriji in measured tones, but most affectionately. "Uday, I hope that you are not altogether westernised."

Uday replied smilingly, "Of course, I have not changed, but my wife is typically western."

"Never mind," said Shastriji, "thanks to our ancient Rishis, there is a kind of magic in this land of ours, my son. If she remains here, she will automatically become Indianised. Majiba, now all your worries are over. Uday will shoulder all your responsibilities. My son, do not forget that the foremost of all your duties is devoted service of your parents. You could not have forgotten the story of Shravan."

Bheem and Karan went across to the fireplace where Ravi was trying to light the fire. In a little while, Ravi was successful and the fire began to blaze. Ravi then came across to where the others had sat down and bowed to them all. Sheela smiled at him, while Rajba went and sat near him.

"Ravi," said Majiba, "you are growing up as handsome as your father." Ravi smiled and though his beautiful eyes shone, in his heart there blazed an angry fire. "Here are these well-dressed, rich people, and here am I, a beggar, virtually helpless. When shall I make them all my slaves and rule over them?"

At first sight, Uday had felt pity on seeing this toothless old man in his dirty attic but he soon began to see Shastriji as he really was. His father and mother had always treated Shastriji with the utmost respect: he had seen something of the battle of independence in 1857 alongside Lakshmibai and, in spite of immense difficulties and great poverty, made himself into a profound scholar: for the sake of his country's independence he had offered the sacrifice of his only son. Was this man, sitting opposite him, just a poor old man, or a model of great achievement and dignity? What sacrifices had he and his ancestors made to keep alive the teachings of Vasishta and Vishwamitra. In spite of his great learning and ability, he had spurned wealth and fame in order to be able to serve continuously the Goddess of Learning. What more could be expected of a person? Was he not one of those immortals who had kept alive and vibrant the great heritage of India's ancient learning?

Uday's mind turned back to ancient history and his imagination was aflame. Shastriji stood as a symbol of the ancient history of the country. If there had not been men like him and his ancestors, India would not have survived. The Rajput women would not have burnt themselves rather than allowed themselves to be captured by invaders, and thus left for the women of India for all time a heritage of chastity and purity. Nor would there have continued uninterruptedly the inspiring flow of devotion and saintliness. Shastriji was indeed the living symbol of our great religion and orthodoxy.

It was as if the attic, the tattered *dhoti*, and the wrinkled body had disappeared, and in its place there sat an

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with a background of deep study extending over three quarters of a century. It was indeed a deep and inspiring personality. Uday forgot for a moment his pride because of his European learning and felt truly humble. The modern learning, the modern character, the modern culture,—all these appeared to him like a firefly giving out periodic brightness compared to the age-old culture and civilization of India which shone steadily. It seemed to him as if mother India was welcoming him into her bosom as a child who had for a while become somewhat wayward and insolent, and had to be put on the right path.

The very sight of Shastriji appeared to give Sheela a peace of mind, such as she had not experienced for many a day, and all manner of ideas flitted across her mind: "Mine was an empty life, devoted only to pleasure, until the day Shastriji came into it and refused to accept any money from me. From that day I lost the pride I had till then felt because of my wealth and social standing. It was on seeing him that I realised that I was nothing more than a mere instrument for the satisfaction of animal passions. Now I feel as if all around me there is a big fire. Shastriji is my only escape from it. When I see him, hear him, or think of him, I feel an immediate peace of mind. How does that happen? What is there in him that causes it? Whatever the causes, it is certainly a fact that I experience peace. For my tired soul he affords the only resting-place. When I see him, I forget my wealth and my hankering for prestige. There arises in my heart immediately a desire for purity. What shall I do, so that that should be constant and sole desire? Shall I come every day to Shastriji and listen to him?

"Shyam will never forget my outburst of today and never again will he behave as hitherto. I too will not behave as I have done so far. Come what may, I shall never again hesitate to go and pay my respects to Shastriji. I shall go to Bardoli to meet Gandhiji. I wonder what he is like.

"Shastriji is a human being, so am I. He is an independent man. He cares for nobody. He is dependent on no one. And yet everyone is anxious to see him. Really, there is something wonderful about Shastriji. He has undergone much suffering, so have I. But he has conquered his unhappiness. Why can I not do the same? Shastriji controls his own life, I too must take control of my heart. But I do not know how to do it. Majiba too has herself well in control and she is her own master. Yet it was interesting to see how she had no hesitation in coming before Shastriji in handing over the control of her life to his hands, just as people surrender themselves before God. So do other people who come to see this old Brahmin also surrender their personality when they come before him. How does that happen?"

All the while, Alice was thinking along totally different lines: "How ugly is this old man? He looks like a thousand-year-old Egyptian mummy. I wonder how old he is! And how very frightening is his toothless face! Why does he not have false teeth? What a dirty house! I wonder if all houses are dirty in this country. Just see how dirty and torn is the *dhoti* this old man has worn! Surely all Indians cannot

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be as dirty. Why has he put on this necklace of large beads round his neck and what can be the object of smearing ashes on his forehead? My mother-in-law is a fool. She listens with respect to whatever this old man says. What a strange person to be selected as their Guru! Heaven knows what he is telling them. My father was right. In India all people are ignorant and fanatically religious. Stupid! This old man is surely not a witch doctor!

"My mother-in-law made my son, Karan, bow to this old man. If he is taught such things at this age, I am sure he is going to be very badly brought up. It is not surprising that these people should remain enslaved, if from their very childhood they are taught this kind of humility."

Alice's thoughts took a different turn. The old man's son kept looking towards her. She had read in England that people in India are very sensual. Was it likely that this boy at this early age is over-sexed? He is very handsome, but if he were to use soap, he would be handsomer still. She began to be more and more embarrassed, and felt she would just faint away.

The smell of food in the room was very strong, and yet she did not dare block her nostrils with her handkerchief, for fear of offending Majiba and Uday.

Alice resumed again her train of thoughts: "If this is the way in which people live in this country, how shall I be able to stay? How can I live here? Will Uday, when he gets old, look like this old man? Uday's brother and sister are a real 'tease' and are only too ready to make fun of her. Once or twice, I have heard them say to each other 'U-da' in the same way as I am in the habit of calling Uday. I wonder when they will go to Rajkot so that I can be free to go back to England with Uday. I wish I had not been such a fool as to come here. I had all along felt that Uday should have remained in England. Why did I not insist on it and is it not stranger that he should have so readily decided to leave such a fine country like England?"

Alice began to feel really giddy. Fortunately, the visit soon came to an end and everyone bowed to the old man and got up. Alice too folded her hands to show her respect, but when she saw the old man put his dirty hands on Karan, she could not help exclaiming, "I shall have to wash his head as soon as I return to the hotel." Soon after, they all left the attic, and Alice pulled out her handkerchief from her bag and removed all traces of tears as stealthily as possible.

Uday was annoyed and deeply pained at Alice's conduct. That she did not like Shastriji was clear, but surely it was not necessary for her to behave so impolitely. Bad manners, he murmured. What will Majiba say? And Sheela? She was a typical Indian woman, gentle and affectionate. What a difference between her and Alice? Uday immediately suppressed this thought as soon as it came into his mind. Just then Uday's eyes fell on Shastriji's grandson, and he felt sorry that he should have allowed himself to be so engrossed in talking with Shastriji that he had not addressed even one word to the young man. "I wonder what he is studying. He seemed to be everyone somewhat

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contemptuously through his beautiful eyes."

Uday turned to Ravi apologetically and inquired: "Ravishankar, what do you do?" In reply, Ravi looked at him half contemptuously. He was very hurt that up to that moment no one had paid any attention to him. All of them had come to meet Dadaji and no one seemed to have a thought or a word for him. "I?" he enquired, and then added, rather rudely, "Nothing".

Sheela suddenly came down to the earth and spoke to Ravi: "Is it true, as Bhagwandas master was telling me, that you are studying very hard?"

"The master is in the habit of praising people extravagantly," replied Ravi, again rather insolently. "Well, here is your car. Namaste."

"Good-bye," said Uday, accustomed as he was still to English ways, and then remarked to Alice, "I am afraid we shall be late."

Ravi replied in English, "Good-bye. I too am sorry that Dadaji has detained you so long. He may have forgotten that you are a busy man. Good-bye."

Ravi turned his back to them immediately. His jealousy had fanned the flames that were already lit in his heart. "Here were all these of high position, while he was an insignificant Brahmin; worse than that. Had he been a little puppy, they would have paid more attention to him than they had showed him. It was up to him now to acquire such strength and ability that he could destroy all these people; such power as would enable him at a mere glance to put an end to their lives."

After dropping Sheela and Majiba, Rajba and Bheem at their respective places, Uday and Alice were left to themselves in their car. Uday tried his best to pacify Alice but she was much too upset and would not listen to him. Alice was most unhappy. Karan was so excited that he kept talking about Majiba. He referred to Shastriji as Majiba's father. It was clear also that he had become deeply fond of his aunty Rajba and his uncle Bheem. Alice felt that she had already lost her parents, given up her mother-country, had begun to lose Uday, and now she was about to lose even her son.

Karan's mind, meantime, was working at high speed and he could not stop himself from mentioning all the new things he had heard that day.

At last, Uday said to his wife, "Darling, you will find all this very strange but don't worry; in a few days, you will begin to take interest in them all."

As if to change the conversation, Alice asked, "Who is this Mrs. Dalal?"

"She is the wife of Barrister Dalal, a leading Counsel; she is a society leader and we shall meet her often. I am to join Dalal's chambers and we must ask them to come and have a meal with us."

Alice smiled wanly. It did not seem to her that she would ever like the company of a person who fell at the feet of that old man. On arriving at their hotel, Uday and Alice sent for coffee, while Karan stood near the window and gazed at the clouds outside in deep thought. After a while, he came to Alice and said: "Mummy, do you know that daddy's grandfather was a big king? He had camels, elephants, sepoys, a large number of

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them." He concluded, indicating by spreading out his hand the extent of his grandfather's supposed wealth. "He conquered everybody and there was a big giant who did as the king told him."

Alice could not quite understand what he meant: "You, madcap, how do you mean?" she inquired.

Uday understood at once what Karan was referring to. "He is talking about an ancestor of mine called Sidhraj Solanki. You remember he was a big emperor, and he had overcome the ghost of Babra; that at least is the popular belief. It looks as if Majiba has been telling him this story."

The two laughed together. Karan was a little hurt and did not like being laughed at. After a while, he said very solemnly, "I shall conquer this giant."

"Certainly," said Uday, patting him on the back. "You are also a son of his."

Karan kept quiet for a while and then came near Alice's chair and looked at his mother's face as if he was in deep trouble. At last, he said, "Mummy, what does your father do?"

"Grandpa is a doctor; have you forgotten him so soon?"

Karan became still more solemn, "And his father?"

"He was a farmer."

"And his father?" It looked as if Karan was getting more confused.

"Heaven knows". Uday and Alice burst out laughing but Karan for his part appeared still more puzzled. "And your mummy's father, grandma's father?"

Alice was quite cheered by these mad questions. "He was a chemist, and her father heaven knows." Again the parents smiled.

"Mummy, am I not Majiba's boy?"

"Certainly. Majiba is daddy's mummy."

"In that case, Majiba's grandfather's grandfather's grandfather was a very big man." Karan's eyes showed rare pleasure. He lowered his voice and whispered, "He was a god."

Alice laughed aloud. Karan's enthusiasm was shaken. He stamped his foot and left Alice who had stood some distance away and looked at her in great anger. "Majiba's grandfather was a god," said Karan angrily. "He was a very big man; he had lifted a mountain with his little finger. He had a great many cows and he used to play on the flute."

Uday understood immediately and went forward to pick up Karan in great good humour. Karan moved forward with his newly-gained sense of self-respect. Uday said to Alice, "Majiba is a Jadeja. His ancestor was God Krishna who is believed to be the eighth reincarnation." But Alice paid little attention to what Uday was saying and asked Karan somewhat lightheartedly how he knew all about this.

He replied, "I have seen his portrait; he was playing on the flute." Karan tried to cross his legs as Lord Krishna is believed to have done when playing the flute.

"Do not be a fool. Come here. All this is nonsense."

Karan was again angry, "It is not nonsense. He is the grandfather of grandmother. I have seen him and have offered prayers to his idol."

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In order to appease his anger, Alice —partly, perhaps, to overcome her anger—stretched out her arms to reach Karan and said: "My son, come near me."

Karan again stamped his foot and went to the corner and looked with angry eyes towards Alice.

"Well, go, go away. I am Majiba's son and not yours. Go away. I am Majiba's granddad's little boy," shouted Karan, and then his anger made him weep loudly.

Alice realised now what a tremendous gap had been created between her and Uday; she collapsed on the chair and wept bitterly.

[To be continued]

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RATHA SAPTAMI

M. V. SRIDATTA SARMA

THE seventh day in the bright half of Magha is known as *Ratha Saptami* and this day is held every sacred to the Sun.

Puranic accounts reveal that Samba, one of Krishna's sons who was a leper, obtained release from the foul disease by worshipping the Sun.

An image of Surya (couchant or standing) with two hands holding the lotus flowers and placed on a lotus-pedestal by itself, or the figure of Narayana placed in the orbit of a circular disc (*Dhyeyassada savitr mandala madhyavarti narayanassara-sijasana sannivistah*) is placed on a chariot. The seven rays of Surya are also drawn in front of the vehicle with the lame Aruna as the charioteer.

This kind of image is placed on a wooden Rath and drawn in towns or villages at dawn, accompanied by temple music, gongs, cymbals, chanting of hymns and psalms in praise of the Lord, with due offerings.

A person who takes part in this form of worship on the day of Ratha Saptami is sure to acquire merit and Lord Surya's blessings, says the *Bhavishya Purana*. The devotee will rise up to the Zone of the Sun in a *vimana* (*Sa yatyarkasavarnena vimanenarkamandalam*). Those who conduct the *ratha yatra* of the Sun will not only be free from diseases, but also acquire fortune.

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A fantastic claim is being made in a section of the press and on the platform that one can attain, in the near future, spiritualism by means of drugs and narcotics !

There can be no greater fraud and crime perpetrated against humanity in the name of medicine.

The present author, who is a practising *sadhak* of a leading yogic centre, exposes the hollowness of the very conception, not to speak of the claim, the *modus operandi* and the total harm this pseudo-yogism is bound to have on human society.

CAN DRUGGING EVER PRODUCE SPIRITUALISM?

Rishabhchand

ALDOUS HUXLEY, the famous author of "The Perennial Philosophy", has contributed a challenging article to an American journal under the caption, "Drugs That Change Men's Minds." Besides being philosophical and artistic by temperament, Mr. Huxley is a keen student of science, and an acute critic of its ultra-mechanistic and technological trends, as is evidenced by his book, *The Brave New World*, which, under the guise of a brilliant satire, is a grim warning against the disaster threatening mankind today. We cannot, therefore, dismiss his present thesis out of hand as the fantastic dream of a callow scientist, but have to consider it in all its important bearings, and see whether there are real prospects of another "New World", not necessarily "brave", in the sense Huxley has used the word, but luminous with the light of the Spirit.

The advent of the luminous world of the Spirit or the Kingdom of God has, indeed, been prophesied not only by some of the greatest ancient mystics, but many an eminent spiritual personality of the modern times. Sri Ramakrishna, of whom Huxley seems to be a devoted admirer, predicted that the marvellous days were ahead, when spiritual aspirants would attain perfection in three days. Vivekananda spoke, time and again, of the regeneration of man and the spiritualisation of the human race. But all these spiritual seers failed, as it appears, to foresee that biochemical discoveries would do the trick. None of them ever imagined that "the new mind changers will tend in the long run to deepen the spiritual life of the communities in which they

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are available", and that a "revival of religion.....will come about as the result of biochemical discoveries that will make it possible for large numbers of men and women to achieve a radical self-transcendence and a deeper understanding of the nature of thing," as Aldous Huxley believes and declares.

It is curious, again, that none of the takers of drugs or drinks ever attained to the stature of a mystic and the purity and harmony of his life, nor did any real mystic ever take the help of any drugs to stimulate his or her spiritual flights. All genuine mystics have, on the contrary, strongly denounced their use, inasmuch as, according to them, they blur and befog the purity of the spiritual vision, and expose their takers to unhealthy and often pernicious occult influences. It must not be thought, however, that the ancient mystics did not know the potential powers of such drugs and drinks. A true mystic can, if he wishes, identify himself with the properties of anything, be it a herb or a mineral, and note, with unerring exactitude, what it is and how it acts, not only on the body but also on the mind of man. The ancient mystics knew infinitely more about the potential powers of the chemical drugs than any scientist, by his empirical means, can ever hope to discover. In fact, the Ayurvedic system of medicine in India sprang fom the intuitive perception (which is a perception by spiritual identification) of the Vedic seers, and was developed for some time by the same infallible method. There was nothing hypothetical or empirical in the intuitive discoveries of the mystic seers. It is, of course, true, as Huxley rightly points out, that the custom of drinking beverages in religious festivals and ceremonies has been prevalent from times immemorial, and that it forms an essential part of some of the mystery or mystic cults, both in East and West. There are a number of hymns addressed to Soma, the god of the wine of ecstasy, in the *Rigveda*. But I shall return to this subject later. Suffice it to say for the moment that the orgies the custom has invariably led to, and the demoralising effects it has had upon society in general should have served as a standing warning to those who profess to perceive something genuinely spiritual or mystic in it.

At the beginning of his article, Huxley refers to De Quincey, the well-known author of *The Confession Of An Opium Eater*, and quotes him as exclaiming, under the influence of opium, "What a resurrection from the lowest depths of the inner spirit! What an apocalypse! The negative effect (the disappearance of the rheumatic pain from which he had been suffering) was swallowed up in the immensity of those positive effects which had opened up before me, in the abyss of divine enjoyment thus suddenly revealed.....Here was the secret of happiness about which the philosophers had disputed for so many ages, at once discovered." In the delirious ecstasy of the intoxicated state, De Quincey believed that he had stumbled upon a great discovery, a discovery which would, thenceforth, render absolutely unnecessary, if not ridiculous, all that long and arduous process of discipline, purification, dedication, prayer and devotion,

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which the spiritual aspirants had been practising for unnumbered ages in all countries of the world. He had found, he fondly and innocently believed, the very secret of happiness! He had taken the Kingdom of Heaven by a biochemical storm!

It passes my understanding how the above hectic ejaculation can be called an expression of the mystic experience. Almost every man, under the effects of opium or any other intoxicant, feels, unless he sinks into a dull stupor, some kind of exultation or exaltation, and is apt to assert that he is bathed in light, plunged in rapture, or enthroned in indisputable majesty. Freed from the cramping hold of the body, his life-being expands and revels in being unwontedly generous and romantically rhapsodical. It must be admitted that what De Quincey felt in that state was not quite what an ordinary opium-taker usually feels; it was somewhat different. And the reason of it is that, under the effects of an intoxicant, one enters, provided one does not sink into a slimy drowse, or toss in a tempest of low passions, into one of those supra-sensible worlds with which one has a natural inner affinity. All do not enter into the same world, nor can a person decide beforehand where he would enter, unless he is a trained occultist. The entry is, therefore, unpredictable, and beyond one's control; and so also its result. De Quincey was a thinker and philosopher; it is small wonder, then, that he found himself in a world where, not only was his rheumatic pain gone, but the vibrations and images of his philosophic mind and visionary thoughts, unsullied by the grossness of the material world, enlivened, transported and enraptured him. And this he called a resurrection and an apocalypse; and for him, for the moment, it was, indeed, so. But we know what effect this delusive fleeting experience of resurrection left on his life and nature. The resurrection hardly resurrected the normal man, De Quincey, nor did the apocalypse turn him into a saint or mystic. He died, as he had lived, an unsettled and unbalanced though brilliant visionary.

This leads me to consider a point of considerable importance, which Huxley seems not to have bothered much about: Where does a person really go under the influence of a drug or a drink?

[To be continued]

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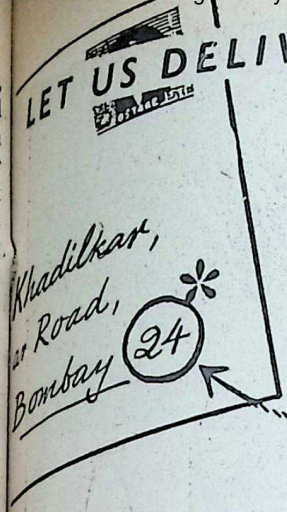

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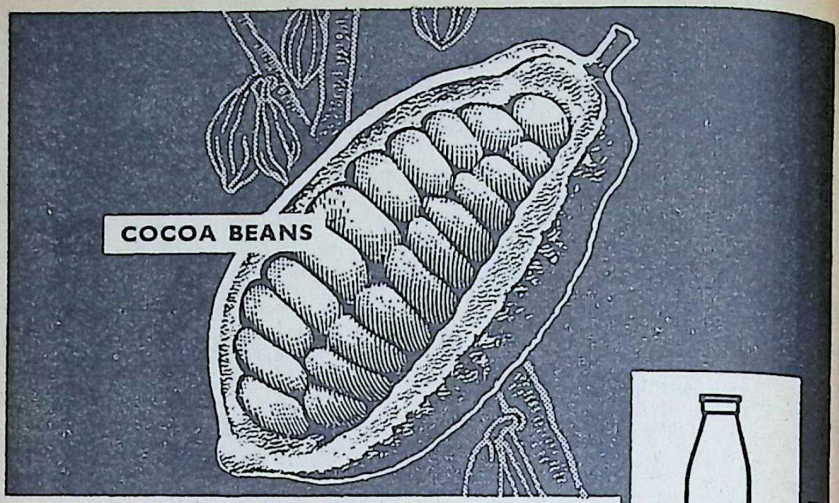

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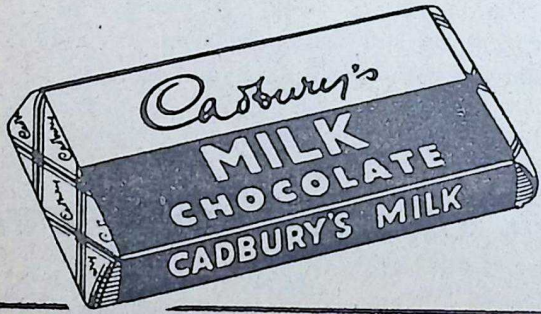

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

QUESTIONS by Kumari Indira Joshi, Bombay.

720

Q.1: *It is but natural for you, being a top ranking novelist, to be intimately acquainted with the elements of novel and its component factors. Would you please point out as to how far local colour and regional outlook form indispensable elements in the making of a novel?*

A: The elements of local colour and regional outlook cannot be avoided in the making of a novel. The mind of the author cannot but move in the local atmosphere and environment; it cannot possibly outgrow them. For instance, my novel 'Gujarat No Nath' is a 12th century romance, but by the limitations imposed upon the human mind, I cannot possibly know what the local colour and regional outlook of Gujarat were in the 12th century. If I had merely to draw upon history, it would have meant writing a history book, not a novel. My effort, therefore, can only project my impressions of contemporary life into an imaginary 12th century atmosphere.

721

Q.2: *You happen to be one of the pioneer literary leaders in awakening the regional cultural consciousness among the Gujarati-speaking people through your novels and writings in Gujarati language. Would you please throw some light upon the local colour of your novels as distinguished from the local colour of other regions?*

A: The life of royal courts in my historical novels was, consciously or unconsciously, drawn in the colour of Rajput tradition. This tradition being common to other parts of India, there is no particular Gujarati colour or outlook in such life as regards social life. There is a considerable difference. My imagination cannot but help creating the social atmosphere on the basis of contemporary Gujarati life and whatever little I know of Gujarat's social life in the Chalukyan period. Women in Gujarat, for instance, both at present and in the past, were free compared to women in Rajasthan and U.P. Some part of my creative effort in shaping women characters might also have been coloured by my reading of English and French authors. The ways of my heroines, therefore, might strike strange to the readers of the old

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generation in India outside Gujarat. However, they would be appreciated fully by those of the younger generation who have had the benefit of English education.

722

Q. 3: *You also happen to be one of the sponsors of mutual understanding among the regional languages in India and the evolution of an all-India national consciousness among our people as a whole. Would you kindly point out as to how far this object can be achieved through the creation of regional novels in the various languages of India?*

A: So far in India the regional literatures reflected literary traditions common to the whole country. There were two reasons for this. The first was that Hindu life was more or less patterned throughout the country on the lines prescribed by the Smritis. The second was the influence of Sanskrit and later that of English. National aspirations also provide, and will continue to provide, the bond of a common outlook. We have also many things in common—for instance, democratic forms and institutions, political and social ideologies and religious unity and the desire to fight common enemies. All these factors cut across regional loyalties. In my opinion, therefore, the literary traditions will continue to evolve on common lines throughout the country in spite of the difference in regional languages.

723

Q. 4: *Do you think that the novels, when written in regional languages, can only be really touching and powerful? On the other hand, do you think our novelists in regional languages would be better to writing such novels in Hindi for the well-being of our national literary enrichment?*

A: The inner richness of man can be reflected in creative literature best through the medium of the author's mother tongue. In spite of familiarity with English, I have found it impossible to express my inner self in English as well as in Gujarati. Some novels written in English even by Indian authors educated in England or America have scarcely done justice to their creative power.

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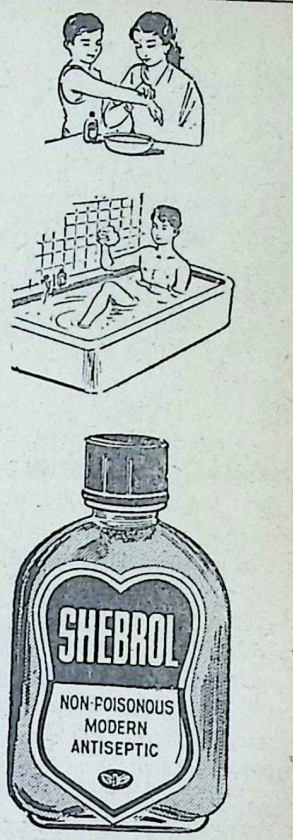
Q.5: How is it that in spite of the difference in regional atmosphere, good novels appeal to people of all regions?

A: In all good novels, there ought to be a regional atmosphere in order to secure the realism. It is more pronounced in social novels than in historical novels. Even in the same region, those who are influenced by urban atmosphere write differently from those who are saturated with rural atmosphere. Again, I found, for instance, that when writing my *Tapasvini*, the atmosphere in our big cities like Bombay differed from that of the smaller cities and towns. But, in essence, whatever the atmosphere, first and last it is the human nature with which the author is dealing. The atmosphere is only the outer covering. That is the reason why, if the novelist provides human nature in its native richness, the novel would appeal to every one irrespective of local colour or regional outlook.

725

Q.6: I have ventured to write a little book on 'The Regional Novel and Local Colour'. Would you please bless this attempt of mine being the first of its kind in this branch of research and criticism?

A: It is not possible for me to go through your manuscript due to pressure of time. However, I wish success to all those who make an effort towards reaching a higher standard of literary criticism.



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THE CHANDALA PAIR

DEVENDRA continued to relate the anecdote of the brahmin lady who wanted to diminish her load of sin. Said he:

Following the advice of the young *sannyasi* the young lady played a dual role: a tart by night and a devout wife by day. People of the place had become used to her ways. Some hated and despised her for her apparent ways and so took a great part of the load of her sins on their own heads while others became indifferent to her.

One day as the brahmin lady was proceeding along the streets, a *chandala* pair who were selling *chappals* came her way. On seeing her coming near, the *chandala* woman tried to move away as a mark of respect to her high caste. On seeing her do so, however, her husband took her to task: "Why do you show respect to this wretched woman who sells her body for half an anna to every bidder? She who sells her honour is an untouchable and not you!"

The *chandala* woman who heard her husband abusing the brahmin lady closed her ears saying: "Ram, Ram! Lord, is it proper to cast aspersions on others and abuse them? Don't you know that the unthinking rabble by talking nonsense about this lady have devoured all but a fraction of the clay-balls she was destined to eat in the other world? I believe, you, by despising her thus, are but trying to eat her remaining clay-balls too!"

The brahmin lady who heard the *chandala* woman rebuke her husband thus was thunderstruck. She wondered: "How on earth did this woman, of all people, know of my past life, a knowledge which had been vouchsafed to me by sheer accident? I believe she must be an extraordinary woman. I must talk to her ; I must know her!"

Thinking thus, the brahmin lady turned in the direction of the *chandala* woman, and running towards her, fell at her feet which she clasped firmly in her hands and wept: "Mother! Are you Goddess Lakshmi or Parvati or a Matanga woman? Please save me!"

On seeing this unexpected behaviour of the brahmin lady, the *chandala* woman became embarrassed and releasing her legs, said: "Mother! Please go away. It does not become you to lie prostrate before me, a low-caste woman. By your action you will only be adding to your sum of sins! What help can I give you? If you want *chappals*, perhaps, I can give you. That is all what I can do for you."

The brahmin lady replied: "No, I don't consider you a *chandala* woman at all. You are my favourite God. Don't put me off. Please tell me if all my sins have been washed off or is there any more left. Have I more to expiate? Please tell me."

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Moved by her pleading, the *chandala* woman replied: "You are indeed a clever woman. I shall tell you all about it. The whole lot of clay-balls that you had to eat have now been completely swallowed by the unthinking crowd which either rose to your bait or abused you. There is nothing more left. I cannot think of a woman who has struggled against such heavy odds as you, for the sake of washing away her sins. You are now pure as crystal. May you live long happily with your husband!"

Thanking the *chandala* woman, the brahmin lady asked: "Mother, you come from a very low caste, but you seem to know even the secret of the Devas as was my case! Please let me know who you are and why you are in this guise."

The *chandala* woman replied: This man yonder is my husband. In his previous birth, he was a brahmin. I was a brahmin too and his dutiful wife. Bent on *tapasya*, we together practised all the austerities and lived in a hermitage eating fruits and bulbs alone. It was our custom to feed brahmins on holy occasions. On one such occasion, a yogi came for *bhiksha*. This yogi had put on dirty and tattered clothes and a foul smell emanated from him. While I had hurried inside the hermitage to prepare the *athithya*, my husband happened to see this yogi. He misjudged him to be a common begger and so called out to me saying: "Fool! Why do you run to prepare an *athithya* as though he is a great yogi? Bring some left-overs, if you have any. That will do for him!"

Being a devout wife, I did as my husband commanded me and when the yogi saw the left-overs (*bhukta-sesha*) brought to him as *bhiksha*, the guest rose, hissing like fire-god and

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shouted at my husband: "While this woman wanted to offer me regular *athithya*, you prevented her from doing so and insulted me by giving left-overs. Your low thoughts made you misjudge me. I curse you to be born as a low-caste *chandala*. Inasmuch as your wife too was an accomplice in offering this insult, may she too be born as a *chandala* woman and lead a miserable life with you!"

Trembling from head to foot on hearing this curse pronounced upon our heads, I fell at the yogi's feet and prayed: "Mahatma! We have perpetrated not one but a thousand mistakes or misdeeds! You must forgive us. You are a great sage and anger in a sage is as unthinkable as fire in water. You must therefore show compassion towards us. At least tell us the way how we can emancipate ourselves from our *chandala* birth!"

By that time the yogi had cooled down and he replied: "Young woman! While you lead the life of a *chandala* pair, you will come across a woman who will be reviled by society as an immoral woman. While you would move away from her out of respect to her caste, your husband will speak ill of her. At that time you will recognise the sterling character of the woman and rebuke your husband for his ill manners. Then the brahmin lady will approach you and ask you how you divined her past. At that time the effect of my curse will end and you will not merely remember and get back to your past life but holy thoughts will arise in you both."

Mother! You will now see how you have been responsible for our emancipation!

After saying this the *chandala* pair cast off their *chandala* form and assuming brahmin form went their way, praising the ways of the Almighty, to continue their *tapas*.

The brahmin lady too returned to her home having been assured that her sins had all been washed away.

You will thus see, Devendra continued, that the fruits of past actions have perforce to be enjoyed. They cannot be cast aside at will.

However much Devendra tried to impress this point upon the brahmin, he would not reconcile to his situation. Therefore he pleaded again with Devendra: "Lord! Please grant me another birth. I will, by the performance of *dana* and *dharma*, surely wash off my sins and come back to you here."

Indra finally relented and granted his desire of rebirth. The brahmin too accordingly took birth as a brahmin. Marrying a suitable woman, he performed all the *dharmas* and *danas* enjoined by the *shastras*. He performed the five daily *yagnas*, as also several other *yagnas* and lived for a hundred years. After thus washing off his sins he came back to *Indraloka* and lived there enjoying the comforts of that world.

Moralising on this story, Sarpati said: "It is therefore essential for householders to do *athithi-puja*. For its successful accomplishment, the housewife is the main instrument. When the housewife is at cross-purposes, life will become miserable.

King Bhoja who had been listening to this instructive story replied: "Mahatma! What you said is very true. Now, I have heard great men say that the life of a householder bereft of *athithi-puja* is despicable. Could you explain to me in detail how and why it is said so?"

Sarpati, feeling happy at the question explained it as follows:

[*To be continued*]

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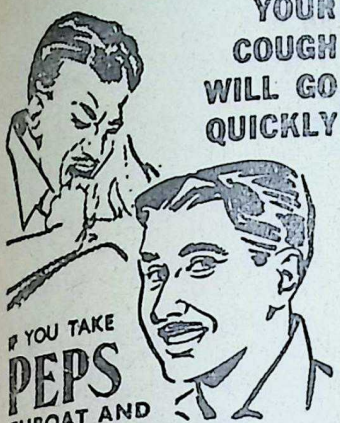

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The Beggar Prince Becomes a Monarch

THE lot of a poor widowed mother with an imbecile son is pitiable beyond words. All her hopes and joys are centred in him and all that she expects of him is only support to her in her old age. For that she is willing to forego her meal and grind her body to sandal pulp. But if after doing all she can for him, she finds him disappointing, the agony of her heart has no parallel. Even God cannot fail to be profoundly disturbed.

The ex-Queen had thought, at last, her evil days were coming to an end, but when she saw her son return with a kitten after paying a hundred gold *mohurs* for it, she was badly shaken. When she recovered her consciousness, her son was still standing by her side with his precious purchase.

Had it been for any other person in the place of a mother, the picture would have been different. The boy would be howling and the neighbours would find it hard to suppress their mirth. Very few would commiserate.

But the mother is made of a different stuff. The Queen's disappointment was but momentary. Hope revived in her and leaving her son behind, she set out again on a journey to her parents' place to seek further aid in an effort to set her son on his legs.

While she was away, the ex-Prince lived by begging. Livelihood was now for two lives—himself and the kitten. Partly out of pity and partly out of mirth, people obliged him by sparing a little food.

The ex-Queen soon returned with a further hundred *mohurs* which she placed in the hands of her son and said: "My child! Do not worry about the past. But now you must be wise, and must not allow yourself to be duped. Here are a hundred *mohurs*. Take them. Go to the market and purchase goods and bring them home. By selling them we can make a profit with which we can live. Remember, this is your second chance and you may not have another. If you fail this time too, we are doomed. Be careful."

Although the ex-Prince understood that his mother disapproved of his previous exploit, he nevertheless did not know what constituted a good bargain. Without any fixed objective, therefore, he again proceeded along the road which led to the market-town and which merchants often took.

On the way, a snake-charmer was coming from the opposite direction.

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On his head he carried a bamboo-basket which contained the snakes he had caught and tamed.

Among the snakes he carried was a son of the great serpent King Vasuki, Nagendra by name. Vasuki Junior had come out from Patala-loka for sight-seeing. Accidentally this snake-charmer saw him and threw a spell on him and caught him, of course without knowing his identity.

Now, this bamboo-basket attracted the attention of our ex-Prince who asked the charmer: "Hey! What is it that you carry on your head? Any merchandise?"

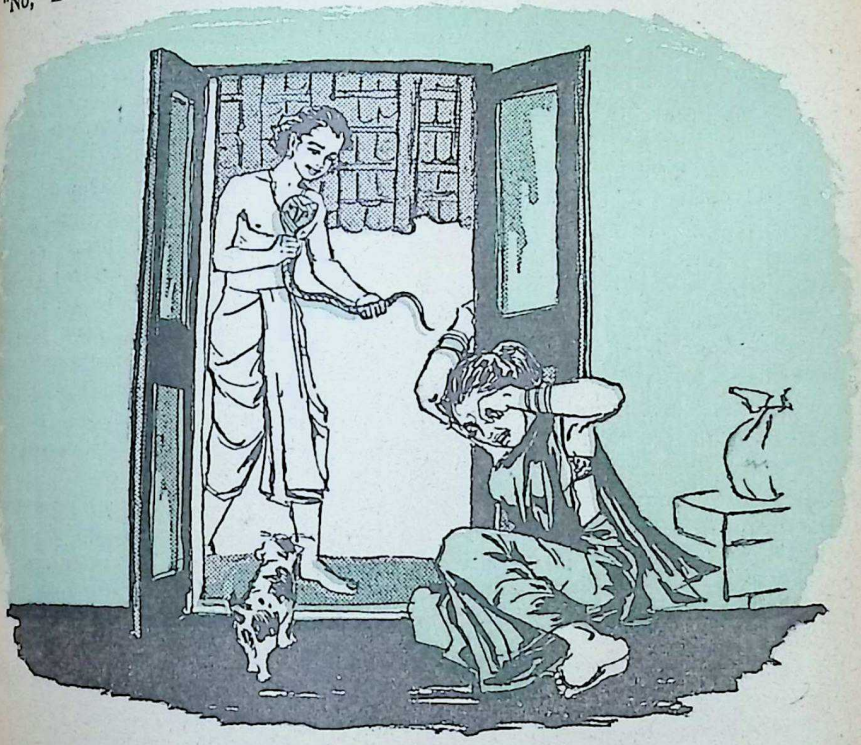
"No, no!" replied the charmer. Forming a fair opinion of his questioner, he continued: "This contains cobras. If I display them before the King, he will buy them at five hundred *mohurs* each!"

The ex-Prince immediately saw his opportunity and asked: "If that is so, give me a cobra, I have a hundred *mohurs* with me."

The snake-charmer chuckled within himself: "I must have set out today at an auspicious hour and I should not let this opportunity slip by."

Thinking thus, he replied: "Saheb! But these cost me five hundred *mohurs* and how can I sell at a hundred?"

"I have only a hundred *mohurs*



....she nearly fell down shrieking....

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with me, and if you are willing, you may sell me one," replied the young ex-Prince.

The charmer feigned unwillingness. Ultimately he gave away one from his collection which happened to be Vasuki Junior, and received the hundred *mohurs*.

Greatly overjoyed by his performance in buying a commodity at a fifth of its cost, the young boy flaunted it across his chest—the cobra was spellbound and so it could not harm him—and hurried home.

The Queen-mother who had been anxiously waiting for her darling son to return, could not believe her eyes when he did, proudly displaying his purchase from a distance. But when he came nearer she nearly fell down shrieking at the sight of the ferocious-looking cobra.

Before she could open her mouth, the Prince said: "Mother, I got this for a fifth of its cost. He wanted five hundred *mohurs* but I gave only one hundred. It is a very good bargain!"

The Queen-mother first ascertained that her son was safe with the reptile and then quietly went inside blaming her own destiny in having given her an utterly worthless son. Deciding it was useless to expect him to reform much less to support her, she left him to his fate once again and returned to her parents.

After her departure, people of the place commiserated on the poor Prince and gave him liberal alms so that he could support himself, his cat and the cobra.

However much she despaired, the Queen-mother could not help returning to her son. When she did so after some time, she advised him: "Son, you were born to a mighty monarch but have the misfortune to beg of your own people for your living. But couldn't you be intelligent enough to work your way? I have none but my fate to blame. Now look, if you keep reptiles for your companions, who will become friendly with you? Listen to me: leave the cobra back at the place where you bought it, please, for my sake!"

The young Prince agreed and taking the basket containing the cobra, went to the forest and at the time of releasing it said: "O, cobra! We have been such fast friends these years. Much as I would like to keep you, my mother disapproves of it. Please therefore forgive me and go your own way henceforth." Then he walked back.

But Vasuki Junior was greatly touched by the warmth and sincerity of the Prince. Deciding to repay his debt of gratitude to the Prince, he called the Prince by his name. The Prince who had never heard a snake speak, came back and stood before the snake which continued: "I have never seen a more kind and sincere person than you. In leaving me here, you are only obeying your mother's command, and I am feeling very pleased. I want to do you a good turn for protecting me all these days. Know me to be Vasuki's son Nagendra. My father would by now have been greatly worried about me, having not returned yet. I shall presently go to him. He will be pleased to see me. I shall tell him all about you. He will send a palanquin made of pearls to carry you thither. Ride on it and come to Naga-loka. My father will entertain you and offer to

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give you anything you like. Tell him you have enough but ask him to give the ring of *jeeva-ratna* he wears. He will give it. Take it and go home. With its aid you can get anything you think of. It will take you anywhere you want to go. Do you hear?"

The Prince agreed and waited at the place till the palanquin arrived and when it did, he rode on it and reached Naga-loka. Vasuki was all solicitude for the Prince in whose honour he threw a huge party which all the nobles of the country attended. Music and dance went on for days together.

At the end of the visit, when the Prince desired to depart, Vasuki said: "Noble Sir, you have been a father to my son all these days. What would have happened to him but for you, I shudder to think. Now I want to give you all or anything you would like to accept from me. Please say what you would like to have."

The Prince said: "By God's grace, I have enough to live upon. Since you compel me, you may give me the ring of *jeeva-ratna* you wear."

Vasuki immediately took out the ring and giving it to the Prince said: "It is the greatest gift I can give. It has divine powers and it is a veritable Kamadhenu. It will give you anything you think of. Even Devendra hasn't got it. You are lucky. Keep it safe. I bless you. You will become great." He then sent the Prince away with a suitable retinue.

Emissaries of Naga-loka left him at the boundary of their country after which the Prince walked on foot. On the way, he wanted to test the efficacy of the ring he had just received and so, after praying to Siva, as directed, he thought: "Let this forest be burnt out!"

No sooner had he willed than the entire forest, barring the place he was standing on was burnt to ashes.

Satisfied as to the ring's potency, the Prince again willed: "At this place may a mighty Capital City arise, with palaces, storied buildings, temples, shops, etc."

Even so, rose the Capital which had no parallel. He named the city Nishadhapuri.

Next he willed: "May all the people of my father's Capital, my cat and my mother come and settle here!" The wish was fulfilled instantaneously.

The Queen-mother called him one day and asked him: "Son, how did you manage to accomplish all these things, which are nothing short of a miracle?" The King told her all about the magic ring at which she rejoiced.

He coronated himself as King of Nishadhapuri and calling the people who had helped him in his poverty, rewarded them all liberally and started ruling over the State as a *dharmic* King.

One day the young King lay enjoying the cool breeze of the palace-garden. The full moon shone in mild splendour. The spring season made the birds chirp hilariously. Naturally, the Prince's thoughts turned romantic. "Who is best suited to marry me?" he thought.

With the help of the magic ring, he scanned the world and found that the Princess of Swarnapuri was the most beautiful girl. Thereupon he willed that the Princess be brought to him forthwith and she was brought along with her couch on which she slept.

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Overcome by passion on seeing her, the King tried to embrace her when the Princess Swarnakumari said: "Sir, tarry a little. I am bound to marry a King at all events and whom can I think of, more than your good self who could fly me down to your feet at will? I do not think it will be difficult for you to marry me openly. So, kindly send me back to my home and send word to my father asking for my hand. For my part, I shall persuade my parents to agree to the proposal."

The King of Nishadhapuri who had by now recovered from his momentary infirmity, saw reason in what the Princess said and accordingly sent her back to her palace.

Early in the morning Princess Swarnakumari sought her parents and said: "I did not agree to marry so far, because I could not get a suitable husband for me. Now I have found one." And she blushed.

The Queen of Swarnapuri who had been looking forward to this announcement embraced her daughter and seating her on her lap, encouraged her: "I am so happy to hear this. Tell us who that lucky young man is, and we shall ask him to marry you."

The Princess replied: "There is a city by name Nishadhapuri, a hundred miles from here. The King of that country is not only handsome, but truthful and of immense powers. He is devoted to his mother and loves his people as his children."

"Yes, yes, I have heard of him," said the King. "I shall soon send our envoy to that King to arrange the marriage."

In the meantime the King of Nishadha called his Council of Ministers early next morning and announced: "I have set my heart on the Princess of Swarnapuri. Please therefore make proper approaches to the King and arrange the marriage."

The Ministers who had been looking forward to the event, felt very happy at the tidings and immediately sent a competent deputation to Swarnapuri to negotiate the marriage.

It was therefore with not a little surprise that the King of Swarnapuri received the emissaries of Nishadha on the following day. On hearing the proposal, he said: "Nothing delights us more; but let us consult our daughter and let you have the reply. In the meantime please be seated."

Entering his daughter's apartment the King told her: "You are lucky indeed, my child! The very King of whom you told us has sent messengers asking for your hand for their King. Shall I agree to the proposal and fix the date?"

Colour flowed to the cheeks of the Princess as she bashfully bowed in acceptance. The King twitched her cheek in mirth and returned to the durbar, all smiles, and announced consent.

[To be continued]

In the next issue—

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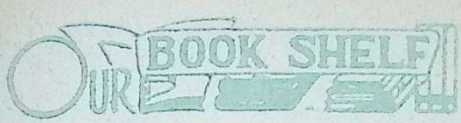

FUNDAMENTALS OF HINDU FAITH AND CULTURE. By Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. Published by Ganesh and Co., Madras. pp. 160. Price: Rs. 6.

THIS delightful volume of essays and addresses are from the pen of one of our most distinguished savants, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar. He combines in himself a very wide range of talents thoroughly integrated in his faith. He is an intellectual, with a flair for beauty of expression and careful taste for different literatures. He is an artist and a connoisseur of all the fine arts. He has been for the past four decades the most fascinating public figure actively spreading the message of India to the West and the East. He has widely travelled and has first-hand knowledge of the ways of life and the modes of thought of the people of the Western world. People describe him as eighty years young.

The fourteen essays printed in the volume under review deal with the different aspects of the Hindu faith and culture. The three essays "Fundamentals of Hindu Faith", "Hinduism and Tolerance", and "The Spirit of Indian Culture", give us a clear idea of the fundamental characteristics of the Hindu faith. The doctrines referred to are: (1) The unity of all life and existence in the Spirit. (2) The magnificent faith that the different conceptions of the one Reality are the several manifestations of the same 'omnipersonal reality'. This makes for the fellowship of faiths. The differences in the manifestations result from the differences in the tastes and capacities of men. Dr. Aiyar with great learning and documentation traces these seminal thought-currents in Hinduism through the ages. (3) The Hindu faith does not merely declare that the Real is One, but immediately adds "those who know it call It in various ways". It adds that modes of spiritual realisation are diverse, e.g. Jnana, Bhakti, Karma Yoga, Vignana, etc. It is these doctrines that are responsible for the *tolerance* in Hinduism. Tolerance is not a stroke of policy with the Hindu, it is an article of their faith. In a long essay Dr. Aiyar traces the history of Hinduism and the role tolerance plays in it. Tolerance is integral to Hindu metaphysics. Tolerance has positive and negative sides. It is not the mere putting up with others' views, it is actively assimilating and accepting the good in other systems of philosophy. (4) The Hindu faith does not expect all of us to grow in one pattern. Each is asked to follow the pattern suited to his *Swabhava* and grow according to his grain, i.e. the celebrated doctrine of *Swadharma*. *Swadharma* saves social waste and effects perfect adjustment of one to one's own work. The other conceptions of the Hindu faith, e.g. the doctrine of Karma, the function and nature of *avatars*, the doctrine that each has his or her own particular form of deity, *ishtadevata*, the doctrine that spiritual discipline must be graded in terms of the efficiency and ability of the individual, *adhikara bheda*, and the place of ceremonies, are described clearly and forcefully by Dr. Aiyar. Besides the essays on Hinduism, those on culture, education and music are excellent. They exhibit great scholarship and a grand style. Dr. Ramaswami Aiyar's *ishtadevata* is Dakshinamurti, "The Master of taciturnity' but paradoxically enough Dr. Aiyar's exposition of the philosophy of Sankara is most eloquent. Reading the essays is a rewarding experience. The publishers have promised a richer fare, a collection of the "views, reviews, experiences and reminiscences" of Dr. Aiyar shortly.

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The publishers deserve to be congratulated on the excellent production of this volume on Dr. Aiyar's 81st birthday.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

GOD REALIZATION THROUGH REASON. By Swami Iswarananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Ashrama, Vilangan, P.O. Puranattukara, Trichur, Kerala. pp. 110. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS little learned volume under review is the revised second edition of the old book *Talks on Jnana Yoga* under a new title. It presents the argument in a very clear manner. The author has attempted a *rationalist* interpretation of the Advaita Vedanta of the Upanishads as expounded by Sankara. There is the prevailing opinion among some that the Advaita of Sankara is "the result of a facile mystic experience based on scriptural declarations". That Sankara's Advaita is unphilosophical and is based on the authority of scriptures is a superficial view. The author identifies Jnana Yoga with the art of pure reasoning and criticises strongly those views "that reduce Jnana to the art of seeing visions, hearing voices, and achieving realization by the repetition of the formula and by the suppression of the mental functioning in *samadhi*". (p. 3). It is true that Sankara Advaita is not mere theology. It is not occult vision resulting from Hata Yoga. It is not drug mysticism. Sankara does not belittle logic. He asks us to argue but not perversely *(tarkyatam na kutarkyatam)*. The author undertakes the analysis of experiences in all the three states of consciousness—the waking state, the sleep state and the dream state. The contention upheld here is the sleep experience is not state, it is the evidence for the existence of the nondual, bliss, consciousness, i.e. Brahman.

Swami Iswarananda affirms that the Upanishads too have a rational approach to the problem of God realisation. He in support of his thesis, in the second part of the book, examines the statement and the support he derives for his rational approach from the major Upanishads and the *Sutra Bhashya* of Sri Sankara.

The volume is a challenging and stimulating approach to the study of Advaita Vedanta. It is an answer to those who think that there is no pure logical treatment of philosophy in the East. The volume is rich in its content, clear in its exposition, and refreshing in its method.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

THUS SPAKE SRI KRISHNA. Compiled by Swami Suddhasatwananda. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras. pp. 102. Price: 40 nP.

IN response to an insistent public demand this little book is issued as a sequel to *Thus Spake the Buddha*. It is the fifth in the series, embodying the immortal utterances of Bhagavan Sri Krishna. It contains the quintessence of the *Bhagavad Gita* and the *Bhagavatam*. It acquaints us with the paths of knowledge, action and devotion. Here we get the greatest lesson for the

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world: Faith, love, fearlessness, desirelessness and serenity lead to final absorption in the Supreme Being. It just makes nonsense of the modern weapons of mass slaughter.

—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

THUS SPAKE THE BUDDHA. Edited by P. Ramaswamy. Published by Hilal Publishing House, Tirunelveli, South India. pp. 103. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

THIS book contains the choice sayings of the Lord Buddha who tells us of the distinct possibility of redemption without a vicarious redeemer, and arrests our attention with words booming into our ears: 'You are your own saviour and salvation. You can attain perfect goodness and wisdom without a personal God. The world is in a flux. You cannot change the immutable law of change.'

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—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

THE STORY OF A DEDICATED LIFE. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. pp. 216. Price: Rs. 3.

THE book under review is the biography of Swami Ramkrishnananda, a direct disciple of Sri Ramkrishna. A monk of majestic gait and magnetic personality, he was Guru-intoxicated—"dead wholly to himself and alive only in Sri Ramkrishna". His life is a tale of ecstatic Bhakti of his Guru whom he regarded as Brahma, Vishnu and Mahesha, nay even as Para-brahma. Religion is not shallow dialectics but "the burning furnace", "the highest chemistry". Spiritual truths cannot be comprehended through intellect. He prayed in the mosque, kneeled in the Church, and worshipped in the Pagoda. Different roads leading to the same goal. He realized and preached the inherent harmony of all religions—the universal religion as his Master said. Swami was a scholar in Sanskrit, Bengali, and English. Intellectually he was modest, spiritually he was supreme. He had heart and not words when he prayed. Swami Vivekananda was more a Jnani, Swami Ramkrishnananda a Bhakta. Both were complementary to each other.

The intrinsic purity and sublimity attained by such a spiritual giant cannot

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be stated in words. Most of us are puzzled by some questions like: What is the ideal of Guru-Bhakti? How can Sadhana and rituals, monism and dualism, personalism and impersonalism live together? How are we to realize God? How can there be concord among warring religions? The story of the life of this transcendent monk not only answers these questions but inspires us to emulate his example. But can we?

—*Prof. Dayal Sharan.*

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The author of the Telugu translation of the above five works of the Swamiji, Sri Nanduri Venkata Subba Rao, is the President of the Divine Life Society, Ellore, Andhra State. He has combined his deep devotion to his master with his loving concern for his immediate countrymen in a single act of a faithful translation in homely Telugu. The aim behind the books is noble. It is to show the path of Divine Life to his people. The disciple has remained very faithful to the master's original.

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—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

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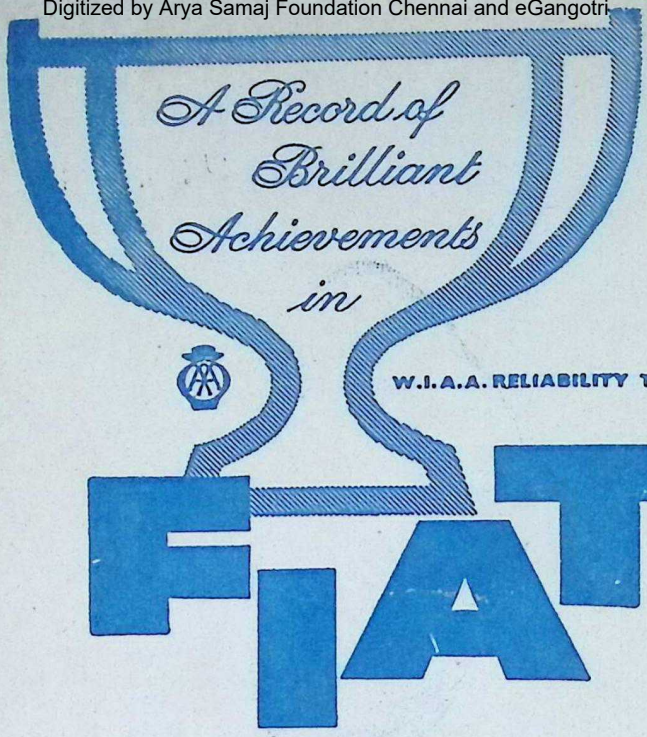

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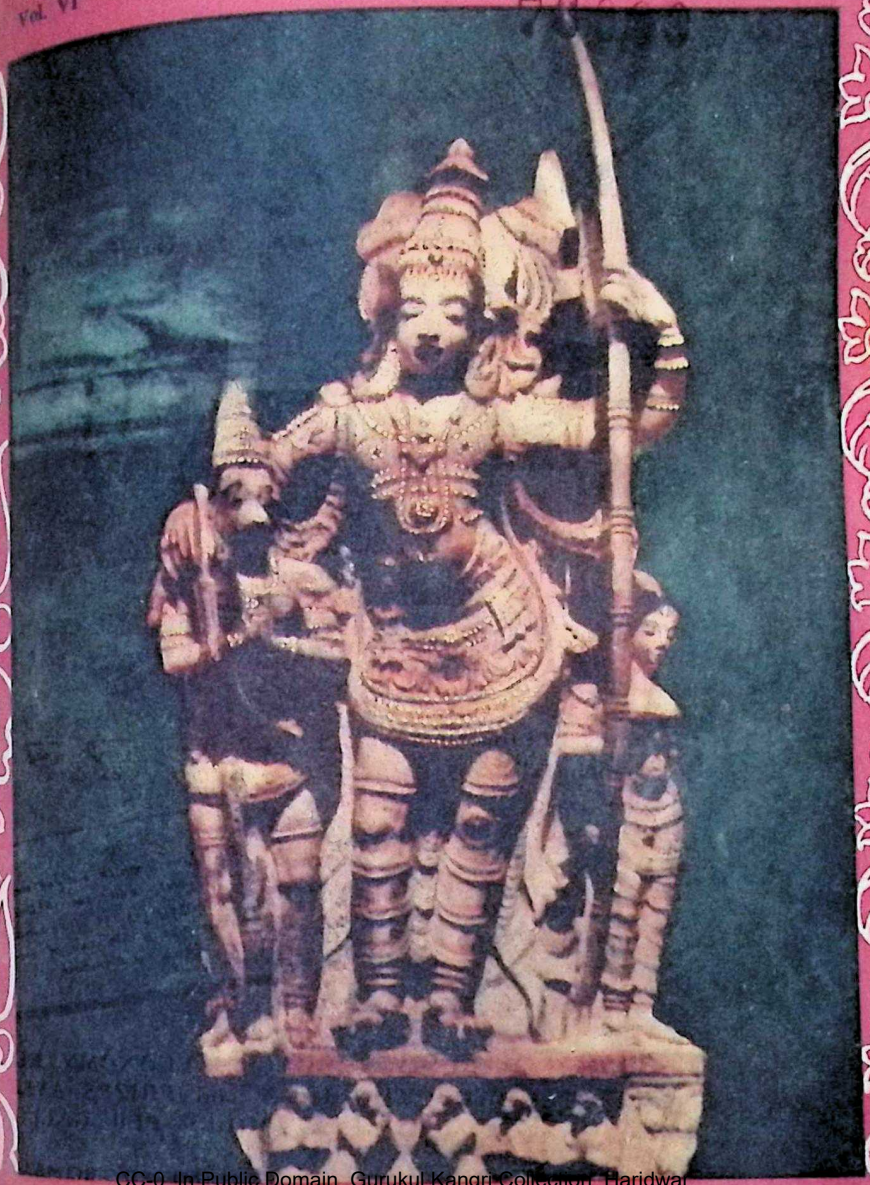

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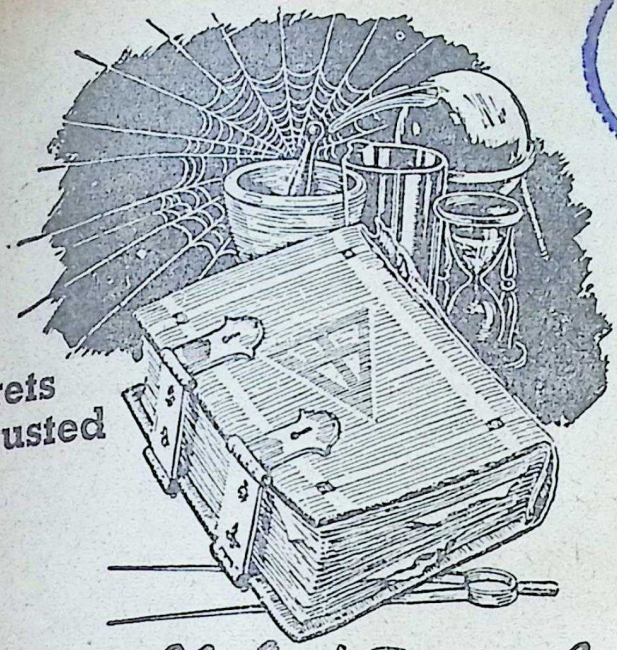

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FRONT COVER

HANUMAN'S REWARD

A statue from a monolithic pillar of the famous Vishnu temple at Srivaikuntam.

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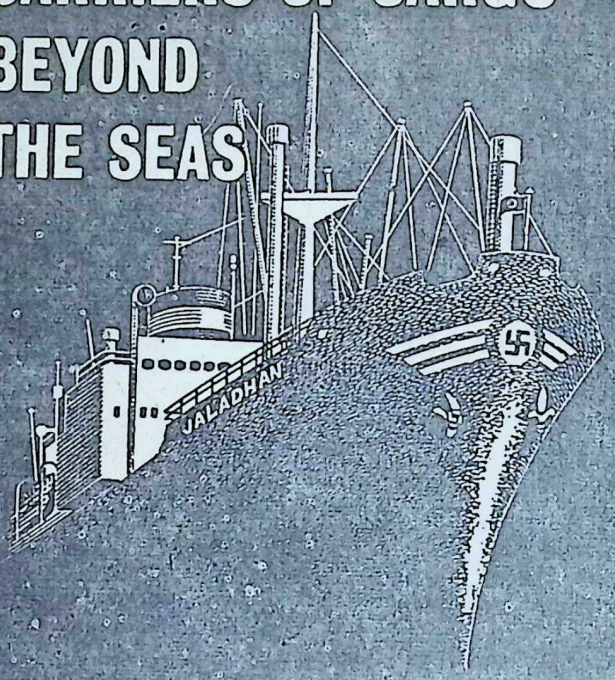

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ॐ आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

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यो देवानां प्रभवश्चोद्भवश्च
विश्वाधिपो रुद्रो महर्षिः।
हिरण्यगर्भं जनयामासपूर्वं
स नो बुद्ध्या शुभया संयुनक्तु॥

May He, the Lord of the Universe, the omniscient Rudra who created the creator Brahma before creation and who is the origin and sustainer of all the gods, endow us with wholesome intelligence.

—Krishna Yajurveda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 198

★ CRISIS OF CHARACTER IN PRESENT-DAY INDIA ★ ITS CAUSES AND CURES

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
FEBRUARY 7, 1960.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

EVERY one says that we are passing through a crisis—political, economic and international. But of all these crises, the crisis in character which is overtaking India is most dangerous to all that India stands for.

We are passing through a crisis in character; to deny it is to be blind to facts. It has arisen because the vocal and self-styled progressive minority in our country has been slowly losing regard for the Moral Order—the ethico-spiritual Order which upholds and overarches all life and for which *dharma* is the more significant equivalent. As a result, the individual sense of responsibility for one's own actions is being undermined.

In the past this responsibility was upheld by various factors:

First, by the binding force of custom which reflected the notions of right conduct in society.

Secondly, by religion, which by ritualism, belief and faith upheld the sanctity of the Order.

Thirdly, by education imparted or inspired by men of righteousness who, in spite of their poverty, were held in high respect.

Fourthly, by maintaining respect for certain human values which were induced by moral and religious literature and upheld by saints and seers and men of noble conduct. These values accepted goodness, truth, non-violence and compassion, as self-evident truths, to which action, to be right, had to conform.

These factors built up character not only of the individual, but of groups There were, no doubt, lapses in plenty, but they were something to be ashamed of, not flaunted. And most of those who were weak to conform to the Moral Order never doubted its validity and thus helped to establish a general-

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by accepted sense of moral responsibility.

The canons prescribed by these factors began to be flouted with the rise of modern Western culture.

Rationalism transferred emphasis from experience to reason, from faith to doubt. Why have faith in God? Why have any regard for the Moral Order? Why attach sanctity to marital life? All values were thus put in the dock to answer this question: Why? This broke the basis of the inner strength of man which till then came from faith in moral responsibility.

Once rationalism broke the sway of faith, everything was atomised. For the devotee of scepticism, there was no boundary line between right and wrong, between the beautiful and ugly, between self-indulgence and self-restraint. Man was explained in terms of physics, chemistry and biology; at best he was a robot shaped by economic forces. For him there was nothing sacred, nothing absolute, nothing divine.

The result of this atomisation was manifold. At no time has the sanctity of life been so forgotten as in the last fifty years. More than 122,000,000 people were killed, maimed, enslaved or uprooted in the two World Wars. And after the so-called peace, more men have been shot, displaced, uprooted and put into slave camps than during some major wars.

Again there is a world-wide propaganda to glorify crime. In India, tens of thousands of men and women, night after night, gleefully admire successful crimes in countless cinema theatres. Millions of men read cartoons in which cutting throats and kidnapping women are held up as the normal way of life. Teen-agers in so-called civilized countries shoot or knife parents and grandparents. In India, students are known to have knifed invigilators or teachers, and well-educated young men to have bashed the heads of innocent women to steal their wrist watches. And the public, and even the judiciary, have always a word to say to condone such deeds.

What with the media of mass communication like advertisements, newspapers, radios, television, propaganda, party line hypnotising us into submission, it is difficult, if not impossible, for any one to find his own truth or to have the courage to speak it, much less to live up to it. To take only a recent instance, when the party line was shouted from a hundred platforms and reported in a thousand headlines that India and China had been friends for two thousand years, any student of history who pointed out the truth that China had always been an inveterate expansionist, was frowned upon as an ignoramus or a traitor. Today, when the party line dictates that China is expansionist but not Communism, few would dare to speak the truth that Communism is the most expansionist force in human history, overwhelming freedom in country after country.

At no time was the cult of sex obsession so powerfully promoted in India as at present. Blatant sex relations and near nudity are advertised, propagated, connived at, admired in films and novels. Restaurants, where men and women claiming to be res-

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pectable foregather, provide ugly and indecent dances. Pornography masquerading as freedom of speech—*Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *Lolita* for instance—is made available to every boy and girl. Marriage is looked upon as a matter of temporary convenience, a 'good-time' affair; illicit sex indulgence is coming to be looked upon as not necessarily to be ashamed of. Freudism, with its pseudo-scientific cult of the libido, sits heavily on the mind of the Westernised man wherever he is.

Lastly comes the greed of possession—a thirst for higher standards of life. Money-making has become the main aim of life; comforts which it can buy, the ultimate good. Power is harnessed to money and therefore is itself corrupted and corrupts whatever it touches. The most powerful political party is one which commands most money and can stage the most lavish shows. Austerity is frowned upon. Poverty is a crime. The man who promises economic heaven—maybe after unborn generations are dead and gone—is the prophet. Everything must have a cash value, even God.

●●●

Thus, as I said, the causes of the crisis lie in increasing disregard of the Moral Order, leading to a crumbling respect for truth, sanctity of life, self-restraint and greedlessness. If this process continues, we will lose our freedom, and what is more, our cultural moorings, and will ultimately disintegrate.

If remedial measures are not speedily taken, suffering will multiply and happiness become a myth. Remedies, however, cannot be applied piecemeal by a movement here or a movement there. Moral Order must, through education, public activities and individual conduct, be restored to its primacy in our attitude towards life. This implies its total transformation.

In the field of thought, rationalism should be regarded only as a purifying process, not a destroying instrument. Science should be treated as a neutral discipline, never an excuse for subordinating moral and spiritual values to a barren scepticism.

In the field of religion, ritualism and forms should not be an end in themselves, but a gateway to acquiring a faith in the Moral Order, which should be creative, that is a force which impels men to live up to its values.

In ethics, the emphasis on the success motive in individual and group life is the greatest stumbling-block. In the individual life, its training begins from the infant class and ends at the death-bed when proudly one looks forward to the prospect of a glamorous funeral. This should be replaced by a habit that counts the value of life only to the extent of what one does for others. This can only be achieved by changing the system of education and social opinion in the community.

In business and industry, the primacy of profit motive should be subordinated to the primacy of a moral responsibility to the consumer. In life, greed of possession should be replaced by an urge to excel in individual productiveness.

In politics, competent and morally responsible rulers should help the people to develop on the lines of their

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native genius. Such men should replace the power-mad leaders of today who want to impose their nostrums with the aid of power and patronage of the State, as also the members of the "New Class", as described by Milovan Djilas, who through State control, want to control and enjoy all the resources of the country.

Individual life should be guided by self-respecting and self-restraining efforts to live a life of responsibility; to look upon marital life as a permanent fusion of two lives and upon the family as a school of love and duty. The sanctity of marriage and of the family bond should be restored to an honoured place in society.

●●●

These changes cannot be brought about from above; they could never be induced by men in power forcing external changes by invoking some pseudo-scientific religion, whether called Communism or Socialism or any other 'ism'.

It must be realised that factories and dams, increasing luxuries and conveniences, the struggles and rivalries of individuals and groups, have only a superficial significance in the life of the people. Far more important than these are the movements of culture whose roots lie in the urge to wonder, to worship and to aspire; in the need for self-respect through freedom; in self-fulfilment through love, and in the strength which faith in God gives.

If, therefore, a genuine transformation of the life of the people has to be aimed at, creative enthusiasm for the ethico-spiritual Order—*dharma*—must be revitalised. And the movement should begin from the educated, the sensitive and the creative sections of the people.

This creative enthusiasm can only come by acquiring the habit of consecrating every act as an offering to God, Who is the source, the centre and the support of the Moral Order. That is, we must acquire the habit of living and acting in the presence of God.

Only when such creative enthusiasm is restored to world consciousness will this crisis be tided over.

Yours sincerely,

Kewal Motwani

If wealth is lost, nothing is lost,
If health is lost, something is lost,
If character is lost, everything is lost.

—Anon.

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GEMS OF WISDOM

Faith is the seed; good works are the rain; wisdom and modesty are the plough; mind is the guiding rein; Dharma is the handle; earnestness is the goad; exertion is the ox and ploughing is weeding the illusion; the resultant harvest is nirvana which ends all sorrows.

*

Grief arises from what is dear; fear also arises from what is dear. He who is wholly free from endearment therefore has no grief.

*

There is no fire like desire; no monster like hatred; no snare like folly and no torrent like covetousness.

*

When a tree burns, birds cannot live there. Even so when passion rules in man, truth cannot find a place in him.

*

If you do not meet your better or equal in your journey, better keep to it all alone. There can be no companionship with fools.

*

Rain breaks through an ill-thatched house only; so lust penetrates an undeveloped mind.

*

Of all perfumes such as sandalwood, tagara, lotus and jasmine, the perfume of virtue is by far the best.

BHAGAWAN BUDDHA

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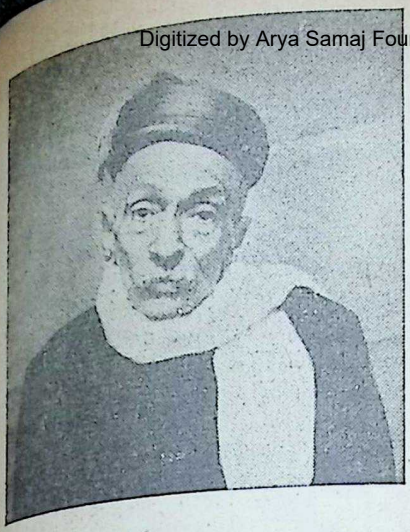

ARISE, INDIA!

Dr. R. D. RANADE

If India must rise, she will rise in a most peculiar way, not hitherto known to all history.

She will combine the virtues of the West and the East, and will rise superior to both. If the West and the East are to meet, they will meet in India, and not in Europe.

What a glorious prospect lies before India!

I see India flinging away superstition, sloth and intellectual inertia. I see her taking up the scientific spirit and the energy of Europe. I see her assimilating the excellences of both the East and West, and rising in the scale of modern nations, preserving all the while the integrity and the pristine purity of her spiritual self.

I hold that there is perfect reconciliation between the discoveries of science and the truths of religion.

Science merely deals with the work of God. It supplements instead of supplanting religion.

But I would not have the mere scientific or the mere economic spirit prevail.

Let not an age of pure scientists, pure economists and pure calculators prevail; and let not the glory of India be extinguished for ever.

Religion asks from you merely the consent of the heart, a mere touch of the love of God.

I don't understand how this can come in the way of pure activity.

It would serve only to strengthen activity and not to weaken it.

This is the only secure platform upon which the building of India's activities can be raised.

Take it away, and the building will tumble down in no time.

Substitute another foundation and you will find that the building will be raised on mere stubble.

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SCENES from
RAMACHARITAMANASA
by Goswami Tulasidas

BRAHMA'S PRAISE

At the conclusion of Ravana-vadha, Brahma who witnessed the scene prayed to Sri Rama as follows.

जय राम सदा सुखधाम हरे।
रघुनायक सायक चाप धरे॥
भव बारन दारन सिंह प्रभो।
गुन सागर नागर नाथ बिभो॥

Victory unto You always, O Rama, the eternal abode of bliss! O Hari! Lord of the Raghu clan! You are the holder of the bow and arrows (to relieve humanity of suffering). Lord! You are the lion that cleaves asunder the elephant of mundane life. Lord!

You are the ocean of virtues and lord of dexterity.

तन काम अनेक अनूप छबी।
गुन गावत सिद्ध मुनींद्र कबी॥
जसु पावन रावन नाग महा।
खगनाथ जथा करि कोप गहा॥

You are the embodiment of the incomparable beauty of myriad Cupids; Siddhas, great sages and bards sing your praise. Not only is your glory sacred in itself, it also purifies all. Your fury (in killing Ravana) is like Garuda's (in killing serpents).

जन रंजन भंजन सोक भयं।
गतक्रोध सदा प्रभु बोधमयं॥
अवतार उदार अपार गुनं।
महि भार बिभंजन ग्यानघनं॥

Gladdener of people's hearts; destroyer of their sorrow and fear; devoid of passion, Lord! You are the embodiment of wisdom, incarnation of charity, full of virtues, reliever of Earth's burden, the cloud that pours wisdom.

अज ब्यापकमेकमनादि सदा।
करुनाकर राम नमामि मुदा॥
रघुबंस बिभूषन दूषन हा।
कृत भूप बिभीषन दीन रहा॥

You are unborn, omnipresent, have no beginning and live for ever. O, Rama! You are the fount of mercy. I bow delightedly before you, Ornament of the Raghu's race, killer of the demon Dushana, maker of Vibhishana as King of Lanka, and eradicator of faults.

गुन ग्यान निधान अमान अजं।
नित राम नमामि बिभुं बिरजं॥
भुजदंड प्रचंड प्रताप बलं।
खल बृंद निकंद महा कुसलं॥

Treasure of virtues and wisdom,

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prideless, unborn, I adore You always, the all-pervading and unsullied (by Maya). The might of your arms in exterminating hordes of the unpious is great and awe-inspiring.

बिनु कारन दीन दयाल हितं।
छबि धाम नमामि रमा सहितं॥
भव तारन कारन काज परं।
मन संभव दारुन दोष हरं॥

Unsolicited friend of the poor, compassionate, reservoir of beauty, I adore You in the company of Sita. Deliverer from the life-cycle, beyond cause and effect, You remove all the mental inhibitions of your devotees!

सर चाप मनोहर त्रोन धरं।
जलजारुन लोचन भूपबरं॥
सुख मंदिर सुंदर श्रीरमनं।
मद मार मुधा ममता समनं॥

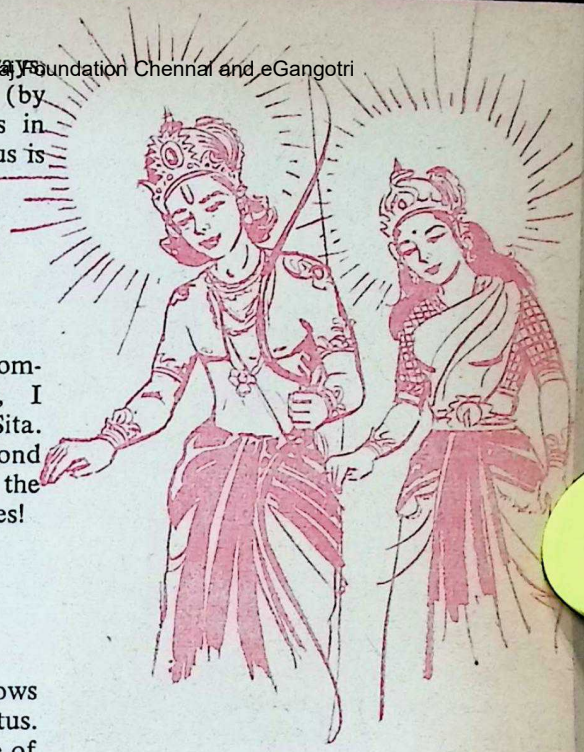
You wear beautiful bow and arrows in quiver. Your eyes are red like lotus. You are the best of Kings, the home of bliss, lovely consort of Lakshmi, destroyer of pride, lust, ego.

अनवद्य अखंड न गोचर गो।
सबरूप सदा सब होइ न गो॥
इति बेद बदंति न दंतकथा।
रबि आतप भिन्नमभिन्न जथा॥

You are free from blemish, integral and beyond the senses. Though present in all forms You never manifest —so the Vedas say. It cannot be idle talk, for the sun and sunshine are the same yet different.

कृतकृत्य बिभो सब बारन ए।
निरखंति तवानन सादर ए॥
धिग जीवन देव सरीर हरे।
तव भक्ति बिना भव भूलि परे॥

Blessed indeed are the *vanaras*, O omnipresent, who gaze reverently at your face. Fie upon our lives, the Devas, O Hari, we who lack the devotion to you, immersed in our pleasures.



अब दीनदयाल दया करिऐ।
मति मोरि बिभेदकरी हरिए॥
जेहि ते बिपरीत क्रिया करिऐ।
दुख सो सुख मानि सुखी चरिए॥

Have pity on me, O compassionate one, and remove my veil of ignorance which leads me to wrong actions, and which makes me delight in what is in reality a source of grief.

खल खंडन मंडन रम्य छमा।
पद पंकज सेवित संभु उमा॥
नृप नायक दे बरदानमिदं।
चरनांबुज प्रेमु सदा सुभदं॥

Punisher of the wicked, wearer of the jewel forgiveness, You whose feet Sambhu and Uma adore, King of kings, grant me this boon that I may for ever worship at Your auspicious lotus feet.

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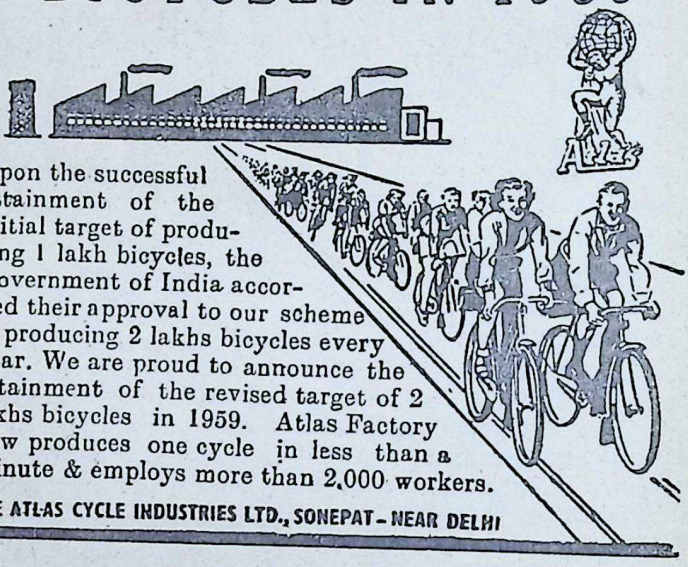

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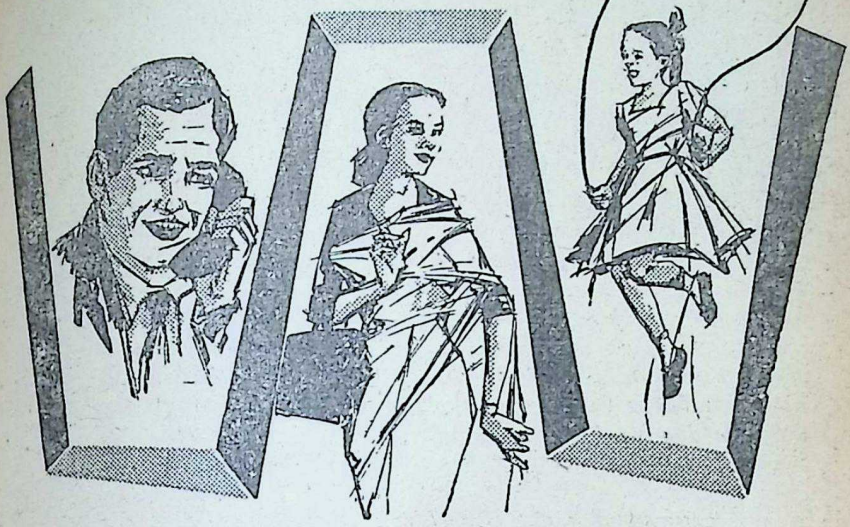

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KRISHNAVATARA

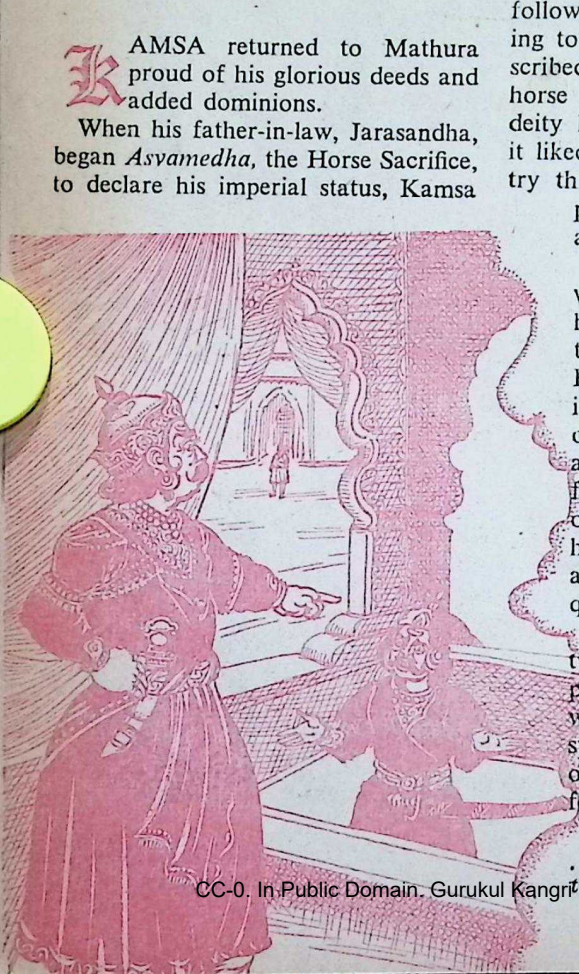
THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

26. THE DYING MINISTER

KAMSA returned to Mathura proud of his glorious deeds and added dominions.

When his father-in-law, Jarasandha, began *Asvamedha*, the Horse Sacrifice, to declare his imperial status, Kamsa was chosen to lead the army which followed the sacrificial horse. According to the rituals of the sacrifice prescribed by the ancient Shastras, the horse worshipped day after day as a deity had to be allowed to roam as it liked; and every king of the country through which it passed had to pay tribute or fight with the army which followed it.



Kamsa had discharged his warlike mission with credit. The horse, after a peregrination of twelve years, had returned to Rajagriha. It was sacrificed with imperial honour in the presence of a vast concourse of tributaries and learned Brahmans invited from adjoining countries. On the occasion Kamsa had been honoured as a mighty Prince and awarded large slices of the conquered territories.

During this period of over twelve years, Kamsa could only pay hurried visits to Mathura, whenever the horse happened to stray in the adjoining territories of friendly kings. He had, therefore, left his kingdom in the

. . . . when Kamsa heard the news

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charge of his Prime Minister, Pralamba and General Pradyota.

When he returned to Mathura, he was shocked to find that the thirty-one Yadava clans, the Shuras, Andhakas, Vrishnis, including his own clan Bhoja, had become almost independent. His earlier efforts to reduce the Yadava federation of proud and free clans to a court of helpless vassals—which had succeeded by cunning treachery and persecution before he had left for the wars—had come to nothing. His return did not evoke enthusiasm in them; on the contrary, they were sullen and distrustful.

On his return he felt unhappy for a few days. For him there was no more the zest of battle; nor for him had been the satisfaction of returning to a welcoming people. Even his old father, Ugrasena, though still confined in the palace, was not the old, dispirited man he had left behind; there was ill-concealed contempt in the way the father received the son. Somehow he felt that the unquestioned mastery of the Yadavas, which he had enjoyed before he went to the wars, had slipped from his hands.

All this was very galling to Kamsa's pride. But he was as cunning as ambitious, and did not want to take any hasty steps to regain his power.

Pralamba, the Minister, had been struck down by paralysis. He was almost dying. However, the Prince elicited from Pradyota, his favourite general, all information about what had happened in his absence; how the Minister had taken the line of least resistance, as the best of the mercenary forces which Kamsa had raised had gone with him.

The Chiefs of the Yadava clans had soon reverted to their old ways and waxed strong and independent. In spite of the way Kamsa had treated his father, they had continued to regard Ugrasena with the affection and

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respect due to a beloved king, and though the old man never interfered with the Minister's administration, he came to acquire in the people's eyes, the same privileged position which he had enjoyed before Kamsa imprisoned him.

Kamsa's cunning brain was now busy devising a plan to bring about the old situation. He deployed the warriors that had returned with him to Mathura in different parts of the city. He also had it announced that his victorious return would be celebrated by *Dhanuryajna,* the 'Bow-Sacrifice.' It was going to be an exhibition of his might as also an occasion to levy tribute on the clans and reduce them to vassalage.

One day Pradyota came to the King at night with strange news. The informant was one of his own men, Aiyyan by name, who had, as the Prince knew, acquitted himself creditably in the wars he had fought.

Kamsa, when he heard the news, turned pale and began to chew his moustache. His hands trembled. When Aiyyan had finished his report, the Prince got up in a fury, and turned him and Pradyota rudely out of the room. Then he walked up to the terrace room of his palace and paced it for a long time, his fists clenched and his eyes clouded with fear.

During these years, bent on military glory, he had forgotten Sage Narada's prophecy, or at any rate, disregarded it as not likely to come true as the eighth child of his cousin, Devaki, was not a son but a daughter. But here was this boy, of the same age as would have been Devaki's eighth son, if she had one, and endowed with great promise and miraculous power.

Though he was now past fifty, Kamsa feared death more than ever before. The old dread of Devaki's eighth son killing him returned with redoubled force and roused him to savage fury. He was not afraid to die in battle, but the prospect of dying at the hands of a young Yadava relative was mortifying. He had yet great ambitions—to crush the defiant Yadava Chiefs, to consolidate his newly acquired territories, to become a Chakravarti some day. Yes, he must solve this mystery, whatever it might cost, and destroy the son of Devaki, if this boy was one.

In the morning, haggard after a sleepless night, he went with Pradyota to the house of the old Minister where he lay dying. The old man, shrunk and partially paralysed, was half unconscious when the King asked his people to go out of the room and set Pradyota to stand guard at the entrance.

The Prince was so agitated by suppressed fury that he rudely shook the semi-unconscious man in bed to awake him. Pralamba opened his eyes and lifted the unparalysed hand in token of respect for his master.

'Pralamba, can you hear me? Can you understand what I say?' Pralamba replied in the affirmative by a flicker of his eyelash, and a little grunt.

'Have you heard of Krishna, the son of the cowherd Nanda, of Vrindavan? And Rohini's son Balaram?'

'Yes,' replied the Minister with a sign.

'You know that Krishna killed

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Putana and Trinavrit, whom I sent to kill him.'

'Yes.'

'Do you know that he has grown strong and handsome?'

'Yes.'

'Have you heard that when a little boy he is said to have killed the demons that lived in the calf and the heron?'

'Yes.'

'That all *gopas* and *gopis* of Vrindavan love him?'

'Yes.'

'That he vanquished the fearful cobra Kaliya who lived in the Poisonous Pool and set a noose round its fangs?'

'Yes.'

'And you, old fool, you allowed him to grow so powerful! Why?' asked Kamsa in impatient anger. He would have liked to kill the Minister then and there, helpless though he lay in bed.

The old man raised his normal left hand in a gesture of helpless query: 'What could I do?' and closed his eyes in sheer exhaustion.

Kamsa pitilessly shook Pralamba again. The Minister opened his eyes, fastened a helpless gaze on his irate master, and tried to fold his hands in forgiveness, but in vain.

'Tell me. Have you been receiving reports of this boy during your illness?' Pralamba tried to show by raising his hand that he had received some reports.

'This boy got Vrindavan to give up the worship of God Indra and set himself up as a god. Is it true?'

'No,' the Minister replied by a gesture.

'Anyway, did he set up the worship of cows and trees and Giri Govardhan, and hold a festival in their honour? Is it true?' Kamsa shouted.

'Yes.'

'Why didn't you tell me?'

The old man pointed to the door to indicate Pradyota.

'Pradyota knew this. Is that you want to say?'

'Yes,' the Minister indicated by a sign.

'And Krishna was also worshipped on that occasion?'

The old man was silent.

'And do you know that he killed the mad bull Arishta and the wild horse Keshi whom Pradyota had let loose in Vrindavan?'

The old man confessed ignorance of these events.

'Now, Pralamba, listen. Had you not served me well these thirty-five years, I would have killed you here and now with my bare hands. I left you in charge of my kingdom and you have all but ruined me. You were so feeble that you let my kinsmen grow strong and defiant—chiefs whom I had almost crushed. You allowed this Krishna to wax so strong that even in Mathura many people look upon him as their coming saviour.'

The old man tried to fold his hands, but failed to do so.

'Don't fold your hands, you old hypocrite. But if you have any loyalty left, tell me one thing—the last thing that I want to hear from you.'

The old man made an inquiry with his hands.

Kamsa knit his brow and in a whispered threat, asked, 'Is this boy Devaki's eighth son?'

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The old man made no reply.

'Come, speak. Otherwise I won't be able to restrain myself from killing a Brahman. Do you hear? Is he Devaki's son?'

The old man made an effort with his lips and could articulate a feeble affirmative.

'You, old blackguard! Why did you keep this fact back from me?' hissed Kamsa venomously, and shook Pralamba by his feeble shoulder.

'Why didn't you tell me, ungrateful wretch?'

The old man made a supreme effort. His eyes widened and a strange look crept into them.

'Tell me. Why did you not tell me of it before?'

With a sudden inrush of energy, Pralamba raised his head and his lips trembled. 'Because the venerable Vyas spoke the truth. He is the Lord Himself,' he muttered.

Suddenly his head fell back. The effort was too much for the dying man, his eyes grew wider still. And the rattle of death was in his throat, as Kamsa, terror-struck, fled from the room.

[To be continued.]

If even a very wicked man worships Me with devotion to none else, he should be regarded as good, for he has rightly resolved.

—Sri Krishna

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In his latest thesis that India should have a communitarian type of polity to fulfil her historical role, Sri Jayaprakash Narayan draws pointed attention in this excerpt to the need for reviving the ancient concept of dharma *and evolve an appropriate form of it for our democracy.*

We Must Evolve a

DHARMA FOR DEMOCRACY

A WORD that figures boldly on the ancient Indian signpost is *dharma*. Indian polity held that the State was subject to the *dharma*, which it was its duty to uphold and protect.

The concept of *dharma* was of great importance in ancient Indian society and it prescribed and regulated individual and group behaviour in all walks of life.

Dr. Dhawan thus explains this concept: "*Dharma* which corresponds to the German *sittlichkeit* is a system of culture and discipline rather than creed. It is neither subjective in the sense of morality imposed by the individual's conscience, nor external like the law enforced by the state. *Dharma* is not a fixed code of mechanical rules, but a living spirit which grows and moves in response to the development of society. The function of *dharma* is to hold together harmoniously the social order and to act as a guide to the individual's conscience so as to train him to realise his potentialities."

JAYAPRAKASH NARAYAN

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Dr. Altekar writes: "In the ancient period, India regarded her law (*dharma*) as sacred in origin as did ancient Greece, but it was substantially based on custom. *Dharma* of ancient India was not consciously made by law-givers or by a legislature; it was generally enforced by social approval or the dread of hell and not by the force of the State. It was not static; it however changed not by the arbitrary will of a king nor the noisy method of legislation but by the slow and prolonged process of change in social customs and practices."

It was this *dharma* that in ancient India guided the state. "*Dharma* was the sovereign over the sovereign" says Dr. Altekar. "The concept of *Dharma* as the ultimate and supreme power was responsible for the king being struck by the *Dharma-danda* thrice on the occasion of his coronation. It was also responsible for the exhortation to him to lead his whole life as dedicated to duty, *dhritavrata*. The duties of kings were conceived as *Rajadharma*."

Sri Aurobindo writes: "As a matter of constitutional theory and ordinary practice all action of the king was in reality that of the king in his council with the aid of his ministers and all his personal action was only valid as depending upon their assent and in so far as it was just and faithful discharge of the functions assigned to him by the *dharma*....The obedience owed by the people was due to the Law, the *Dharma*, and to the edicts of the king in council only as an administrative means for the service and maintenance of the *Dharma*."

It should be borne in mind that the state's subordination to *dharma* did not make it either theocratic or subordinate to a particular Church. Says Dr. Altekar: "The king was no doubt regarded as the protector and enforcer of *Dharma*, but this did not make the state theocratic. His duty was to promote piety and religiousness by extending equal patronage to all sects and religions and to enforce customary laws approved by the social conscience. He discharged these functions through offices like *dharmamahamatras*, and the *vinayasthitisthapakas*. He was not to be an agent of a particular religion or sect working to promote its interests or seeking to carry out its commands. The crusade of a Hindu state against Buddhism or Jainism is rarely met with in ancient Indian history."

So strong was the hold of the *Dharma* on Indian society that even when the divinity of the king came to be recognised it did not make the king "infallible or even the sole interpreter of the divine will". Laws though regarded as divine were really based upon social customs and traditions. By sanctioning their operation, the state did not become an instrument in the hands of the Church or the priests; it rather became the mouthpiece of the social will."

To complete the picture it should be mentioned that "though the king was below the *Dharma* and was bound by it though it was the law (*Dharma*) which made the king, the ancient Indian polity provided no constitutional means or checks to call the king to account if he transgressed law." There were no doubt punishments prescribed by the law for the king and "in extreme cases extra-constitutional remedies like rebellion or regicide were suggested; but they were usually impracticable.

Village councils and town corpora-

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tions often enjoyed almost complete freedom in their local affairs. The courts whether royal or popular, usually administered the traditional law as embodied in the *jati-dharma* (caste-rule), *sreni-dharma* (guild rules) and *janapada-dharma* (local customs). But a wilful king could set all these at nought and rule in a tyrannical way, as is shown by the pages of *Rajatarangini*.... From 400 A.D. the sovereignty was vested in the king and it was not controlled by constitutional checks of the modern type. Of course, it should not be forgotten that most of these checks were evolved in Europe only in the pre-Reformation period."

The absence of constitutional checks however to my mind is not such a defect as it appears to be. It is in the very nature of moral law and social ethics to rely on for their enforcement mainly on the moral sense of the persons concerned and the approval or censure of society at large.

The concept of *Dharma* and its role in Indian polity and the wider life of society is another example of that synthetic, organic, communitarian organization of Indian society. Communities, territorial or functional, had developed laws and codes of behaviour to regulate the internal life of their communities and groups and their relations with the rest of society. There were in addition codes and laws that were common to and accepted by all of them and made up the universal ethics. The ensemble of these social ethics exercised a powerful influence over the state.

Communal life having been completely destroyed, the roots of *dharma* have no soil from which to draw sustenance. *Dharma* has therefore declined and ceased to exercise any influence not only upon present polity which is wholly a foreign implantation and has no roots in the Indian soil, but upon all social activities, such as commerce, education, labour, administration, priesthood.

Unless life in India is again organised on the basis of self-determining and mutually co-ordinating and integrating communities, that organic self-regulation of society, which the concept of *dharma* represented, will not be possible.

To that extent democracy will remain distantly removed from the life of the people.

Vinobaji is already speaking, for instance, of *gram-dharma,* (the *dharma* of a village). But *gram-dharma* will not arise, as he has stressed, unless the village becomes a community. Only then will it be possible for the village to adopt as its *dharma* the welfare of the villagers, so that none goes without food, clothing, a roof over his head, work to do ; no child goes without the benefit of a minimum health service.

The ancient concept of *dharma* has to be revived and the appropriate *dharma* for a democracy has to be evolved. This, as of old, will not be brought about by a legislative process nor by the pundits of Kashi pronouncing *vyavasthas.* It can be done only in an organic manner: *dharma* must arise from life itself—life that is vital enough, real enough, organic enough, to be able to draw up codes and laws for its internal regulation.

The experience of recent social engineering may and should be drawn upon, but the main mould of life must be indigenous and consistent with the genius of Indian soil.

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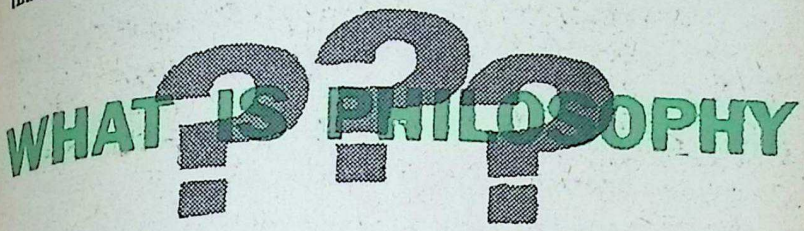
Philosophy arises out of the whirl of life....it smoothens its course and brightens its path. It can no more be dispensed with than life itself.



R. R. DIWAKAR

PHILOSOPHY is a word which we use very often. But the shades of meaning of this important word vary according to context.

We generally believe that there can be a philosophy which would be and should be accepted by all. We are making mistake in thinking that way. It is still worse if we believe in our own philosophy as the best, and the best for all, and try to force it down the throat of all.

In common parlance, philosophy means a cogent and somewhat logical explanation of the scheme of this whole universe in which we live and a statement of the co-ordination and relationship between things therein.

Since the beginning of human thought, there have been philosophies and philosophical discussions about fundamentals. There have been God-ful as well as Godless philosophies. There is no end to them and the stream of philosophies and philosophers is never-ending.

The reason is obvious. The stream of life flows on and it poses new problems to man. Man attempts at a total or comprehensive explanation of them and of life itself. Each time he does so, he comes out with a philosophy. Each philosophy is good enough for the day and especially for those who believe in it or are satisfied with it. But the morrow brings doubts, new facts, new experiences, and man has to modify his philosophy in the light of all these and also in view of any vision or intuition he might have been blessed with.

Thus philosophy has beginnings but no end. There is no finality; no philosophy is eternal in the true sense. A certain philosophy might be true for centuries or even for ages; but since man's consciousness is evolving, his philosophy has to partake of that evolution and be up to it. If any philosophy or theory of the universe and man's place in it persists in saying that it ought to be taken as final and be always believed and followed in spite of significant progress in the knowledge and consciousness of man, it will soon be on the scrap-heap of

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the history of thought. Its fate would be that of the many tribal philosophies or the several forgotten philosophical theories of the past. While life is dynamic and holds its own mystery, philosophy cannot be static and final. Life and philosophy must march together because life is action and philosophy is at once its explanation, interpretation and reflective commentary.

Apart from the many systems of philosophy adumbrated from time to time, each man, however humble his role in life, has his own philosophy of life. He may not be able to explain it to others, much less convince others; but in that philosophy he finds a resting-place and a satisfaction. The reason is that each man does ask the question 'why'. Why is all this like what it is? Why is he himself what he is? Sometimes he is baffled, sometimes he does not know the answer. But the question keeps knocking at the door of his intellect and the answer has to be provided. That answer is his philosophy.

Oftentimes, the life-philosophy of simple people who live by the wayside and just make a living is quite profound and healthy. It gives them satisfaction. It is sometimes expressed in a single sentence, such as 'God is great' or 'It is our Karma', and yet it is the profound philosophy in it which sustains them.

After all, philosophy too has to serve a purpose. It cannot be all the time 'abstract'. It has to serve life and give solace in addition to giving a cogent explanation. We may call that

part of it practical philosophy or applied philosophy. Thus philosophy, like science, is twofold, abstract and applied. Both are complementary to each other. Both are indivisible and their development has to be simultaneous. While the abstract aspect of philosophy attempts to satisfy our intellect and reasoning faculty, applied philosophy is useful in giving solace, steadiness, peace and poise to life. The more life develops and advances and becomes complicated, the more important is the role which philosophy has to play. Man can never dispense with philosophy so long as he wants to live. Real philosophy arises out of the whirl of life and has the capacity to smoothen its course and brighten its path.

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MOTHER AND CHILD

ACT I

THE SHORES OF THE LAKE MANDAR IN THE KINGDOM OF KUNTIBHOJ. THE TIME IS JUST BEFORE DAWN; A FEW DECADES BEFORE THE MAHABHARAT WAR.

[*A little before dawn. A portion of the lake Mandar is seen on the left of the stage, towards the centre of the stage is a small stone shrine of the Sun-God and beyond it, on the right of the stage, is a grassy mould facing the stone shrine and the lake.*

Kunti, a young girl of 15 *to* 16 *years, carrying a bundle in her arms and accompanied by an old woman carrying a tiny wicker basket, is standing hesitatingly near the lake and looking wistfully at the little bundle in her arms.*]

ANJANI. Come child, give the bundle to *me!* (*Extends her arms to receive it.*)

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KUNTI. (*In a helpless, stricken voice*) Wait, I have not yet made up my mind. I can't part with this little model of my own flesh and blood.... Oh I can't!

(*Wails silently as she looks lovingly at the bundle she is carrying.*)

ANJANI. You are a princess, child, and you must not bring any disgrace to your royal sire and family.

KUNTI. I wish I were not a princess.

ANJANI. Soon it will be daylight and the world may come to know!

KUNTI. No, Anjani, don't press me to do what my heart grieves to perform. No, I can't, I can't surrender my babe to the mercies of the elements.

ANJANI. The Lord of these elements will surely protect His offspring.

KUNTI. (*With hopefulness*) Think you so?

ANJANI. Would that Lord of light who maintains and preserves us all deny to His own son His mighty protection?

KUNTI. That's my only consolation and yet I cannot give up my tender one for the sake of my royal sire nor even for that of the world. Let infamy be my portion!

ANJANI. (*A little sternly*) You cannot forget, you are a princess and the beloved daughter of His Majesty Kuntibhoj.

KUNTI. Ah, this wretched lot of mine! Let me wear the thorns of shameful motherhood than wear the crown of a princess! Let the world mock and slander me with unkind jibes rather than that I give up what gladdens my heart. No, I have made up my mind, I shall not part with my sweet one. No, I shall not leave him to the dark waters of Mandar. Leave me alone!

(*There is silence broken by sobs for a few moments during which she clutches the baby close to her breasts and kisses it fervently. Suddenly the sound of flapping wings of a big bird followed by its piercing cry is heard and Anjani looks up apprehensively.*)

ANJANI. (*With a passionate plea.*) Your resolve will spell disaster to you and to your child, Vatsa!

KUNTI. (*Unheeding her remark and despite the sound of the bird, continues in a reverie*) Ah, my sweet son, sleeping secure in my arms! Dost thou remember that first moment thy lotus eyes opened joyously on the indifferent world? What ecstasy it was when first I felt thee in my womb! No, the world cannot understand the joyous throb of first motherhood, cannot know the sublime happiness in giving birth to one's own child.

ANJANI. (*Persuasively*) See the light of dawn, dear child!

KUNTI. (*Unheeding, still immersed in her own reverie*) Thou, my son, thou art the fruit of my great devotion to the Sun-God whose lustrous orb it is my delight to worship every morn. Ah, that day, thinking of your celestial father, I lay amidst the *Madhavi* plants, inside the bower of *Madhumalati* through whose tender leaves His warm and golden hands touched my body so tenderly that I could not but wish for thee and thou art that wish in a mortal frame! Ah, like a devotee merging in his deep trance with

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the object of his devotion, my young maiden body and soul dissolved and resolves into the spirit of Him I worship!

ANJANI. Please Vatsa, see that faint glimmer of dawn in the east.... hasten my child!

KUNTI. (*Still immersed in her thoughts and smiling happily*) Let me give you a suck! (*Offering milk*) Ah... (*Closing her eyes in happiness*) what joy is it to feel thy tender lips seeking the nipple swollen with milk ...which like the sacred Bhagirathi gushes to quench the hunger and thirst of infants. My darling! (*Pinches his cheek softly and smiles*) Suck now to the full this breast.... ah, this rare joy, this proud motherhood, this sweet dependency of the babe on the body of the mother! Verily this is god-like emotion..... ah, this alone is sufficient to outweigh the jeers of the world, the ire of the royal sire....

ANJANI. Soon the Brahmarshi will start his morning oblations to the Sun-God on that yonder mound. Come, hasten, dear!

KUNTI. (*Suddenly aware*) What are you saying? Ah yes, it will be daylight! (*Proudly*) But Anjani, the little one is hungry. Ah, see the way my darling is pulling at my breasts... What strength and purpose lie in these tiny coral lips shaped like Indra's bow!

ANJANI. And why not, after all he is the son of the Bright One.

KUNTI. And one blest by no less a sage than His Holiness Durwas Muni!

ANJANI. A fitting reward for your services to the sage! All things celestial, divine and human unite in him ... and it's a pity, you cannot own him.

KUNTI. (*With determination*) I will own him, no matter what befalls me. Ah, the joyous pain he gives my burdened breasts! Suck, my darling, suck all... it is the nectarean alchemy of all the holy rivers of Bharatvarsha.

ANJANI. You don't know the world. You don't know its envenomed tongue, its cruelty, its lack of charity to which you are now called upon to sacrifice your god-like son. (*Sobs*) No, it is not wise to run counter to the world and its ways.

KUNTI. (*Nestling her head against Anjani's shoulder and weeping piteously*) Save me, Anjani, save me from this dreadful sacrifice, a mother cannot sacrifice her babe. Better to die than be called upon to do such a cruel sacrifice. (*She points to the lake and starts to go*) Let me drown myself into the watery folds of Mandar and end my agony and shame.

ANJANI. (*Hastening after her and stopping her*) Vatsa, you can't do that either, the world will know its cause and slander you and the King.

KUNTI. Is there no way out of

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this? No way, O ... O.... (*She weeps loudly, putting the palm of her right hand across her weeping eyes.*)

ANJANI. The royalty has a great responsibility to bear and cannot afford to shock the public opinion. You are not your own mistress, the people are the masters here and they are inexorable and dictate and judge your every act which must not in any way incur their displeasure. By such a mad act you will hurt their pride in royalty. Did not Raghunandan at the behest of the people discard his beloved wife and sons while yet they were in embryo? Listen to me, even the celestial father of the child has ordained you to consign him to these gentle waters of Mandar... See you not His shrine there? (*Pointing to the shrine*) He will watch over His son from there.

KUNTI. Ah, yes... but the pang is too great.

ANJANI. You cannot disobey the biddings of the Sun-God. Did not the celestial One give the place, the time and the day in your dream?

KUNTI. (*Faintly*) He did.

ANJANI. Come then, don't hesitate. Give the child to me! (*She extends her arms to take the child.*)

KUNTI. (*Still hesitating*) Have you never been a mother that you hasten me thus?

ANJANI. (*Tenderly*) My dear one, I love you as a mother would love her own child. Who tended you like your own mother when His Majesty Kuntibhoj adopted you, a mere child, as his daughter?

KUNTI. O Anjani, my present agony has blotted out my memory for a moment and impelled me to question your love for me!

ANJANI. And it is because I love you so well, and feel your sorrow as mine that I ask you to give the child to me and (*Pointing to the fading planet of Venus in the sky*) I assure you by that yonder star, this your son will be a heroic man, an ornament unto this earth and his name shall be sung as long as the human race endures.

KUNTI. My ears have been gratified.

ANJANI. Leave him therefore to gods who will preserve him for the moral glory of man. Leave him to his great destiny, a destiny worthy of his illustrious father.... listen, I hear the sound of the wooden sandals of the Brahmarshi, I hear the chant of Gayatri. Come, give him to me! Hurry, my child, hurry!

KUNTI. Let me put him to sleep by singing that lullaby in which all that is sacred in this Bharatvarsha is invoked to guard the child from the evil witchery of the world. How can we leave him thus unguarded? Can you not see how helpless and defenceless he will be in the grip of the vicious spirit?

ANJANI. God is his protection and armour. You have been commended to place the child among the rushes before sunrise. The steps and the chant of the Brahmarshi are coming closer every moment.

KUNTI. (*Giving the child reluctantly and addressing piteously*) The Sun-God's wish be done, whatever my suffering! Ah, could I but be given a chance to meet my son and own him

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when he grows a man. (*Kisses the child fervently*)

ANJANI. (*Taking the child in her arms*) Your wish will be fulfilled as we put the child on the bosom of the lake to the chant of sacred Gayatri. (*Recitation of Gayatri Mantra is louder and distinct now.*) Stay here Vatsa, I'll go and dedicate this child to the deity of Mandar. (*Goes with the baby and the basket. Kunti stands dazed in intense grief, her eyes looking wistfully at the receding figure of Anjani with her child, and when she sees Anjani putting the babe in a wicker basket and placing the basket amidst the reeds, she breaks down and in her sorrow kneels down covering her weeping face with both her hands.*) O, my darling, when shall we meet? I did not sing to you that mother's lullaby.... I did not let you have enough suck... Oh, ye merciful gods, protect my beloved darling! Oh my Lord, take care of our darling son and take pity on this wretched mother!

(*The Gayatri Mantra is now quite close and louder.*)

[CURTAIN]

ACT II

Scene I

KUNTI'S CLOSET IN HASTINAPUR, THE CAPITAL OF THE KAURAVAS.

TIME: NOON. A WEEK BEFORE THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MAHABHARAT WAR.

[*Vidura comes to Kunti's room. Kunti (about 50) is a widow. She is sitting on a floor mat and telling the beads. She wears a white sari and her hair is loose.*]

KUNTI. What brings venerable Vidura here?

VIDURA. A common misfortune. The war between Kauravas and Pandavas is imminent and I foresee terrible destruction of the Kshatriya community. Kunti Devi, this awful premonition has robbed me of my sleep for several nights. The war must be avoided at all costs.

KUNTI. Sir, I am also of the same mind. Too much suffering have I experienced in my life and I cannot be a witness to any more.

VIDURA. The old King in his extreme dotage supports the unjust acts of his foolish and short-sighted sons. They have rejected the conciliatory gesture made by Lord Krishna on behalf of the Pandavas. I fear the dire consequences of this rejection.

KUNTI. Oh, death is preferable to the destruction of one's kith and kin. Persuade Kauravas to desist from such a ruinous course. Perhaps they will respect your wisdom and honour your request.

VIDURA. Could I leave anything undone to prevent this internecine war? But nobody, not even old Dhritarashtra listens to me... or is it that the evil that is soon to overtake them

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inclines them to be deaf to wise counsels and urges them to choose the wrong path?

KUNTI. Maybe.

VIDURA. It's a pity they turned a deaf ear even to Lord Krishna's entreaty. Pandavas cannot stay their hands now after the Lord has been insulted.

KUNTI. Nor can they forget the humiliation of their beloved queen Draupadi in the open assembly of men. Ah, how my heart shudders to think of the calamity the war will bring to the Kshatriya class!

VIDURA. The same fear afflicts my mind. I foresee nothing but complete destruction of Kauravas and their allies.

KUNTI. What shall we do? It will be a moral lapse and martial disgrace too, if my sons repudiate war at this juncture. Led by Dharmaraj who is ever anxious to tread the path of duty, they cannot suffer the unjust rule of Kauravas to continue any more. They have done everything that they could to avert this inevitable war. My life, respected sir, is one of lifelong conflict. I do not wish to see the end of Kauravas, however unkind and unjust they had been to my sons. We all are of the same family.

VIDURA. Gracious Kunti Devi, you have spoken what wrings my heart... both of them are akin to me and I do not want Kauravas to die because of their foolishness and selfishness.

KUNTI. How can we prevent the calamity? How can we? Even as a child, sorrow was my portion, even now as the mother of heroes, my lot is sorrow. Happiness and peace are strangers to me right from the moment I was, as a child, given to Kuntibhoj by my father.

VIDURA. I know, I should not have posed this painful issue to your grief-stricken mind, Kunti Devi, but I am helpless and am here to open my heart to you and seek your advice.

KUNTI. My advice! What advice can a poor, widowed mother give? There is only one way out... but I don't know how it will succeed.

VIDURA. What is it?

KUNTI. Brave Karna is the main prop of Kauravas in this conflict. He is their hope of success against Pandavas. We must tackle him.

VIDURA. Ah yes, but who is to do that? He is too arrogant to listen to me.

KUNTI. He may perhaps listen to me... who am his mother.

VIDURA. You, you, Karna's mother?

KUNTI. Yes... sir...

(*A long pause*)

VIDURA. What I surmised long ago has been confirmed by you. How is it, Devi, that this Karna is hostile to his brothers?

KUNTI. Nobody, not even Karna knows that he is my first-born. Only my nephew, Govinda, knows the secret.

VIDURA. Ah! But how came you to be his mother?

KUNTI. It is a long story. (*In a reverie*) Ah, even now I can clearly see the scene on the shores of "Mandar",—the quiet dawn, the chanting of the Gayatri Mantra by the Brahmarshi,—fear, love and sorrow tearing my young heart to pieces... I was very young and inexperienced too, not knowing the ways of the world, shel-

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tered and loved as I was by my royal father.

VIDURA. Yes, I know you were well beloved of venerable Kuntibhoj.

KUNTI. Yes, my father adored me... but even then this happened. (*A pause*) Listen, sir, from the very beginning. His Holiness Durwas Muni was our honoured guest and it was my great good fortune to attend on him. The sage was pleased with my devoted service and gave me a rare Mantra which could enable me to have the company of gods even.

VIDURA. Really, Kunti Devi?

KUNTI. (*In a reverie*) Ah, I remember the day... it was a warm spring morn, cuckoos were cooing longingly for the rains, the mangoes were ripening in the mango-groves and making the air heavy with their intoxicating smell, the bowers of *Madhumalati, Kunda* and *Madhavi* were in full bloom and their sweet fragrance came to my young maiden body, wafted on the fresh gentle breezes of spring. I too was young and athirst. Maidenly curiosity to test the Mantra and my desire to see the Sun-God whom I worshipped daily, urged me to utter it, and lo! He came to me with his warm golden arms, his bright smile and blinding caress and showered on me the gift of a son.

VIDURA. But surely, a princess like you must have been attended by maids?

KUNTI. Was I not? My affectionate father assigned to me a devoted companion and surrounded me with many friends but on that morning I was alone, all alone pining in secret for my lustrous God... Oh, can you not see the same lustre in my son?

VIDURA. Ah, I always wondered at the dazzling manhood of heroic Karna... always wondered.

KUNTI. But that very son I have come to fear, not on my own account, oh no, not on my own account.

VIDURA. Then on whose account?

KUNTI. On my other sons' account. He has vowed to kill Arjun... Oh, what shall I do, sir? A mother's heart trembles for the safety of her sons who alone are her life.

VIDURA. Let's devise some way out of this, because the mainstay of Kauravas is Karna... He is a warrior par excellence. Because of him, foolhardy Duryodhana and his equally foolhardy brothers venture to offend the Pandavas and Govinda.

KUNTI. Ah, this evil world! Brothers against brothers, kin against kin... I wish I were dead ere this.

VIDURA. What one is destined to suffer, one will. I see a terrible end for Kauravas, and Govinda is our only succour. When human will fails, His will prevails and we must resort to Him and seek our peace in our faith in Him.

KUNTI. (*In a passionate plea*) Govinda, Keshawa, I seek thee and plead to thee to intervene now and persuade my stubborn eldest son from pursuing this destructive course.

VIDURA. Yes, He alone can do what our limited human resources fail to achieve.

KUNTI. When Govinda has talked him out of this mad war, I'll go, see him and tell him the secret of his birth and parentage. Better to own up the shameful truth to one's son than be

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the authoress of this inhuman destruction of kith and kin.

VIDURA. Graciousness will never fail you, Devi... you are a great and noble woman fit to be the mother of heroes.

KUNTI. So, let's go to the Lord! (*They go*)

[CURTAIN]

Scene II

ONE OF THE STREETS OF HASTINAPUR.

TIME: THE EVENING OF THE SAME DAY.

[*Lord Krishna is standing beside His chariot parked under a huge Pipal tree in Hastinapur and Karna enters.*]

KARNA. (*Smiling happily and bowing down respectfully to Lord Krishna*) I am honoured by Thy special invitation.

KRISHNA. (*Holding his hand in an attitude of blessing and smiling back to him*) Blest further would you be, if you will grant me a prayer.

KARNA. What's your pleasure, Govinda?

KRISHNA. It has been truly said that the earth has not borne a more generous man than you. Lavish giver, I have come to beg of you.

KARNA. A god cannot beg of a poor mortal like me, O Lord! Don't mock me!

KRISHNA. Truly, Kaunteya, (*A pause*) I have come to beg of you!

KARNA. (*With surprise and pain*) Kaunteya? (*A profound pause*). What are you talking?

KRISHNA. (*Slowly, persuasively*) You are the eldest son of Kunti.

KARNA. Oh! (*His gaze fixed on Krishna*) What do you mean? I don't understand you.

KRISHNA. Do you trust me?

KARNA. It is difficult not to trust you, my Lord. And yet I cannot believe what you have told me just now. Could it be true?

(*Placing his hand on his heart: plaintively*) End my doubt and stop this turmoil of my heart. O Govinda! Or is it that you have a sudden whim to indulge in a cruel joke against the lowly-born son of a charioteer? Thou touchest my sorest point and seekest perhaps to humiliate me.

KRISHNA. Why should I do that?

KARNA. How can I fathom the working of a god's mind?

KRISHNA. Believe me, Karna, you are a Kshatriya, born of a god and a mortal. Do not think meanly of your noble birth.

KARNA. A god and a mortal?

KRISHNA. Yes.

KARNA. If such be the fact, why was it hidden from me till now, or maybe some disgrace, some ignominy attached to my birth?

KRISHNA. On the contrary, thy father is a celestial being.

KARNA. (*Still baffled*) What is in your mind, my Lord, that you tease me so? How could that be?

KRISHNA. It's the fact.

KARNA. If what you say is true, then it is life's most malicious irony indeed! Born of noble parents, why

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did my real mother keep a sinful silence while the venerable veterans questioned my martial right to fight Arjun as the latter challenged me to a combat in the royal tournaments? And if you knew this, why did you allow that puffed up Ashwathama, the son of Dronacharya, to taunt me in the open court on my low birth and family? Why did not Kunti Devi speak at least? O, why did she not?

KRISHNA. If you were to know earlier, your preordained role would have remained unfulfilled, Karna! Powers above have assigned you the heroic role of a Kshatriya... you are the God's chosen instrument for ridding this world of injustice and rank selfishness. Could the son of a lowly charioteer be so brave and generous as you are? You have sprung from the loins of the mighty!

KARNA. (*Suddenly remembering*) From whose loins, Lord?

KRISHNA. (*Smiling and pointing to the Sun*) See that Sun yonder about to set. He is your father.

KARNA. What sayest thou? Methinks this is another of your cruel jibes at my humble birth. Oh, spare me, Govinda, my proud heart is almost bursting with anger and humiliation. Ah, the unkindest cut!

KRISHNA. My friend, could I play with fire, could I mock and taunt you thus when the whole world is on the brink of disaster on account of your matchless valour?

KARNA. (*To himself*) Kunti, my mother, the Sun-God, my father... Oh life is a strange thing! I do not know whether to rejoice or be more unhappy.

KRISHNA. Born as you were in the maidenly state of Kunti Devi, your parentage was kept a secret and it is only I who know of it.

KARNA. (*In sorrow*) Ah, this irony of fate which in a moment of sinister whim robbed me of Kshatriya privileges due to my birth and exposed me to the mockery of inferior colleagues all this long while!

KRISHNA. Karna, now is the time to right the wrong done to you. Come and take your rightful and honoured place among your brothers.

KARNA. (*Vehemently*) Now after this long cruel silence about my birth and parentage, after all the humiliations I have suffered at the hands of my enemies, after enjoying all the glory that Kauravas heaped generously on me... after knowing the affection of Atiratha and Radha who filled the want of a mother? Why, my Lord, King Duryodhana even crowned me as the King of Anga to be able to fight Arjun. No, I cannot now openly claim to be a Kaunteya.

KRISHNA. You are the eldest of Pandavas too.

KARNA. No, indeed!

KRISHNA. You are Kunti's son born to her in maidenhood and as she was the queen of Pandu, the latter is legally your father. That's how the issue of the fatherhood of a child born before the marriage of his mother is decided by law-givers. So it is proper that you should join your brothers and be their leader in the present contingency.

KARNA. How is that possible now? I can't betray the interests of those who have honoured and befriended me till now.

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KRISHNA. Why shouldn't you do what is right? Why shouldn't you be fair to yourself and undo the wrong done to you?... long have you laboured under injustice... take your due place among the Pandavas and do justice to your noble self.

KARNA. I would rather be considered low and ignoble than be disgraced by ingratitude. I cannot betray them at this hour of their trial.

KRISHNA. I need not press your due claims at this hour, but by joining Pandavas you will be averting the destruction of Kauravas and of Kshatriyas on either side... Karna, I foresee a terrible calamity for Kauravas.

KARNA. I too had dreams of bad omen on the ultimate outcome of the imminent war, but I cannot at this juncture leave them... I would be deemed a coward, if out of fear of defeat, out of fear of death at the hands of Pandavas, I should desert Kauravas. This is the testing time of their friends.

KRISHNA. Apart from your personal considerations of what the world will say about you, you cannot ignore the lawful claims on your and Pandavas' account. You who can judge finely any ethical issue, you, who have been a pious devotee of the Vedas, need no persuasion to do what is right and proper from all points of view.

KARNA. Ah, my Lord, it is this very ability of mine to know what is morally right and wrong that prevents me from accepting your proposal. It is not correct to leave my friends and benefactors in lurch when danger threatens.

KRISHNA. But know it also that your worthy brothers will be very happy to serve you as the King of Pandavas and all their allies will do you obeisance. Even Draupadi who in the Swayamvara repudiated you on account of your low caste will worship you as her husband.

KARNA. Oh, Madhusudana, even the love of incomparable Draupadi cannot swerve me from the righteous path of duty to Kauravas. Besides, my Lord, you forget that I owe my duty to my foster parents. Both my mother and father will weep over my loss... for all practical considerations I have been their son and I'll continue to be their son. (*In a reverie*) Ah, I cannot forget the way Radha fondled me... no, no, it is cruel to sever the tie of affection that has grown between us... Who will propitiate their spirits after their death? I cannot forget all that my father has done for me. No, my Lord, don't tempt me to undo the knot of love for the sake of man-made laws which at times run counter to the spirit of what is noble and just....

KRISHNA. Is it right, Karna, to live a life founded on a lie when once you know the truth?

KARNA. It would be cruel to live the truth as it is... better incur the sin of falsehood rather than deprive my benefactors of my love and support.

KRISHNA. I entreat you on behalf of the Kauravas whose destruction I clearly foresee in this war.

KARNA. I too foresee the victory of Pandavas, if the omens are to be believed. And why shouldn't they be victorious, protected as they are by you, led as they are by dutiful Dharmaraj, shielded as they are by ever-victorious Arjun and aided by a legion of the mighty Kings of Bharat.

KRISHNA. And yet you should

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find it hard to join them, O worthy son of Kunti!

KARNA. It hurts me, Govinda, to show disrespect to your kind wishes. I know, you are moved by sincere friendliness for all, including even Kauravas, to divert me from the path of hostility to Pandavas but the sense of moral integrity far outweighs these extremely human considerations.

(*He pauses for a few minutes and looks sad.*)

KRISHNA. So you see the wisdom of my earnest appeal to you.

KARNA. How can I overlook the boundless compassion of Govinda? I can sift fine moral issues out of this web of affections and loyalties that are entangling me on all sides, but can I not see your self-evident love for all mankind?

KRISHNA. It is that which prompts me to intercede on Kauravas' behalf.

KARNA. But what can I do if destiny in her wilful way urges me on my fatal course, O Lord Krishna!

KRISHNA. So you have chosen your course?

KARNA. Yes, my Lord, it grieves my heart to stick to my post despite your friendly entreaty, but then it is the post of duty which also impels me to request you to keep the secret of my birth from Dharmaraj, who as the embodiment of the spirit of Dharma, will make over the kingdom of Pandu to me and I, as the faithful ally of Duryodhana, will make it over to him. Such is the complex pattern of my duties and loyalties and you will no doubt help me to discharge my debts to everybody!

KRISHNA. (*Sighing*) I tried in vain to avert the calamity but we are tools in the hands of inexorable destiny which seeks its end despite human will and effort.

KARNA. Yes, the end willed by destiny cannot be averted. Even the fear of being defeated and killed by invincible Arjun cannot impel me to go back on my word to Kauravas. A warrior cannot go back on his promise.

KRISHNA. My heart trembles to think of the future.

KARNA. (*Bowing low to Krishna*) Yes, I too fear the fate of Kauravas... and as for me, my gracious Lord...if I die at the hands of Arjun, it will be with your blessings on me; as it is, it is our good fortune to be living in your times. Bless me, O Lord! (*He bows*)

KRISHNA. (*Looking at the setting sun and at the wheel of the chariot nearby at the same time and His hand raised in benediction over bowing Karna, He mutters*)... You will attain the merit of a Kshatriya warrior in the battle-field.

KARNA. It is indeed a great tragedy that I who refused nothing to anybody, have to refuse you, my Lord. Have mercy upon me!

KRISHNA. It's indeed a tragedy! I cannot discriminate between human beings...I cannot be hostile even to those who have done wrong to my devotees, that's why, foreseeing the tragic end of Kauravas, I came to plead with you. But I forget that the gods have created you to be the mighty weapon of their destruction, that's your destiny. I cannot change it. It must be so. Why, after all, it is meet that Kauravas must meet their death at the hands of a Pandava. One cannot reverse the wheel of fate.

(*Karna smiles in acquiescence.*)

[CURTAIN]

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ACT III

THE WESTERN BANK OF THE GANGA. EARLY MORNING, NEXT DAY.

TIME: THE MAHABHARAT PERIOD OF INDIAN HISTORY.

[*The next morning on the banks of the Bhagirathi, Karna is chanting the Gayatri Mantra and offering oblations to the Sun. He stands facing the east and Kunti stands behind him. The oblations over, he turns and seeing Kunti bows low to her.*]

KUNTI. You seem to have been unusually long in your morning worship, my son.

KARNA. I have a special reason today for such a long worship, Kunti Devi.

KUNTI. I am glad, you know whose son you are. That spares me the pains of a disclosure.

KARNA. (*Proudly and ironically*) I am Radha and Atiratha's son Karna. What's your pleasure, your ladyship?

KUNTI. (*Possessively*) You are my son, the eldest of Pandavas and that Sun you worship is your father.

KARNA. (*Ironically*) Yes? What do you want me to do now?

KUNTI. I have come to you, my child, in distress.

KARNA. Now? After all these years?

KUNTI. Should not the mother come to her son when in distress, especially when that son is as powerful and generous as the gods?

KARNA. Not if he is a weakling?

KUNTI. How could the issue of the Bright One be a weakling, how could my son be a weakling, this womb that has borne such heroes of whom you are the crown?

KARNA. (*Laughs ironically*) Ah!

KUNTI. (*In an appealing tone*) Ah, pity your mother, my most illustrious son! The son is one who gladdens the spirits of his ancestors and gives happiness to his mother. Is it then proper for you to act otherwise and make me suffer thus?

KARNA. Kunti Devi....

KUNTI. Why not call me mother?

KARNA. (*With biting sarcasm and cruel laughter*) A mother who should throw me into the waters of Mandar!

KUNTI. That was the wish of your father ... So he ordained.

KARNA. Perhaps to cover your shame.

KUNTI. Thou teachest me! Was it a shame to nurture the seed of the Sun-God in my maiden womb? Was it a shame to have given birth to such a heroic son, endowed with such manly grace, my child? Where is the prodigal generosity that thou hast inherited from thy father, the giver of life, that thou chidest me for giving thee birth while I was a maiden?

KARNA. Ah then, why did you not own me before? Why at this hour? You being a mother, you could have at least avoided the sin of getting me dubbed as the son of a charioteer and could have facilitated my recognition as a Kshatriya ... Could you not have done that at least as a token of your love for me?

KUNTI. Ah, this blazing splendour of your speech and reasoning! No wonder, they hail you as a discriminating judge of human ethics and what else could be expected of the solar issue? I am proud of you, my son.

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KARNA. Too late it is ... but what is your wish, Kunti Devi?

KUNTI. Say mother, not Kunti Devi! There is a world of affection in being called a mother, my son.

KARNA. (*Sarcastically*) Mother, when her affection was so long denied to me ... and yet I just can't turn a cold shoulder to you though grossly wronged I was by you.

KUNTI. Ah, I see the happy vision when you as the head of Pandava clan stand in united strength against the enemies! Ah, what is not possible for the united arms and valour of such as you and Arjun? Grant me such a vision, such a triumphant moment, my worthy son!

KARNA. That's not possible now.

KUNTI. Don't deny this wish of an unhappy mother that I am! You, as the eldest of Pandavas, will bring glory to them as Brahma does to the gods that gather round Him on the sacrificial altar.

KARNA. It is now beyond me to grant your wish. It shall not be right now to forsake those who have loved and honoured me for the last thirteen years. No, it will not be righteous, and don't lure me to this sinful act, if you are my mother.

KUNTI. Hearest not thou the promptings of your father? Hark, my child ... it is His wish that you grant me my request, therein lies your welfare.

KARNA. (*Expressing bitter irony*) Welfare indeed! What greater harm could my enemies do than that I should have been deprived of my birthright as a Kshatriya, now that the time to make good my loss of caste is long past?

KUNTI. Oh Karna, could you be false to your creed of charity for which you are famed in all the three worlds?

KARNA. How could I be charitable to a mother who had not even the charity natural to a mother for the child of her own?

KUNTI. Think of all the destruction that will be averted, if just for once you will be generous of heart.

KARNA. What do you want me to do exactly?

KUNTI. (*Weeping*) Alas, Karna! I am destined to be a witness to a war among brothers. My anguished heart trembles to think of what will befall my sons. You cannot understand a mother's heart. Why, why indeed motherhood which is a proud joy to many a mother should to me be a curse, should bring me suffering and separation from my dear ones, O God? What men have I given birth to? Each one of them a hero whom the world has acclaimed! Liberal giver, why beggar me of my only happiness? You who had given even the earrings and armour to your enemy and deprived yourself of immortality should refuse your mother this very natural request ... Alas! Let not Brahma create another like me, a most miserable mother in the whole world! (*falls at Karna's feet*)

KARNA. (*Hastening to raise her up*) Oh, please, mother, please don't bewail like this!

KUNTI. These firm lips of yours have at last uttered the anxiously coveted word 'Mother'. (*Embraces him*) My son, my son, my first-born, even at this age my breasts swell with milk to give thee suck that the world

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forced me to deny to you. My heroic, generous darling! (*Embraces him and weeps in his arms, thus they stand interlocked for a few moments.*)

KARNA. (*Tenderly*) I'll grant your wish partially, now that you have come to me.

KUNTI. These words have gladdened my despairing heart. I knew, my generous son would not send me back empty-handed.

KARNA. Why did you come to me to tempt me thus? It goes hard against my grain to grant you your wish ... because that will be playing false to Kauravas who have been my benefactors. At this juncture I cannot leave them and join my brothers. I cannot fail them because I am their champion in this imminent war, I am their strength and they have staked their all, depending upon me. No, I cannot betray them who have adored me like a god and shared all their prosperity with me. That indeed will be a mean betrayal, but ...

KUNTI. Ever since that first sad moment of parting from you, my life has been one of suffering... Ah, how the fates run parallel, yours and mine! Like you I was torn from my father and given to Kuntibhoj. As I was separated from you by the cruel world, I was also separated from my other younger sons. They have been deprived of their kingdom and forced to live like beggars in wilderness, and then to crown all, I could not rejoice openly over the world's acclamation of your valour, my darling. Many times I felt like acknowledging you as my son, defying the word's calumny but I am after all a poor widowed woman and I see before my eyes the war engulfing you and my other five sons.

KARNA. I wished, mother, you had not come to implore me thus. All my strength stands benumbed to oppose the Pandavas in this conflict.

KUNTI. (*Stands silent for a few moments and then says slowly and closing her eyes*) Ah, I remember the shores of Mandar just before the hour of dawn and you looked thus at me with these lustrous eyes of yours, your tiny fists curled like the bulging buds of red lotuses, your tiny coral mouth tugging forcefully at my full breasts, the first faint sign of that heroic strength and iron determination that were to blossom forth in you later; that was how I felt then about your infant will and knew instinctively that my son would be a man of lofty moral stature. The bond between the mother and the son is ever sacred, a bond which even the highest glory that this mortal world can give cannot sever, cannot undo and it was this bond that prompted me, despite my shame and maidenly lapse, to wish that we two should meet in future as mother and son, even though I might have to die a thousand deaths of shame and anguish. Oh, my worthy son, I had thus vowed then, on the shores of Mandar by the sacred light of the Sun-God in the east and amidst the chant of Gayatri. Thus I have come to you and laid bare before you both my shame and fear ... no mother likes to uncover her shame to her son; I did to you, even though knowing that you would hate me for it—and why did I do it? To save you all from mutual warfare and to avert the destruction of Kauravas as well.

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KARNA. You move me, mother ... the bond of blood is a treacherous thing, it does not snap easily, added to which are the stirring of my nature. Why, mother, why did you make your appearance just at this crucial moment when your sons have thrown down the gauntlet? (*The sound of conchs and war trumpets.*) Tell me quickly what you want me to do .. and bind me quickly to my word, mother!

KUNTI. (*Weeping*) You have vowed to kill Pandavas, don't raise your arms against them!

KARNA. Ah, this effort to steel my heart against my mother's pleadings unmans me (*The sound of conchs and war trumpets*) But I cannot lie to you... I cannot do as you wish. I must fight my brothers to keep my word to Kauravas ... But excepting Arjun, I promise to spare your other sons.

KUNTI. (*Trembling*) And why should Arjun alone be singled out, one as great as you, your only equal in the whole world?

KARNA. You came too late to plead his cause and I am sure that heroic warrior does not know that you have come to me to plead for his life... no Kshatriya will ever beg for his life, least of all, invincible Arjun.

KUNTI. No one knows that I have come to you except Govinda and Vidura.

KARNA. Even I incurred the sin of disrespecting the word of Govinda, but you are my mother and a woman in distress. Mother, you have six sons!

KUNTI. (*Proudly*) Yes, and may God protect them all!

KARNA. But the world knows you to be the mother of five sons only. At Kurukshetra, out of your six sons five shall remain alive.

KUNTI. (*Fearfully*) How do you mean?

KARNA. Excepting Arjun, I promise to spare my other brothers, and if Arjun kills me, even then you will have your five sons with you and either of us shall attain the fame worthy of a Kshatriya. Grieve not, O mother, for you are the mother of heroes and as such your portion is suffering and that is the only glory a Kshatriya mother should wish for. She should forever long for the glory of her sons whether it be victory or the hero's death on the battle-field and must not mourn if they die fighting.

KUNTI. (*Trembling*) You teach me how to suffer and to glory as the mother of heroes and perhaps it is the only thing that matters, the only thing that the fates have decreed...

KARNA. (*Tenderly*) Mother, don't weep ... I would rather be slain by Arjun in the war than have you weep and tremble thus.

KUNTI. Can I glory in that either? You too are my son, I pray to you again to join your brothers and avert the destruction of Kauravas and the Kshatriyas.

KARNA. No, that's not possible. I cannot at this juncture desert my masters, even if I were to die at the hands of brave Arjun. I cannot stray from my chosen path and the only path that I am destined to tread because of the disgrace of my birth that denied me my Kshatriya privileges and prompted Kauravas to exalt me to a kingly station and dignity....

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KUNTI. Perhaps you are an instrument of destiny which is soon to overtake this land....

KARNA. We cannot escape our own fate however we may try, mother... try to understand my difficulties.

KUNTI. What you say is too true, my son and believe, my dear one, I seek your welfare and well-being. (*Trying to embrace him and he too allowing himself to be embraced*) Ah, these arms, are they not like your father's and this nose ... well, it is shaped like mine, my son ... my long bewailed son. How gratifying to touch your body, how firm and strong you are against my shaking limbs, how like a rock you stand against the turmoil of my heart and of all the suffering world!

KARNA. I should keep my word, mother.

KUNTI. I know you will never fail once you have promised. (*She smells the top of his head as he bends down to receive her blessings. She blesses him and raises him, fondly touching his cheeks*) Be you in good health and cheer, my dear son!

KARNA. Allow me to go, mother.

KUNTI. I too must go but our paths lie in the opposite directions.

KARNA. So have they been from the very beginning. The moment of my birth had brought with it the moment of separation from you. Don't grieve, dear mother. We must do the biddings of the gods!

KUNTI. (*Wiping her tears*) We must indeed.

(*He goes and she looks at his receding figure and sighs heavily.*) Ah, this agony of bearing these heroic sons of mine!... (*Putting her hands across her heart*) Ah, I hear the sound of death in those conchs and trumpets of war (*The blowing of conchs and trumpets in the distance.*) O Govinda, spare all my sons!... I surrender to Thee, Govinda, Govinda, Govinda!

[CURTAIN]

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NETAJI IN GERMANY

A LITTLE-KNOWN CHAPTER

A Review by **Dr. A. K. DAS GUPTA**

THIS book* relates the story of the Indian Legion raised and organised in Germany by Subhas Chandra Bose. It reads like a thriller, right from the arrival of Subhas Bose in the German Foreign Office in Berlin as one Mr. Orlando Mazzota, armed with an Italian passport which he obtained from the Italian Legation at Kabul while escaping from India, up to his round of daring adventures in Europe. It tells us of how Subhas Bose had started a Free India Centre for Indians residing in Central Europe to serve as a controlling centre for Radio propaganda and the organisation of the Legion which made possible valuable contacts with the German authorities, so very necessary for the training of the legionaries and for a sympathetic understanding of the two great peoples. In asking for help from a foreign power, Germany or Italy or Japan, he never compromised India's position and honour, nor did he mortgage India's interests to any power. In all his activities he was actuated by the thought that liberty of a country could not be a gift but had

* *Netaji in Germany:* A little-known chapter. By N. G. Ganpuley. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay. Pp. 198+15 pages of illustrations. Price Rs. 2/-, Sh. 3/6, $ 0.90.

Netaji lecturing to his I.N.A.

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Netaji with German army general and commander of the Legion taking salute; behind them a Japanese colonel

to be wrested through sacrifice and self-immolation. We are left wondering at the grand sweep of his imagination in building up the legion which played a great part in the release of some 15,000 Indian prisoners who safely returned home at the conclusion of the war. His dynamic personality can be appreciated as we come to know Bose's personal allowance was fixed at £ 800 per month by Hitler's Government, and in 1944 the monthly grant for Free India Centre rose to £ 3200—all a personal debt of honour to Bose.

In those crucial years when everything was uncertain and decisions were difficult to take, Netaji had to take momentous decisions in furtherance of his revolutionary plans. When Germany and Russia were locked in a grim war and Germany was having reversal of fortune, he seized the rare opportunities offered by German and Japanese authorities and made a submarine dash to the Far East that held out prospects for his ambitious plans. The raising of the Indian National Army and its advance to the North-eastern gates of India bespeak his zeal and vision to liberate his country with the help of Indian soldiers sent abroad by the British to fight their own battles and continue their domination. The entire story is a tribute to Netaji's genius as it is to the unknown sufferers and soldiers who fought and fell at the behest of Subhas Bose.

This little volume carries a chunk of priceless information about Subhas Bose and his thrilling activities in Germany, Holland, France and Italy, which constitute the final phase of India's glorious battle for freedom that began in 1857. It is an eye-witness account and gains in value because of the beauty and strength of authenticity. We owe a debt of gratitude to the author for this exhilarating tale of an unprecedented adventure, an extra-

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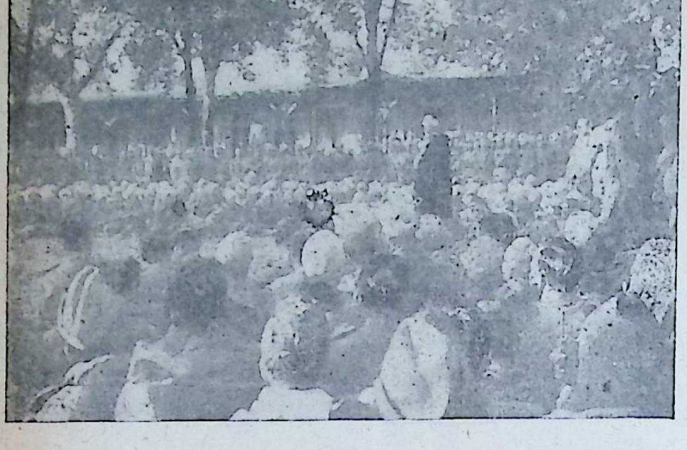

Netaji lecturing to newly arrived prisoners of war. Some decide to join I.N.A. forces and the rest return to their camps.

ordinary feat of strength and courage, never attempted before by the hero and darling of a nation groaning under the yoke of foreign domination. Examples of such heroes never die, but like their memories, are immortal.

It is gratifying to know that Subhas Bose, despite differences of opinion on many vital issues, always regarded himself as Gandhiji's disciple and craved his blessings. There was a dignity, a nobility in Netaji's insurgent spirit, unsurpassed in excellence.

This little book should be an unfailing source of inspiration to the rising generation, and the youth of India will come to realize how lofty the spirit of man can be.

Appendices include an authentic account of Bose's escape from India, some extracts from his speeches broadcast over the Azad Hind Radio (1942-45) and an account of the author's contact with Netaji and meeting with Indian Officers in the Prisoners of War Camps, and the book carries a Preface by Adalbert Seifriz, one of the important German Officers in charge of the training of the Indian Legion, which in his opinion 'was a precious instrument in strengthening and consolidating Indo-German friendship'.

A useful glossary is appended at the end.

To conclude, *Netaji in Germany* is a study in the supreme art of creative life-energy and an excellent contribution to Bhavan's Book University.

[*Illustrations are taken from the book.*]

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

726

Sri D. Ramaswami Reddi, Tirupati.

Q: It is said that God's laws are immutable and when they are broken misery follows. Could you let me know what these laws are and where are they given?

A: God's Law is the Moral Order. Its components are as follows:

(a) Truth is attained when your word, deed and thought are the same; then accomplishment follows. If they are not one, your life becomes a failure and you lead a frustrated life.

(b) Non-violence is attained when you expunge wrath and malice from your mind. Then you attract love. If you are not non-violent, you evoke dislike, hatred, and anger in others.

(c) Non-stealing is attained when you do not acquire anything for your benefit by dishonest means. Then you have the strength of the rich. If you steal, you will be distrusted or removed, and you will remain in continual fear of leaving what you have.

(d) Non-waste is attained when you do not indulge in sex or any other pleasure unless as an integral part of activities which strengthen fundamental aspiration; then only, you develop vigour. If you indulge in pleasures for their own sake, you lose vigour.

(e) Non-possession is attained when you develop a non-attached attitude to worldly goods and material comforts. Then you discover the character and the goal of life. If you do not develop non-possession you will just live an aimless life.

727

Sri Shashikant Raghunath, Baroda.

Q: Often I see pictures of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa with right hand towards the sky with two open fingers and the left hand near the chest with half open fingers. Is there any particular significance in this?

A: I don't know whether there is any significance in this gesture of Sri Ramakrishna. But why worry? Is his life not significant enough.

728

Sri G. A. Lingappa, Robertsonpet.

Q: I read in one of the epics that the Matsya Yantra *was 83 furlongs from top to bottom. Do you think that Arjuna won Draupadi by this* Matsya Yantra?

A: I don't think so.

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Good glorious hair, grown with the right type aid and proper attention will work magic, adding charm to personality. It not only shines by itself, but also lights up the face that it adorns and radiates cheer all round.

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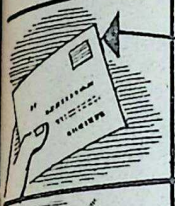

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This saves time in sorting. It also speeds up stamp cancelling by automatic machines.

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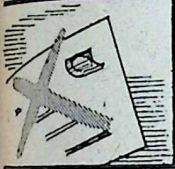

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K. M. Munshi's Tapasvini

or

The Lure of Power

A SOCIO–POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers :

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHI (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri):—Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

BHEEM:—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa, a young Brahman boy, was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada, learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England after his Law studies. He was accompanied by his wife Alice and their son Karan. The Indian way of life got on the nerves of Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took him and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. Sheela too accompanied them to his house though against the wishes of her husband. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and that further enkindled his hatred of the rich and well-

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14. Initiation into Communism

As he slowly climbed up the staircase after seeing off Majiba and Sheela, Ravi's mind was in great turmoil. His father had sacrificed his life for the country, yet he himself was leading the life of a poor vagrant. On the other hand, the family of his father's great friend was living a life of luxury and yet that friend, through cowardice, had failed to do his duty! As for Sheela, her car had almost run over him, and then, no doubt to satisfy her vanity, she had nursed him. Thereafter she had for three long years remained immersed in her life of pleasure, and had no time even to enquire about him. Her husband, with the arrogance of abundant wealth, had treated his Dadaji and himself as if they were dirt, of no importance. Such men should be utterly destroyed. He was no longer prepared to continue living as he had been. He must plunge into the battle of life. With these thoughts uppermost in his mind, he went to Dadaji as soon as he arrived in the attic and said to him:

"Dadaji, I am now able to speak well in four languages: English, Gujarati, Sanskrit and Marathi. Though only 17, I look quite grown up. I have learned much and I have worked hard. Now permit me to go out and learn something of the real, living world."

"I have been expecting this," replied Dadaji smilingly. "During the last three years I have seen you work hard and prepare yourself for what you now want to do. Are you anxious to make money?"

"No, Dadaji. I do not care for money. I am only anxious to work for our real objective."

"Let us then consider how best we can regenerate our religion. In the course of one generation, the great Shankaracharya succeeded in reviving Hindu religion. But at that time we were not ruled by aliens. Until we are independent, we cannot successfully attempt the revival of our religion. Do you wish to join the Gandhi movement?"

"No, Dadaji. Master Bhagwandas is a follower of Gandhiji. His son Jagjiwan has established an Ashram in the small village of Vedchhi; he spins and tries to persuade the backward Dubalas to give up drink. I do not think that I am cut out for that kind of work. I wish to be in the actual battle-field. I want to make people do what I wish. I would like to destroy the wealthy scoundrels, while pushing out the Britishers."

"Quite true. Your proper position is that of a leader and you must be right in the forefront of the battle-field. That's the only one way," replied Dadaji after some thought. "When Shivu went to Calcutta last, he had given me the address of a certain person and had told me that I should write to him if I ever wanted anything. That person might be able to give some guidance. At the bottom of that box in the corner you will find a

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bundle of your father's letters. In one of them, there will be the address of that man."

Ravi made a search and found the letter. He read it aloud: "Father, if anything happens to me and you stand in need of my help, write to the following address:

Sumitra Bandopadhyaya,
101-Vidyasagar Street,
Calcutta.

....*the newcomer touched Dadaji's feet*

Arrangements will definitely be made to help you. Your obedient Shiva's namaskar."

Dadaji shook his head as he said: "This is an old letter. I do not know if that person is alive or dead. But if it is destined that through him alone your future is to be guided, you will surely find him. Let God's will be done. Write to this gentleman in my name."

After ten or twelve days, a stranger came to see Dadaji. He was a middle-aged person, short and somewhat stout. His face was all but hidden by his beard and moustache. He had put on a new suit. He was pale, but that paleness seemed to have been acquired through living in a dark room. He had put on dark glasses, which made his eyes invisible.

He touched Dadaji's feet with his hands and then applied them on his forehead. He then leaned forward and started talking to Dadaji in a low voice so that Ravi should not hear him. After he had finished talking, Dadaji called Ravi to him.

"Ravi, this is your father's great friend and he will guide your future hereafter. I had met him many years ago in Baroda. He will now take charge of your further education and help you in achieving that which alone can make us all—you, your father and me—feel that we have not lived in vain."

The newcomer stared fixedly at Ravi and then smiled a little. For a moment, Ravi wondered if this stranger had guessed correctly his real motives.

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He (Ravi) was not interested in any revival of Hindu religion. To him even the independence of India was a matter of minor importance. What he wanted to do was to take part in the movement of independence in order to secure power. He had kept back his real object from his grandfather but he felt that it would be difficult to keep this man from guessing the truth.

"Ravi, take this note and deliver it tomorrow to the person to whom it is addressed. The work I am entrusting to you is important; it is not something trivial. Do you understand?" said the stranger quietly and continued almost as if a scientist was delivering a lecture: "You have to work with great care and intelligence, slowly but surely; therefore, do not be impatient. Whatever work is entrusted to you must you do thoroughly. I shall keep myself informed of your progress. I would take great interest in you, you may rest assured. After a month, you will receive a salary. If you devote all your time in the service of your country, it is after all only fair that you should have sufficient money to live."

Dadaji asked Ravi, "Well, is that all right for you?"

"Yes, Dadaji," replied Ravi.

The newcomer lifted up his hand in an authoritative manner. It was clear that he was accustomed to controlling his followers by his facial expression.

"And there is one other thing," said the stranger. "You will have to change your name. Today people do not care very much for names such as Shankar or Tripathi. You name is, of course, wonderful. It is indeed the echo of India's immortality. I do not want you to give it up but you must look out for a name appropriate to the work that you are now going to be taught. Have you any objection to being called Ravidas Chudgar?" Ravi shook his head.

He asked Dadaji: "Shastriji, believe me, there is definite advantage in taking a name such as this, while still an apprentice."

"Well, I realise, of course, that name, desire, wealth, prestige are all matters of secondary importance," replied Shastriji. "All that we have to see is that Ravi has the fullest opportunity of doing his duty. I am entrusting Ravidas to you. I have not the slightest doubt that you will help him to achieve his objectives."

"Very well, then, you are entrusting Ravidas to me and I know that your object in doing so is to help him to realise himself. I have no doubt about it. You, Shastriji, have none either, and I take it, Ravidas, you also have no doubt."

"I have not the slightest doubt," said Ravi. He was convinced that this man had found out his real motive whatever Dadaji's own understanding might be. He was certain that he knew that what he (Ravi) was seeking was to develop a powerful personality. The stranger took out a piece of paper and wrote a note and signed it in the name of Sanyal. "Well then, Shastriji, namaskar. Ravidas, you should go and see this gentleman tomorrow. I shall take a great deal of interest in you. Do not forget your new name."

Next day, Ravi went to the house of the person to whom the stranger had

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given a note. He had to go up five storeys in an old tenement house in a remote street of Parel. The name-plate on the flat bore the name of Manohar Mathurakar in Devanagari. In the front room he found a boy of 15 or 16 years of age smoking a *beedi* in a nonchalant manner. He asked, "What do you want?"

"I wish to meet Manohar Mathurakar," replied Ravi.

The youngster went inside and returned in a few minutes and then took Ravi into an inner room. There a fat man was sitting at a table and writing something. "Do sit down here," he said. Ravi sat on a bench and looked all round him. The room was filthy. Letters, magazines, handbills, English and Marathi newspapers were lying in an untidy manner all over the place. The room was almost littered with cigarette-stubs. Many people kept rushing into the house in a hurry and going out again; but no one appeared to have any spare time to clean up the room. On the two opposite walls there were hung two portraits which attracted Ravi's attention. One was that of a person with a long beard and under it was written Karl Marx; opposite that portrait was the portrait of Lenin.

It was three years ago that he first heard the name of Lenin, when that seedy speaker was addressing a common street crowd. Ravi had read and heard much about this man and he was impressed with his wide forehead, deep-set eyes, a somewhat supercilious expression and a tiny beard. He really liked the man. He had sacrificed his life; he had organised many conspiracies and brought about a revolution; he had been unscrupulous but in the end had made himself the dictator of Russia. He had overcome all difficulties and acquired a position of great power and influence. Ravi was not interested in Lenin's principles. He doubted if Lenin himself was concerned with any principles. But it was to achieve power that Lenin had welcomed poverty. Now he himself had chosen poverty. If he were able to achieve his objectives, why should there be any doubt as to his ability?

Like a whirlwind, a tall slim person arrived. He appeared to be 30 years of age. He was dressed in the western style. His large eyes were those of a fanatic. As soon as he came, the person who was sitting at the table and writing, stopped and yawned. "Well, Manohar, what has happened?" he inquired. Manohar Mathurakar looked somewhat suspiciously towards Ravi. "He has brought a letter from Comrade Sanyal." Ravi got up and gave him the note addressed to Mathurakar. "Well, let me have a look." After reading the letter Manohar said, "You want to learn work, don't you? Very well, I will give you a salary after a month on seeing how you shape yourself. Well, have you ever spoken in public?"

"No."

"It looks as if you have been selected on the strength of your handsome face. Well, well, we also attach importance to personal beauty. Let me see whether we have any meetings today." Saying this, Mathurakar picked up a list from his desk. "Yes, there is a meeting at 7-30 at Seven Roads. I think, however, that will be too big a meeting for you. Then, there is another at 9 o'clock at Masjid Bunder. That

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will be better. Go punctually at 9 O'clock to the Masjid Bunder Bridge by the Mandvi Road. I shall tell Khanderao. Will that suit you?"

Ravi was somewhat taken aback at the idea of being called upon to speak that very day. But, he had also a feeling of satisfaction. In a way, it seemed to him that at last the fate had taken a turn for the better. Then he asked, "But, what am I to say at this meeting?"

"What should you talk about?" smiled Manohar. "About Communism, of course. What else? Whatever you say will in fact do. Keep on using bombastic words, until the listeners are completely confused. If you cannot think of anything, freely abuse the rich. That is all we want. Only don't make your speech too long. People are not interested in history, nor have they any interest in serious thinking. What we want is to create in their minds passionate hatred and jealousy by any and every means and by using all possible reasons. There is the colour prejudice, there are the caste differences and there are individual enmities. Make use of all these freely until just as the cat makes for a saucer of milk, the people too make for this cup of poison. At the end of a month, I shall report about your work. Until then Khanderao will guide you."

Ravi was about to go, when Mathurakar called him back. "Your name is Chudgar, Comrade Chudgar: that is quite satisfactory as far as it goes but it will not do for you to wear dhoti."

He clapped and shouted for someone. A servant came immediately from the outer room and Mathurakar ordered him to give Ravi shorts and shirts from their stores. He instructed him to select these carefully. The shirt to be worn should be in as tattered a condition as possible ; for, that, he suggested, would make his person more appealing. Ravi was told not to wear dhoties at meetings. "That is the dress of the petty bourgeoisie ; we are the international proletariat. You are a bright young lad. Good-bye."

Mathurakar then lit another *beedi* and called out to his servant, "Boy, bring some tea and eggs."

[*To be continued*]

Hail infinite Creator! With Thy praise,
The Muse began, with Thee shall end my lays.
— Browne.

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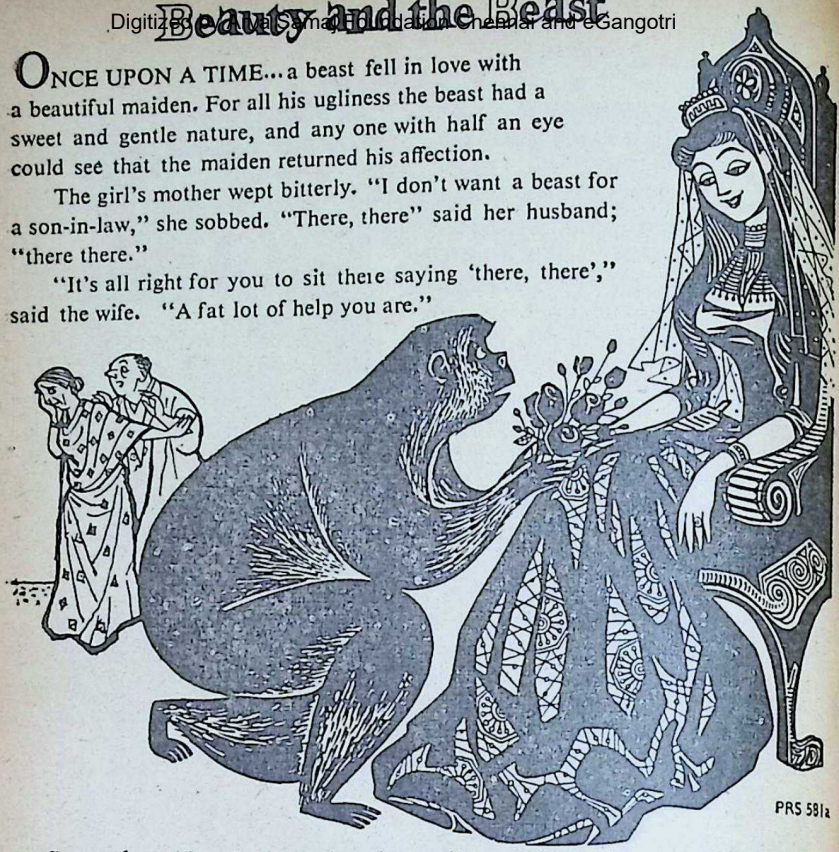
Beauty and the Beast

ONCE UPON A TIME... a beast fell in love with a beautiful maiden. For all his ugliness the beast had a sweet and gentle nature, and any one with half an eye could see that the maiden returned his affection.

The girl's mother wept bitterly. "I don't want a beast for a son-in-law," she sobbed. "There, there" said her husband; "there there."

"It's all right for you to sit there saying 'there, there'," said the wife. "A fat lot of help you are."



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Soon after this, the beast bought a gift container of PARRY'S Sweets and presented it to the girl's mother.

Later that evening, when she had finished the last of the sweets, she turned to her husband and said "He isn't such a bad beast after all, and has very good taste."

Her husband nodded his head and smiled knowingly.

Moral : You can always make people happy

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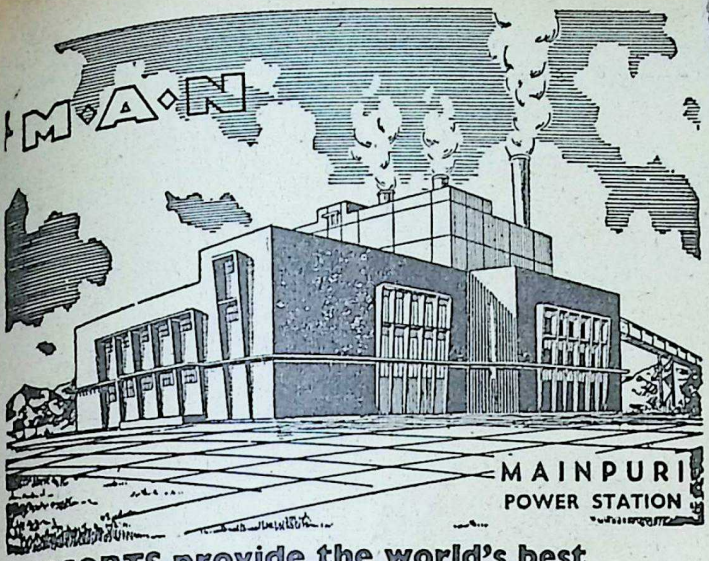

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This is the second instalment of the arguments in repudiation of the claim made by some scientists and scholars that, with the help of 'mind changing' drugs, spirituality can be infused.

The present author proves that the stupefaction caused by drugging is as far apart from yogic self-transcendence as the North and the South Poles.

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EFFECT OF DRUGGING ON THE HUMAN PSYCHE

RISHABHCHAND

WHERE does one go under the influence of a drug or a drink?

The answer to the above question must necessarily be somewhat vague and indefinite, since it is not possible to demarcate the subtle planes with the same precision with which we can do the countries of our material world. There are no hard and fast boundary lines there. I shall, however, give some general indications of some of the principal regions where alcoholics and drug-takers may possibly find themselves.

Those who take strong intoxicants usually slide down to the physical base of the subconscious vital, which is, roughly speaking, just below what is known in Indian Yoga as Muladhara, and wallow there for the time being in a kind of spasmodic torpor, visited by chaotic hallucinations. But even there, in that tract of obscure inertness, they may come to feel some amount of vital expansiveness, or a sense of the loss of I-ness. But that is not self-transcendence,* as Huxley seems to think. The fact of the matter is, that they sink so low to a subrational plane that the rational mind, which accentuates the sense of the ego, falls into abeyance, and there takes place a supine, drowsy self-identification with the characteristic atmosphere and vibrations of that plane. It may be likened, more or less, to the vegetative egolessness. Cases vary considerably according to the individual nature, temperament, habits and

* "Most men and women lead lives at the worst so painful, at the best so monotonous, poor and limited that the urge to escape, the longing to transcend themselves, if only for a few moments, is and has always been one of the principal appetites of the soul. Art and religion, carnivals and saturnalia, dancing and listening to oratory—all these have served, in H. G. Wells's phrase, as 'Doors in the Wall'. And for private, for everyday use, there have always been chemical intoxicants."

—*The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley.

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predispositions of the persons journeying there. Some may have, along with a sense of the loss of "I", a loss of the time-sense. Nothing of this, I repeat, is self-transcendence. A momentary lapse into a subrational level is a reversion or a retrogression, not a self-transcendence.

Some takers of drugs or other intoxicants (no such drugs can be effective without being at least slightly intoxicating) enter into a somewhat higher world, which may be called the subconscious vital. There the experiences are likely to be a little more lively and mobile, the identification a trifle less obscure, and the sense of egolessness and timelessness also clearer. One may even sense the boundless infinite stretching on all sides.

One may enter into the vital proper, and have visions and experiences of a more interesting and enthralling nature, or dreadful hell horrors. Here the mind is not eclipsed, but alert and active, observing and enjoying (or quailing from) what passes before it. Much of what is genuine in mediumistic experiences derives from this source; the rest is but an echo of the subconscious mind or vital of the medium, or the sport of small mischievous entities in the surrounding subtle atmosphere. One can see an unearthly play of lights, or mosaics of superb colours, and hear strangely enchanting sounds.

One may slip into the vital heavens behind the earth and revel in their marvellous splendours. One may see there colours unseen by mortal eyes, hear music unheard by mortal ears, and feel the raptures of a glorious excursion into wonderful realms of lights and beauties. Sri Aurobindo describes these vital heavens in his poem, Life Heavens, from which I quote only four stanzas:

Forms deathless there triumph, hues divine
Thrill with nets of glory the moved air;
Each sense is an ecstasy, love the sign
Of one outblaze of godhead that two share.

All things are a harmony faultless, pure;
Grief is not nor stain-wound of desire;
The heart-beats are a cadence bright and sure
Of Joy's quick steps, too invincible to tire.

A Will there, a Force, a magician Mind
Moves, and builds at once its delight-norms,
The marvels it seeks for surprised, outlined,
Hued, alive, a cosmos of fair forms,

Sounds, colours, joy-flamings. Life lies here
Dreaming, bound to the heavens of its goal,
In the clasp of a Power that ethrals to sheer
Bliss and beauty body and wrapt soul.*

There are mental worlds too, where one may enter, and luxuriate in the splendour of ideas and thought-forms. It is said of a scientist that, inhaling a certain gas, he found himself in such a world of swarming ideas.

There are innumerable other worlds, for instance, the world of the subtle-physical, and those intermediate be-

* *The Collected Poems and Plays of Sri Aurobindo.*

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tween the ones named above where one can have different experiences. But all of them are not accessible to the ordinary drug-takers. It is the privilege only of the poets, the artists, the thinkers and philosophers, men with refined sensibilities and developed minds who have succeeded, to a certain extent, to rise above the tumult of the vital appetites, to enter into the vital heavens or the mental worlds, though skilled occultists and yogic adepts can travel anywhere at will.

But none of these perceptions and experiences, whatever sense of release from the ego or from Time and Space they may momentarily give—because one feels, as in the vital heavens, "self-dispersed in voluptuous innocence", or in the mental worlds, dissolved in the surge and sparkle of ideas and thought-forms—can directly lead to self-transcendence. One cannot transcend oneself except by an intensive and sustained energising of one's consciousness, *tapas*. One cannot transcend oneself simply by "taking occasional trips into the supraphysical worlds by the biochemical space-craft, or even by "frequent chemical vacations." Occasional or frequent flights from the struggles and sufferings of life, from what Huxley describes as "the intolerable selfhood and repulsive surroundings," do not carry us any nearer to self-transcendence. "The intolerable selfhood and repulsive surroundings" are the very condition of man's evolutionary self-transcendence. They generate an aspiration in him for a higher life, they make him look up to God. His struggle with them calls forth the latent powers of his soul. Pain is the path-finder to felicity; frustration is in travail of fulfilment. Both the truth of Divine Providence and the theory of Karma bear out this view. Not escape, not "chemical vacations", but resolute fight and conquest alone can achieve self-transcendence.

It may be contended that the ascetics have always escaped from the cares and trials of life through the doors of contemplation and meditation. But there is a world of difference between the escape of the ascetics* and that of the drug-takers. They are poles apart. The ascetic, detaching himself from the world of delusive appearances and tormenting dualities, engages in a close wrestle with the forces of darkness within him, the black desires and passions of his lower nature, in order to liberate the sun-lit core of his being, which is infinite and immortal. It is his real Self that he endeavours to emancipate from the folds and teguments of the universal nature of ignorance. Almost passive and quiescent on the surface, he is intensely active in the depths of his being. He achieves self-transcendence by rising above, not lapsing below, his normal self, the ego. His self-conquest is immensely more heroic than the physical conquest of the whole world. The sincerity of his aspiration, the sincerity of his personal effort, which calls down the divine Grace, the sincerity of his inner renunciation, and the sincerity of his self-surrender to

* The escape of the ascetic is also an escape, and "escape brings not the victory and the crown". He achieves a partial, and not an integral union with Reality. . . . beyond the universe and not in the universe, in Eternity but not in Time, in quiescence but not participating in God's universal action.

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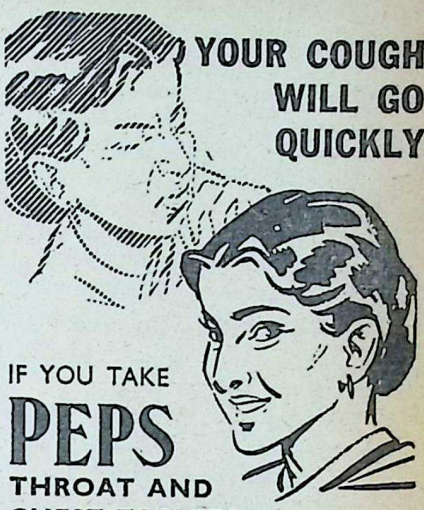
God and his Guru ensures and facilitates his self-transcendence. And still he has to proceed, battered and bleeding, fighting and conquering, till the last resistance breaks down, the gates of Heaven swing open, and he finds himself fronting the Face of Eternity. But the drug-taker has no such war to wage, no struggles, no *tapasya,* no relentless effort to conquer the old Adam in him, no conscious love and aspiration for the Divine. He is a mere escapist, an excursionist, a vacationist, a sight-seer, a happy-go-lucky adventurer into realms where he is more likely to be entertained and deluded, if not seduced and entrapped, by the forces that people them, than enlightened and exalted. If, luckily, he escapes these dangers, the only gain of the "trips" may be a sense and memory of the existence of the other worlds, which his normal mind will still go on doubting and denying. Self-transcendence is a far cry from it. The ego cannot be transcended before it is fully developed. The nectar of heaven cannot be won except by churning the dark ocean of life. There is no possibility of any "trip through some chemical Door in the Wall into" what Huxley calls "the world of transcendental experience." "Sharp as a razor's edge, hard to traverse, difficult of going is the path", says the Upanishad.

[*To be continued*]

That we pray is a divine gift.

—Augustine



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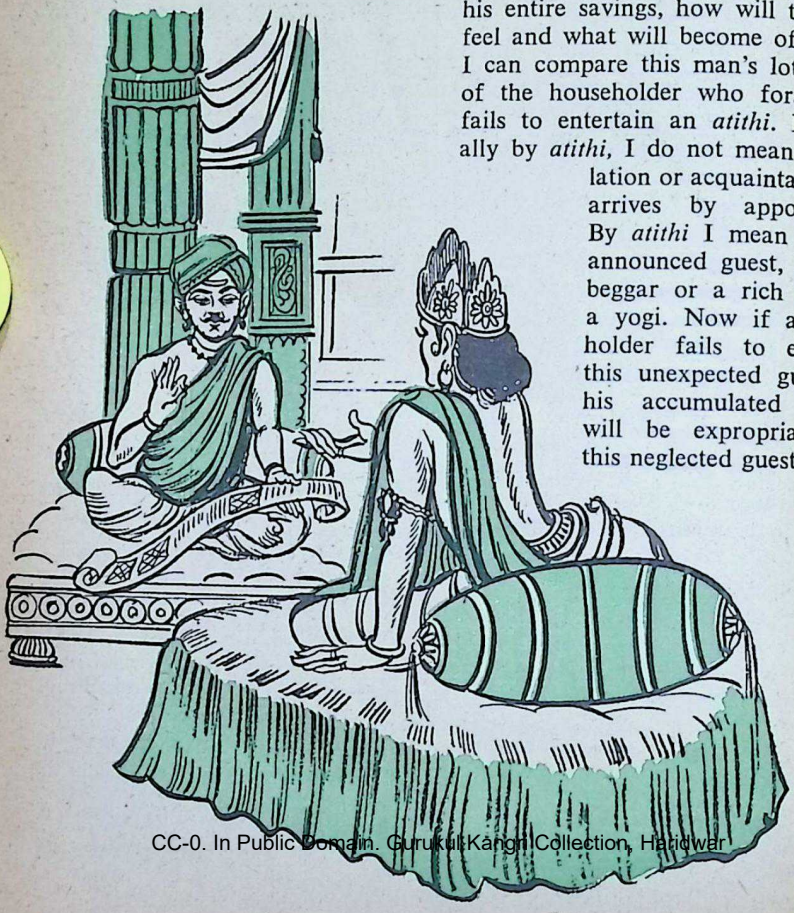
THE EAGLE HUNT

SARPATI started explaining how, in the life-scheme of a householder, *atithi-puja* is of paramount importance. Said he:



I shall start this way. A man puts by in trickles a part of his earnings right from the beginning. If in his ripe old age, when he expects to subsist on his life's savings, the King expropriates his entire savings, how will that man feel and what will become of his lot? I can compare this man's lot to that of the householder who forsakes or fails to entertain an *atithi*. Incidentally by *atithi*, I do not mean any relation or acquaintance who arrives by appointment. By *atithi* I mean the unannounced guest, be he a beggar or a rich man or a yogi. Now if a householder fails to entertain this unexpected guest, all his accumulated virtues will be expropriated by this neglected guest. Hence

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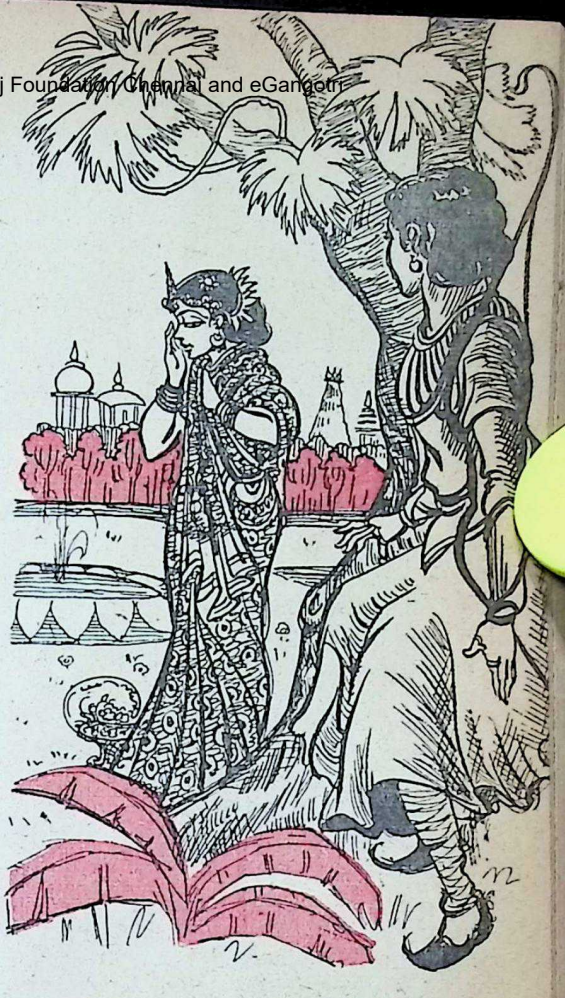

…is obligatory for the *grihasta* to …vait possible guests after his mid-…y ablutions and he should not par-…ke of meals before feeding at least …e guest.

And even if perchance a guest …nocks at his door while the *grihasta* …s just ready to take food served be-…re him and if no more food is left, …e should straightway share his food …th that guest. You will understand …e significance of this statement after …stening to the story I am about to …late.

In the country of Kalinga, there was …a city by name Pundarika. A King, …mpati by name, ruled over that city. …e was a strict follower of truth and …f exemplary conduct, greatly attach-…d to *dharmic* activities, wholly de-…oted to his ideal like the great Sri …ama, and far-famed for his valour. …is Queen, Chandra Rekha by name, …as exquisitely beautiful and devoted …o him as Sita was to Ramachandra. …y *karmic* effect this royal pair were …sueless for a long time.

On the advice of the learned men …f the country, the King and Queen …propitiated Lord Shiva for long with …austerities, *danas* and *dharmas*. Pleas-…ed with their devotion, the Lord bless-…ed them with a female child which …as as resplendent as Mahalakshmi …erself just emerged from the Milky …cean.

As was the custom, the King invi-…ed the great astrologers of the country …nd requested them to cast the horos-…ope of their child and find out what …he future held for her. In those days …earned men enjoyed complete free-…dom of expression, as they were devo-…ted to the pursuit of truth alone. Kings took them at their word whether they liked it or not. The learned astrologers prepared the horoscope according to rules as laid down in the *shastras* and after carefully examining the positions and influences of the different planets said: "Great King! We have a very unpleasant news to communicate to you. It is our considered opinion that whoever marries the princess will die at the hands of a Brahmarakshas on the ninth day after marriage. Make no mistake about it!"

To the King agog with expectation,

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this news came like a thunderbolt and he fell down unconscious on hearing it. Later on when he regained consciousness, he lamented: "Fate has once again turned against me, I do not know for what. I am not overbearing and do not fail to listen to the advice of others. I do not collect revenues from my subjects under duress. I never speak untruth. I never fail to help the indigent. As far as I can remember, I have not committed any sin. At the time of performing *vratas* and *yagas* I have not, out of miserliness, reduced *dakshinas*. I have never behaved ill towards my preceptors nor spoken irreverently of them. I have never stood in the way of improving the lot of my servants. When I had been entertaining high hopes of the coming of a son to me, I got a daughter. I satisfied myself with that and hoped that she would be a good substitute for a son and that I could lavish my affection on her. Apparently God would not permit me even this pleasure. Indeed I did not feel so miserable when I had no issues as I do now. What shall I do? How can I possibly bear this calamity?" And he wept.

At this, the learned brahmins and Ministers assembled there consoled him, saying: "King! Whoever can countermand the decrees of fate? Frankly, it does not become you, Great Monarch, to think of and worry now about an event which is scheduled to come at a remote future. Anything can happen between now and that time. Who can be sure of what else will or will not happen in between? Is it too much to expect that some great *tapaswin* may yet change the fate now foretold? At all events, this is clearly not the time to think of unwelcome things. This is a time of jubilation. A priceless daughter is born to you by the grace of God. It is clearly your duty now to celebrate the birth of the royal child and perform other *shastraic karmas* like *jata-karma, nama-karana* etc. Please busy yourself with them now and forget all others."

The King too realised the truth of the advice uniformly tendered by his well-wishers, and regaining composure, gave orders for wide celebration of the event, the birth of the royal babe. The city was gorgeously decorated with flags and festoons and people became happy at the news. The King on his part, performed the *jata-karma, nama-karana* and other duties enjoined in *shastras*. He named the child Pushpagandhi and propitiated the gods by liberal gifts to learned brahmins, the poor and the needy.

The presence of the child at home dispelled all gloom, and at the royal household Pushpagandhi with her prattle overwhelmed her parents with joy. The King soon forgot the ominous prediction that the astrologers had made about her. He appointed the most learned persons of the state to teach her all the arts needed for a princess who learned them all effortlessly and became proficient in them.

Time seems to pass unnoticed in the case of one's own children and Pushpagandhi too reached the bloom of youth as though overnight. One day when the King was alone with his Queen, he heard the girlish laughter of his daughter ringing through the palace when he suddenly realised that he had to find a match for his daughter. Asked he of the Queen: "Dear, have you any one in view whom we can consider as a suitable husband for Pushpa?"

As though stung by a scorpion

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Chandra Rekha writhed in agony on hearing the question, for it brought to her mind the unhappy memory of the prediction made at the time of her daughter's birth. Although the King could not in the beginning understand the strange behaviour of his Queen, her copious tears poignantly brought to his mind the evil prediction. After joining her in the common sorrow, he replied: "Dear! Do not weep. Rather than give her in marriage and be witness to her misery, I would keep her unmarried. Let her be our son and daughter in one!" Would that things happen just as we desire or design. Now, Pushpagandhi, innocent in the peak of her youth, was spending her time gaily. It was the spring season and the royal gardens were gorgeous with flowers. Young women and beautiful flowers are inseparable and so young Pushpagandhi could not help leading a bevy of her girl friends to the garden and picking myriads of sweet-scented flowers, weave garlands out of them and wear them to their hearts' content. The *koils* and *mynas* warbled enchanting music. The waterfalls did duty for background music. The well-cut lawn had spread the green carpet. The artfully shaped bowers were like shady *chamianas*. In this enchanting environment, Pushpagandhi felt her heart leaping with joy, and she kept on disporting herself with her friends; she forgot how long she played.

At that time the Prince of Malava, by name Ratnamandana, happened to come that way in the course of his hunt. While hunting in the thick of the forest, the Prince had got separated from all but one of his many friends who had followed him. That friend, Indradatta by name, had kept him company at that time.

The form of hunt Ratnamandana had been indulging in is known as the eagle-hunt. In that hunt a trained eagle was set in pursuit of other birds which the former caught and brought back to the owner or killed. Actually, Prince Ratnamandana had set his eagle on a particular bird, a parrot, and it was in following their flight that he happened to enter Pundarika. And the eagle after catching its prey had descended into the royal gardens where Pushpagandhi was rollicking with her friends. The screech of the birds caught her attention and before she could do anything about it, the eagle had caught its prey and had landed on the branch of a tree right before her.

Taking pity on the poor little bird that writhed in the clutches of the monstrous eagle, Pushpagandhi showing a bouquet of flowers invitingly addressed it: "Here is flesh! Take this and leave the parrot!" When, therefore, Prince Ratnamandana came near the tree where his eagle was perched, he saw before him the picture of unexampled beauty, Pushpagandhi, and instinctively moved into the cover of a tree lest she should move away. He drank in her loveliness, wondering if she were an *apsaras*.

Pushpagandhi too, prompted by her fifth sense, glanced in the direction of the newcomer, Prince Ratnamandana and was struck by his extraordinary beauty and wondered who that man could be. Between them they both kept looking at the eagle so that one should not miss seeing the other. At that time Malini, one of the attendants, came searching for her mistress and at once gauged the situation.

[To be continued]

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14

THE MAGIC RING PASSES HANDS

NO sooner did the royal emissaries return to Nishadhapuri carrying the happy message than did the King of Nishadha start to Swarnapuri for the marriage, followed by a proper retinue. The Queen-mother and the faithful cat formed part of the wedding party.

King Swarneswara received the bridegroom's people properly and gave his daughter in marriage on an auspicious day in *sastraic* manner. A palace wedding may now be a rarity but in the ancient days, they were common and the entire city participated in the celebrations. Indeed it was enjoyed for days together like a festival. Swarneswara gave away as dowry to the bridegroom a large contingent of the four-fold forces besides jewels, clothes and other valuables. At the conclusion of the marriage festival, Swarneswara bade his daughter and son-in-law adieu with tear-laden eyes.

Upon the return of the party to Nishadha, the people of that country celebrated the event again as their own for several days. Thus for days together the King of Nishadha continued to enjoy a festive time.

Soon after, one day Swarnakumari asked her husband: "Lord, it is my first duty every day to worship at the feet of your mother and for that purpose I have to bathe before sunrise. As it is a bit risky, may I request my lord to build a tunnel for me from our bedroom to the swimming pool at the beach so that I can go by that path unseen?"

The King of Nishadha, as we know, had no need of engineers or artisans. With the aid of his magic ring presented by Vasuki, he willed: "Let there be a tunnel in the manner my Queen desires!" Instantly there came to be one. Swarnakumari started using that tunnel from that very day. Every day she took her bath in the sea before dawn unseen by anybody

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and only after worshipping at the feet of her mother-in-law and husband did she set about any other work.

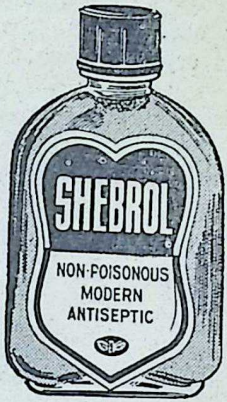
One day a King of Cochin in the course of a hunt happened to pass by the beach where Swarnakumari used to bathe. As he walked, a blade of human hair happened to entangle itself on his toe. When he tried to remove it, he was struck by the hair's softness and other qualities. A great connoisseur that he was, it was not difficult for him to discover that it belonged to a woman of royal birth. Truth was, it had streamed away from Swarnakumari when she combed her hair.

After examining the hair, the King of Cochin reflected: "I have not seen a specimen of hair so lovely, so silky, so aromatic, and so divine. Its rare softness makes me wonder what celestial beauty its owner must be. What is life worth if I cannot have that woman for myself?"

Abandoning the hunt, he then and there repaired to his capital and made it widely known by tom-tom that whoever brought him the girl who was the owner of the hair would be given half his kingdom.

Many were the people who, tempted by the magnificent offer, searched the girl far and wide but in vain. For a long time, while the King languished in love, no one brought the correct girl.

At last one day an old woman of that city approached the King and asked him to give full particulars about the place and circumstances of his precious find. The King reported faithfully. Promising to return with the girl, the old woman departed.



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With the help of the money advanced by the King of Cochin, the old woman managed to reach Nishadhapuri and locate the swimming pool at the beach in which the King of Cochin found the unknown lady's hair. Collecting some firewood and cow-dung fuel from nearby places, she lit up at night what looked like a pyre and kept stoking the fire till daybreak.

A little before dawn Swarnakumari had been to her bathing *ghat* through the tunnel as usual and while she was bathing, the old hag raised a loud wail, ostensibly at the death of a near and dear one. Hearing the unusual voice of a crying woman, Swarnakumari came out of the *ghat* and seeing the old woman seated before what looked like a pyre, went near her. Seeing her immersed in her sorrow, the Princess asked her: "Maji, what makes you weep thus? Have you lost any one dear to you?"

On seeing her, the hag literally jumped on to Swarnakumari and hugging her, shouted: "O my daughter! Why do you talk thus, as though you never knew me? You died yesternight and have now come back in less than half a day! How can you forget me so soon? Please say you are alive!" and shed profuse tears on her shoulders.

Swarnakumari thought: "The poor woman must have had a daughter resembling me. She must have lost her yesterday and burned her in this pyre. She is unable to erase that memory and that is why she behaves in this way!"

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Trying to give relief to her sorrow, Swarnakumari said: "Ma! It is quite possible that two people may look alike. Although I am the Queen of this city, I shall, for your sake, be a daughter to you. You may therefore tell me freely about your sorrow. I shall try to allay it if it is within my power."

The old woman thereupon said: "O lady! My daughter and I had been on a pilgrimage. It was on our way that my daughter suddenly died here. I have consigned her to the flames. The fire has not yet been extinguished. I have no one in this world besides her. O, what shall I do?" And she fell down.

Swarnakumari replied: "Ma! Do not worry. Do not think I am different from your daughter. I shall fill her place. Please wait here for the day. Tomorrow I shall come and take you to my palace!"

Returning to the palace *via* the tunnel, Swarnakumari prostrated first, as usual, at the feet of her mother-in-law and later at her husband's. After briefly explaining to them her encounter with the old woman, she obtained their permission to take the old woman into the royal household.

Accordingly, the next morning the diabolical woman found a warm reception waiting for her at the palace, of which later she became a permanent member, enjoying all its comforts.

Not for long did she stay there in comfort, for she had not forgotten her mission. Soon she thought: "What is the purpose of my coming here and how long shall I stay here? The King of Cochin will curse me with every passing day and what will happen to my prize?"

The King of Nishadha had become quite familiar with the old woman whom he called "aunt". So one day he asked her jocularly: "Auntie! Tell me of any fruit you want to eat, be it seasonal or not, I shall get you the thing."

It was the season when the mango fruit was impossible to get and so she said: "Get me some *appus* (mangoes)."

The unsuspecting King put on the magic ring on his finger and after addressing a prayer to Shiva, spoke: "I want some excellent *appus* for auntie to eat!" And lo, they were there on a platter, fresh from the tree, luscious and most inviting. The King took them and neatly cut them which he distributed to all those present. The old woman could not contain her wonder.

The old woman's plans matured at that moment: "Could I get that magic ring, I would spirit the Princess away to my Cochin King!"

After a couple of days, the old woman complained of severe headache and whatever medication was offered proved of no avail. Swarnakumari who had particular affection for that woman felt greatly worried. And so when she sat by her side pensively, the old woman amidst spasms of pain said: "My daughter! I must curse my stars in accepting your well-meant offer to act as my own daughter. You have been more than a daughter to me, but I fear this headache of mine will cause my life to fade away. Perhaps .....perhaps ..... the magic ring which your husband wears might cure me of this accursed pain if only

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I wear it for a second on my finger ..... Oo...."

Swarnakumari wrung her hands, caught between the devil and the deep sea. Said she: "Mother! You know my husband keeps it in his exclusive custody, and how possibly can I ask it of him?"

The old woman replied: "O my daughter, will a husband ever refuse his wife's request? Perhaps you are not keen to help me...."

This taunt touched Swarnakumari to the quick, and she said: "Ma! Please do not say so. I am not used to asking anything of my husband. Please tell me how I should ask him and for what?"

The old woman replied: "You are a simpleton. There is nothing in the world that a man will refuse his wife in the bedroom. Tonight when he comes to your bed, try to be naughty when he will offer to please you. At that time ask him, as though casually, 'Let me wear that ring for a moment, which, I am told, is the great conqueror of women's heart!' He will give it to you. Wearing it, move into the bathroom with his permission. Get out by the back-door and come here. Leaving the ring with me, return to him quickly. He will have no time or patience to ask you about the ring. Try your best to charm him. You may come here before daybreak and take the ring back from me. I shall have been completely cured of this pain!"

Little suspecting, Swarnakumari did exactly as she was advised and the magic ring came into the hands of the hag, right according to plan.

Without losing further time, the old woman put on the ring on her hand and willed: "I must go to Cochin!" And she was at Cochin standing before the King who had been eagerly waiting for her.

Giving the ring into his hands she asked him: "King, this is a powerful instrument. Wear it on your hand, pray to Lord Shiva, and say: 'Let that girl who is the owner of the hair I found at Nishadha, come before me!' and wait."

The King of Cochin was cleverer. He took the ring, wore it, prayed and willed: "Let that girl come here right before me. Let her husband become insane. Let the city she lives in be burnt to ashes."

[To be continued]

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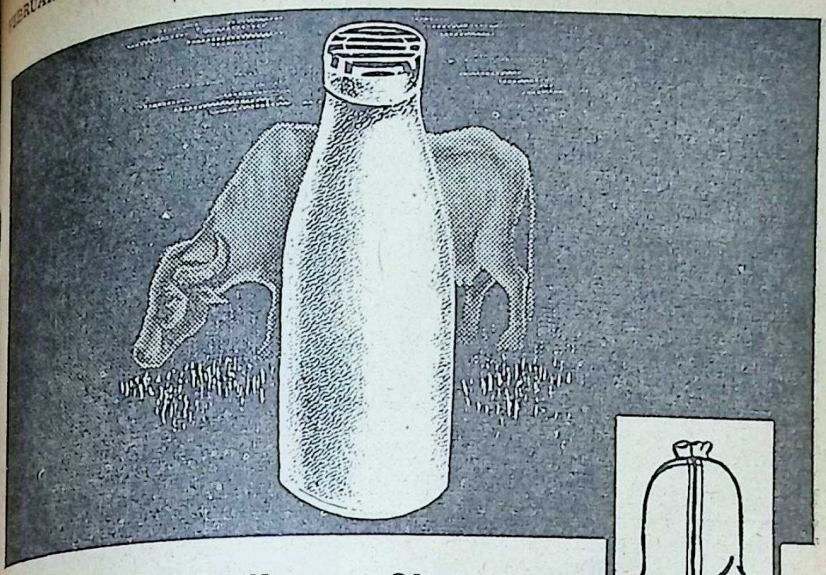

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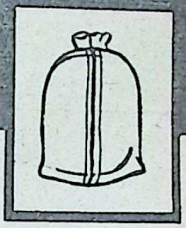

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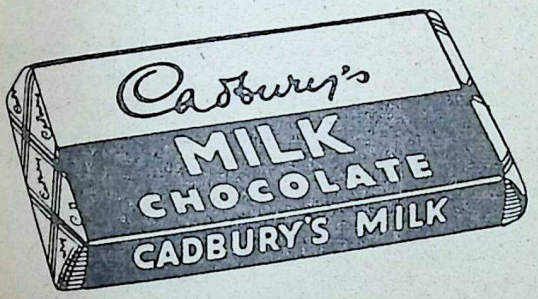

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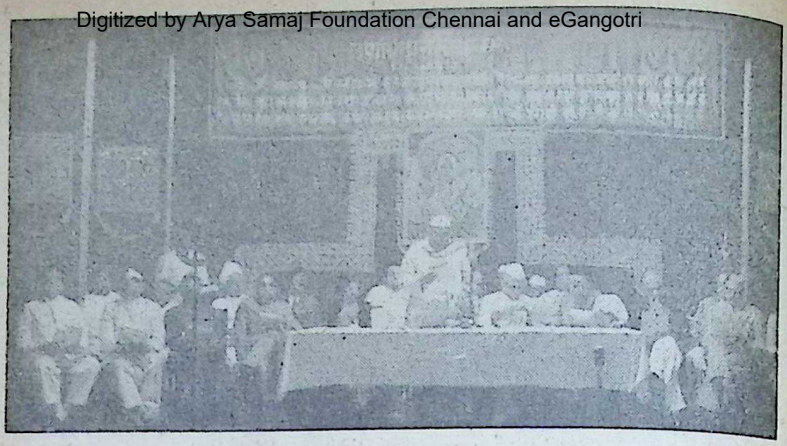

Sri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, delivering the Convocation Address.

NEWS AND NOTES

FOUNDATION WEEK

THE Twenty-second Foundation Day of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was celebrated with eclat from 13th to 18th of last month.

On the opending day, the 13th Annual Convocation started with a ceremonial procession of office-bearers. Vedic prayer over, Sri J. H. Dave, Honorary Director of the Bhavan, presented the annual report in which he made the following points:—

Bhavan's Constitution had to be slightly changed; its staff numbered 627; its annual salaries rose to Rs. 10,90,108; its annual budget was Rs. 38,95,000; its assets (at cost) Rs. 71,00,000; students 3,174; examinees who took Sanskrit examinations 30,295. In the Post-Graduate section five students obtained their Ph.D. degrees. (At present fourteen students are working for Ph.D. under different Professors). The Library had over 65,000 volumes. In the Academy of Indian Music 21 students took the Sangeet Visharad, 6 Vadya Visharad, 14 Intermediate music and 1 Intermediate dance diplomas. In the Classical Dance section 34 students studied Manipuri, 22 Kathak, and 76 Bharata Natyam. In the Book University Series, 15 new books were published bringing up the titles to 69 and the total print to 6,43,000 copies. The new Gujarati fortnightly *Samarpan* was started. The strength of the College was 2,564. The Delhi School had a strength of 560. New Kendras at Madras and Bangalore were opened. The women's wing had a membership of 400.

Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, in welcoming the audience and chief guest Sri M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker of the Lok Sabha, referred to the Bhavan as the work of God and attributed its success to well-wishers, friends and workers. Sri Ayyangar

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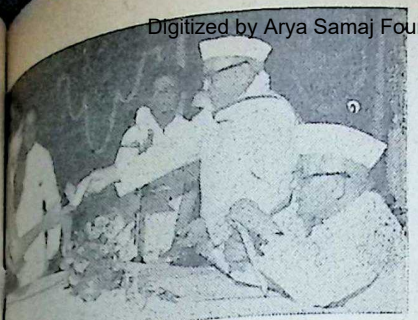


Thakur receiving the Kulapati's Gold cash prize in Bhavan's Journal's 3-Act Play Competition.

Smt. S. Janaki, winner of the 2nd Prize in B.J. 3-Act Play Competition.

Sri C. S. Narayana Rao, winner of the 3rd Prize in the same Competition.

awarded the diplomas and prizes. In his Convocation Address Sri Ayyangar exhorted the students to follow the heroes of the past, live in the present, and work for the future.

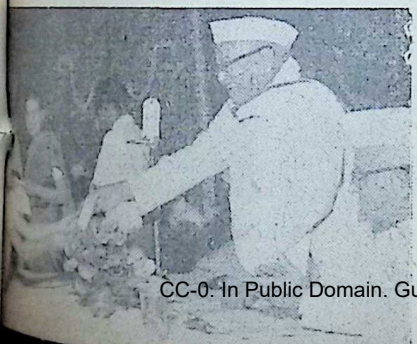
A colourful feature of this function was the Vedic exhortation and pledge in which all the students participated.

After the conclusion of the Convocation, a Sanskrit drama *Karna Ashvatama Kalaha* was staged by students of the Mumbadevi Maha Vidyalaya of the Bhavan.

The different items of entertainments took place on the dates earlier announced in these columns. The celebration came to a conclusion on the 18th, with a symposium on "Crisis of Character in Present-day India: Its Causes and Cures" presided over by Sri K. M. Munshi, in which Dr. P. V. Kane, Sarvasri N. H. Bhagwati, M. A. Master, P. G. Shah and Kekoo Gandhy participated (The text of Sri Munshiji's speech on this symposium appears on page 6 of this issue).

Earlier in the evening on the 18th, the President and Executive Committee of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan were at home to Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. P. V. Kane, Hon. Member of the Bhavan, on his appointment as National Professor of Indology by the Government of India.

Anuradha Mandelia, winner of Silver Medal in Manipuri dancing.



COLLEGE DAY

AS part of this celebration, the Fourteenth College Day was also celebrated on the 17th January in the Bhavan's College Campus, Nav Gujarat, Andheri. Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Minister for Law and Labour, Bombay State, was the chief guest. Shrimati Hiraben Shah distributed the prizes. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi, President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, presided over the function.

The celebrations started with Bhavan's prayer followed by music by the College orchestra.

Welcoming the guests Principal Dr. R. D. Adatia gave a brief report of the

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Best students of Bhavan's Arts and Science Colleges: L. to R.: Kumari H. Shah (Gold Medal); Kumari Kunda Nabar (Silver Medal); Sri R. M. Kama (Silver Medal); Sri R. D. Deora (Silver Medal).

activities of the College during the year. He made the following points: The College won 21 Ist Classes and 89 IInd Classes in Inter Science. Two lady students got their Ph.D. in Gujarati. A large number of foreign students studied here. The College distinguished itself in sports and extra-curricular activities too.

Addressing the gathering Sri Shah congratulated the authorities of the Bhavan and the Principal for the many-sided progress and recent achievements of the College. Stating that he himself had been intimately connected with the Bhavan, he felt gratified that the authorities observed "daily prayers" both in the College and in the hostel. He stressed the importance of the NCC of which the College had a unit. Sri Munshiji expressed satisfaction in the activities of the College.

Sri Ramakrishna Vyas who won Kulapati's Gold Medal as the best student of Bhavan's Mumbadevi Sanskrit Mahavidyalaya.

Pandit Gayaprasad Daiwagya of Varanasi, receiving Kulapati's Gold Medal and the title of Jyotish Ratna for outstanding services in Astrology.

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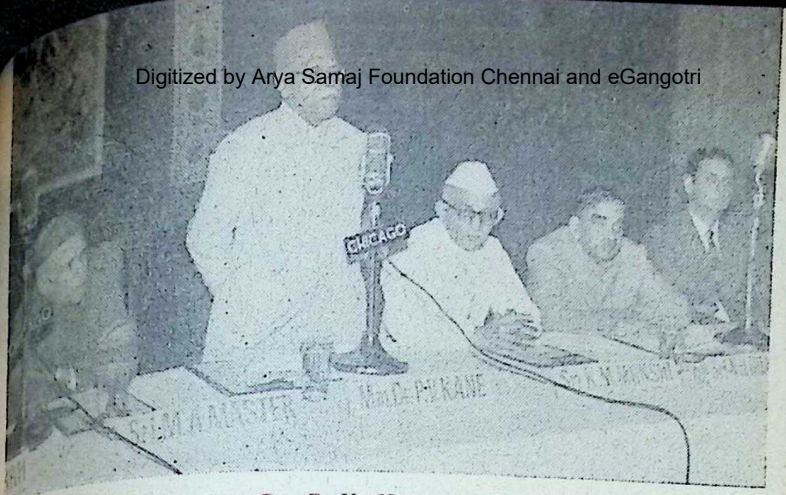


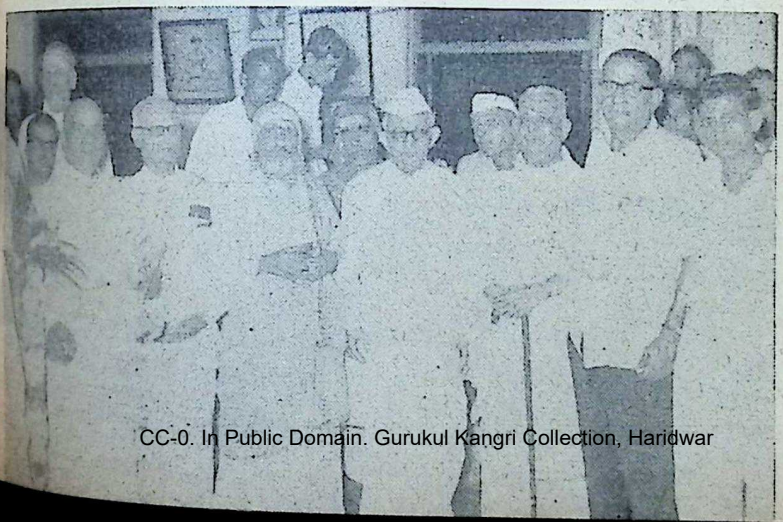
Mahamahopadhyaya Dr. P. V. Kane speaking at the Symposium.

ILDREN'S LIBRARY

E Fourth Annual Day of the Val-ji Ramji Children's Library attach-to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan con-ded its celebrations last month. On cember 11th itself the sports items connection with the celebrations re held and on the 19th the film gruti' was exhibited to them. The l function came off on the 11th of nuary.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi who presided over the function distributed the prizes. Speaking on the occasion she said that there is urgent need of children developing their physique and urged their parents to see that the children were fit both intellectually and physically. The celebrations ended with an exhibition of two films of educational interest.

Sri K. M. Munshi inaugurating the Ramana Jayanti.



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RAMANA JAYANTI

UNDER the auspices of the Sri Ramana Satchidananda Mandali, Bombay, the 80th Jayanti Mahotsava of Bhagavan Ramana was celebrated for eight days from Sunday, January 10, 1960. Besides daily Puja, Kramarchana, Poor Feeding and Vedaparayana, a number of lectures were held. Sri K. M. Munshi, President, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, inaugurated the function.

Among the lecturers who spoke on different aspects of the Bhagavan's life were Sri Shuddhananda Bharati, Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao, Sri Satchidananda of Ceylon and Sri J. Neelakantan.

FLOOD RELIEF

UNDER the auspices of the South India Club, Calcutta, Kumari Rajeswari gave an impressive display of Bharata Natyam in aid of West Bengal Chief Minister's Flood Relief Fund on the 31st December, 1959. Kumari Rajeswari showed remarkable sense of *tala*, and her *bhava* for the *Padams* was greatly appreciated by the cosmopolitan audience which included a sprinkling of foreigners. The Club was able to collect over Rs. 5,000 by this most interesting entertainment for the noble cause of Flood Relief.

MAHARUDRA

THE Asthika Samaj, Bombay, will celebrate a Maharudra Yagna this year from February 18th to the 21st at the premises of the Rama Mandir at Matunga. This Vedic rite, performed with the blessings of H. H. Jagadguru Sri Sankaracharya of Kanchi, is for the welfare and prosperity of the people. Several learned Pandits will take part in the proceedings. With a full programme for each day, the celebrations will climax with the *Vasoddhara* and allied functions. It is a rare event, and all *asthiks* are invited to attend it.

Kumari Rajeswari in a Bharata Natyam pose.

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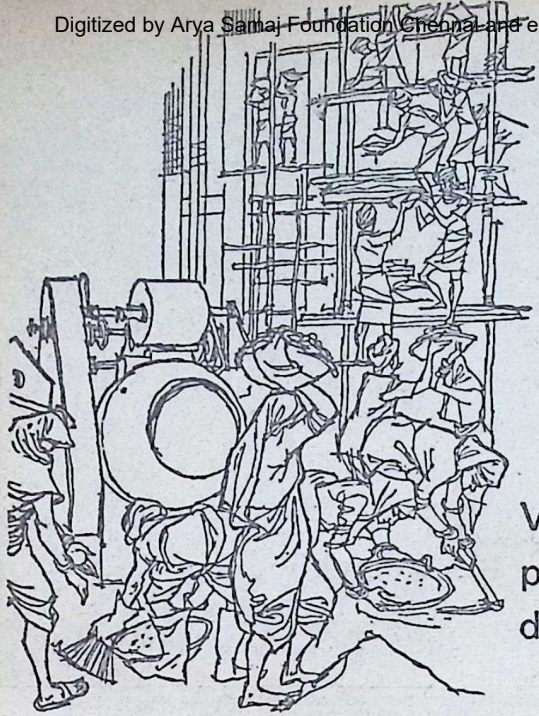

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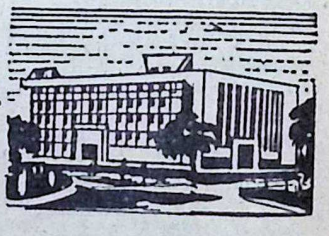

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

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Vol. VI | FEBRUARY 21, 1960 | No. 15

LORD SIVA

एकं ब्रह्मैवाद्वितीयं समस्तं सत्यं सत्यं नेह नानास्ति किञ्चित्।
एको रुद्रो न द्वितीयोऽवतस्थे तस्मादेकं त्वां प्रपद्ये महेशं॥

कर्ता हर्ता त्वं हि सर्वस्य शम्भो नानारूपेष्वेकरूपोऽप्यरूपः।
यद्यत्प्रत्यग्धर्म एकोऽप्यनेकस्तस्मान्नान्यं त्वां विनेशं प्रपद्ये॥

All this is that Brahman, the one without a second. He is the Truth. There is nothing that exists other than Him. That Supreme Brahman is none other than Rudra. Therefore, I seek refuge in Thee, Oh Mahesa (mighty lord), the Supreme Spirit.

Oh Lord Sambhu, You are the sole projector as also the dissolver. Though without form, Thou manifest Thyself in all things that we perceive. Though the eternal Dharma is singled out and is universal, Thou present Thyself in manifold forms. I shall not seek refuge in any form other than Thee.

—**Siva Purana: Satarudra Samhita.**

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 199

★ *BHRIGU SAMHITAS* ★ *PLANETARY INFLUENCES* ★ *THEIR NATURE*

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan
Bombay.
FEBRUARY 21, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my Kulapati's Letter No. 138, I dealt with *Bhrigu Samhitas*—those uncanny books on astrology with which I have come across. Since then I have come across some outstanding readings from *Samhitas* which throw light on this wonder science. I do it in the hope that there is sufficient intellectual honesty left in men who have a scientific attitude of mind to follow up these phenomena by research.

I would now try to reconstruct for you how these *Samhitas* claim to have been composed.

Imagine Sage Bhrigu sitting under a tree in his *ashrama*. In his ageless wisdom, his view of men and things is unclouded by attachment, wrath and fear. The attention of the Sage is concentrated on the chart of the heavens at a particular moment arranged in the form of a horoscope. Before him sits his son, Shukracharya, ever inquisitive, ever impatient to probe into the affairs of men; sometimes he activated by desires, ambitions a disappointments of the very m whose horoscope is being studied b his father and who is styled '*balak*' or child. In most matters Shukr charya is his advocate.

The Sage looks at the horoscope With his knowledge of the movement of the planets, he knows the exact mo ment of time at which they woul stand in the heavens as they do in i

This basic feature is common to a *Samhitas*. Even the smaller ones giv the month, the year and the date o the 'child's' birth; some give the tim of birth—*Ishta ghatika*.

Take my reading in the *Satya Sa hita* as an instance.

Jupiter and Venus are in trin the Sun and Mercury are in Sag tarius; Mars in Virgo, and t Moon in Gemini; Saturn is in Ca cer and the birth will take pla

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in Pisces. Then, when the Shaka year 1809 comes, the Sun is in Sagittarius and the full-moon day arrives on a Friday, will be born this 'child' who will possess considerable wealth (Only an austere sage's idea of wealth, the Wealth Tax Collector will please note.—K. M. M.), who will enjoy himself well and will be an able lawyer.

Some of the *Samhitas* give the date and time of birth. After describing the age, the day, the month, the caste, the colour and the stature, they give some startling events in the man's life to make the identification complete.

To illustrate this peculiarity, I will give one striking instance from one of the *Samhitas*:

Shukracharya puts this question:

'How is it, Lord, that this man, though belonging to your Bhrigu *vamsa* (I happen to be born a Bhargav Brahman), is married to a Vaisya lady?'

Sage Bhrigu replies:

'Son, the reason is this. In his 26th year he will write a novel (*rangamayikatha*) with a Vaisya girl as the heroine. Therefore, at the age of 39 (26 plus one half of it —13), he will marry a Vaisya lady.'

Funny reason, but the fact is literally true. It never struck me before.

One of these *Samhitas* came out with yet another way of identifying the person:

'This person, by accepting money, will support the religion, not his own; a religion of *'Woo-ha-ras'* founded by Ahmed and Abdullah, two brothers, at Khambhat 700 years ago.'

I should like to know a better identification of a lawyer who, years ago, helped the Mulaji Saheb of Dawoodi Borah community to strengthen his religious hold over his community by advice and advocacy.

But VRNS *Samhita* is the last word in marvel. It reels off the names of the 'child', his wife, his children; those of his parents; sometimes of his wife's relations, of his uncles and aunts, of her sister and sisters and their children; of his friends—and horror of all horrors—of the fair sex too!

Not all the information that one can gather from my autobiography or the present members of my family can yield the following:

> 'The child is in Swatantra. Naru was his friend. He took wine at Mongini. 'Kanu' was his pet name. Tara, Dhanu and Jadav were his sisters. His father was Manek; mother, Tapi; Tulja, his father's sister (She had died before I was born). There was Makandas. His sons were Mulchand, Chiman and Balu. Chiman had three wives. His daughter was Tapi; her mother's name was Kesar, who was the daughter of Rupa.'

And so on and so forth till the pedigree went back to 250 years, every name known to me was accurately given; some names were mentioned which I had never heard of. And the outstanding achievement of some of them was described in terse but picturesque phrases.

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Such names are given in all the readings of this *Samhita*, those which were read out to me or those read out to my friends and who reported the facts to me. And the number of such readings which I directly or indirectly came to know of ran into dozens, five or six.

In several cases the readings were read out, not after previous intimation. In one case I know of an American, unknown to the Pandit, who had his readings read out no sooner they were found in the book after a reference to his horoscope.

In the readings of dozens of persons, not one name was inaccurate. In one or two cases, the names at first appeared to be inaccurate, but on enquiry they were found to be the correct original names of the individuals but changed later.

The scheme of each reading in this *Samhita* is this: By his yogic vision, the Sage fastens his gaze on the future time at which what he is saying is going to be heard by the 'child'.

In one of the *Samhitas*, for instance, one chapter records what the Sage is telling Shukracharya of the 'child' sitting in Nainital at a time when the Prime Minister is in the land where his sister is having a difficult time (USSR); about the problems of the day which face him; of what he expects to do and what he should do.

In another chapter read after some months, the Sage is talking about the 'child' sitting in Bombay, when he is occupied by the problems that then confronted him. Still another chapter records what the Sage is speaking to Shukracharya about that 'child' when exactly nine days are left for him to relinquish office.

VRNS points to the time when a particular reading is to be heard by the 'child' unmistakably. It gives the date, the month and the place, and also some specific incident which happened to him earlier on the day or the day before.

Having heard dozens of recitals I found no escape from the fact that whoever wrote the book and whenever he wrote it, he was speaking as from the time when his words would be heard by the 'child'; that he intended them to be heard by that particular person under certain circumstances and surroundings, and under the pressure of certain events. The seer had the power—which can only be described as yogic—to see a distant moment and the implications which it had for the person whose horoscope he was concentrating on.

In VRNS, for instance, the present means the time when the reading is to be recited to the 'child'; the past and the future are calculated from that present.

The past is given in great and accurate detail. There are references to intimate friends and reasons given why they became friends.

For instance, at one reading the name of a friend was given and his character and achievements were described. Then followed a long description of the very difficult case which I had fought for him years ago and which was the occasion of our becom-

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g friends. The intimate details of the se were also described, which I do not think anyone besides two of s knew.

In one of these readings was des-ribed how my wife and I met and the ear in which we met. Many facts were iven which were never recorded any-here, some of which we ourselves ad forgotten. The name of the build-g where we first met was mentioned the owner's grandfather had not been born, much less was the building onstructed when the manuscript was ritten. Then followed the story of r trials; the name and descrip-n of the house where we were arried; the names of the man who ccupied it at that time, and of the erson who gave my wife in *kanya-ana*.

In some chapters of two of the *amhitas*, the affairs in New Delhi ere discussed in detail, and the haracter-sketches and exploits of me men of note were given. Some ctors in the drama which is being acted in Delhi were described with sational accuracy.

At one place in MRTS, the con-nants of a name were mentioned; e person was described as the spy of a foreign country; her activities were scribed. I did not know whether ch a person ever existed, but the ok enjoined me to warn the per-ns connected with the matter. I en-ired of a very high official, and to y surprise, he gave the full name and tails of such a person!

In my readings, some intimate de-ils of the lives of some friends were given. Sometimes I wished I had not heard them, for, whatever the truth, those details, when given with such accuracy, was likely to colour one's impression of friends. The lucky part of it is that the Pandit refuses to read one man's readings to another.

One of the *Samhitas* sometimes in-dulges in fascinating poetry. While describing my mother who for years lived for me alone, the only son, one of the *Samhitas* gave a magnificent description of a mother's love.

In the important Samhitas, I found that sometimes more readings than one are given for the same person, each one to be read at a prescribed time. Having heard some of them, I could find several noteworthy characteristics.

The future events are described sketchily. For instance, in VRNS—the best that I came across—while the past and the present are invariably accurate and precise, the future mainly consists of broad outline and some details. This outline is interpreted in the light of the present.

Later, however, when the events had happened, the earlier foretelling was found to have proved true only in general tenor, but often quite different in detail. Of the detailed events fore-cast, only a few events come to pass precisely as described.

No prognostics about death are known to have come out accurate. Normally no definite date of death is forecast. If death is forecast at any time, sometimes it only takes the shape of a serious illness. And death is

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known to have occurred when none has been forecast.

However, when the next reading of the same 'child', if any, is read at its prescribed time and place, the past events are accurately brought up to this later date, to which also the problems and personalities are related. In this second reading, what was future in the first reading becomes the past, and what was vague future becomes definite and precise.

At one time I had a suspicion that the Pandit was not reading from the manuscript, which is written in a special family script, but was reciting facts known to me alone by some feat of clairvoyance. To test the prophetic part of the book, therefore, I induced him with some difficulty to read to me some stray pages of a 'reading' to be read to me in future.

Normally he would not do it. It is only at the prescribed time of reading that all the pages are properly arranged and the whole is read as one piece after appropriate *puja* is performed. It is equally true that unless the whole series of the pages, to be read at some future date, are read in proper sequence, the veracity of interconnected events would be open to doubt.

However, in order to test the way the book was written, I had a few stray pages of the future reading read out to me. To be specific, I found in the August reading that the future events between August and December 1959, which were vague and indefinite, came out specific and true as past events in the December reading.

This leads to the conclusion that then past and his then future.

the readings are given to be read to particular 'child' at a particular time and when they are recorded, the min of the seer sees the past as from tha point of time more clearly than th future. It is likely that the seer, in hi wisdom, felt that the future, with a its narration of possible setback failures and misery, ought not to b unfolded in its detail to the 'child'. I may equally be true that foretelling was limited to general outline an direction, to leave the individual fre to choose the detailed way in whic the outline was to be filled or the direc tion to be achieved.

●●●

These books therefore establish First, that the horoscope, i.e. the cha of heavens at a particular time, ca yield an accurate forecast of the life temperament and achievement of th individual born at the time. Th planets, therefore, have a definite role to play in the life of individual as de terminative influences or, as Sri Auro bindo thought, indicative forces.

Secondly, by some process—yogi or otherwise—it is possible to find ou from the correct planetary position a birth the name of such an individua as also the names of his forefather relations and friends and severa people who are connected with him.

Thirdly, by concentrating on th horoscope by yogic power associate with some rules not generally kno to orthodox astrology, the vision of th seer can be projected to a time wh the circumstances of the individu can be seen not only as at the time o the reading, but also as related to h

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Fourthly, the outline and direction of this future as computed from that time also become visible to the seer—but not so precisely as the past.

Fifthly, all these readings indicate that there are laws—not necessarily mystical—which would enable the mind to project itself to any future time it wants to and discover facts and circumstances somehow envelop-ed in intervening time. In short, time itself takes the shape of recording medium which, with proper training, could be seen or interpreted.

As the *Samhitas* have an element not merely of foretelling, but of seeing things at a particular time in future, I wish men wedded to modern science were not so narrow in their outlook as to neglect this wonder science.

Yours sincerely,

Kun. Munshi

The virtue of an ideal consists in its boundlessness. But although religious ideals must thus, from their nature, remain unattainable by imperfect human beings, although by virtue of their boundlessness they may seem ever to recede farther away from us, the nearer we go to them, still they are closer to us than our very hands and feet because we are more certain of their reality and truth than even of our own physical being. This faith in one's ideals alone constitutes true life, in fact, it is man's all in all.

—Mahatma Gandhi.

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THOUGHTS from VALLUVAR

Private morality is different from state necessity. In private life, forgiveness is one of the greatest virtues but not so with a king. He must punish the guilty. He should not allow an enemy to grow in power and strength. He should sow in the hearts of his subjects, the seeds of a noble, dignified, virtuous and a manly life.

*

Why use harsh words when sweet ones serve? It is like preferring unripe fruit to a ripe one!

*

Prosperity is not for the envious and dignity is not for men of ill-conduct.

The earth supports even those that dig into her, even so bear thou with those that traduce thee, for that is greatness!

*

The most shameful poverty is the refusal of hospitality and the greatest strength is to bear with the dullness of fools!

*

Retaliate not an injury. The joy of revenge lasts but for a day, but the glory of him who forgives endures for ever. Be the wrong suffered even as great, yet abstain from revenge.

*

SAINT TIRUVALLUVAR

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HOPE OF HUMANITY

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Sri Aurobindo

A SPIRITUAL religion of humanity is the hope of the future. By this is not meant what is ordinarily called a universal religion, a system, a thing of creed and intellectual belief and dogma and outward rite.

Mankind has tried unity by that means; it has failed and deserved to fail, because there can be no universal religious system one in mental creed and vital form.

The inner spirit is indeed one, but more than any other the spiritual life insists on freedom and variation in its self-expression and means of development.

A religion of humanity means the growing realisation that there is a secret Spirit, a divine Reality, in which we are all one; that humanity is its highest present vehicle on earth, that the human race and the human being are the means by which it will progressively reveal itself here.

It implies a growing attempt to live out this knowledge and bring about a kingdom of this divine Spirit upon earth.

By its growth within us oneness with our fellow-men will become the leading principle of all our life, not merely a principle of co-operation, but a deeper brotherhood, a real and an inner sense of unity and equality and a common life.

There must be the realisation by the individual that only in the life of his fellow-men is his own life complete.

There must be the realisation by the race that only on the free and full life of the individual can its own perfection and permanent happiness be founded.

There must be, too, a discipline and a way of salvation in accordance with this religion, that is to say, a means by which it can be developed by each man within himself so that it may be developed in the life of the race.

In this direction lies the eventual road.

No doubt, if this is only an idea like the rest, it will go the way of all ideas.

But if it is at all a truth of our being, then it must be the truth to which all is moving and in it must be found the means of a fundamental, an inner, a complete, a real human unity which would be the secure base of a unification of human life.

A spiritual oneness which would create a psychological oneness not dependent upon any intellectual or outward uniformity and compel a oneness of life not bound up with its mechanical means of unification, but ready always to enrich its secure unity by a free inner variation and a freely varied outer self-expression, this would be the basis for a higher type of human existence.

But the higher hope of humanity lies in the growing number of men who will realise this truth and seek to develop it in themselves, so that when the mind of man is ready to escape from its mechanical bent—perhaps when it finds that its mechanical solutions are all temporary and disappointing—the truth of the Spirit may step in and lead humanity to the path of its highest possible happiness and perfection.

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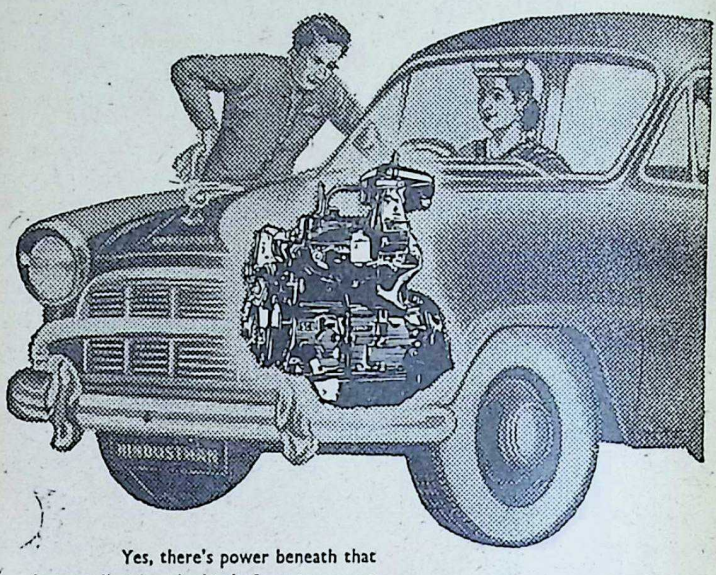
It's the power beneath the bonnet that counts!



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VIBHISHANA BLESSED

After Brahma's prayer, King Dasarath appeared in celestial form and blessing Sri Rama, departed to his abode in heaven. Indra then praised the Lord and asked for his command.

सुनु सुरपति कपि भालु हमारे।
परे भूमि निसिचरन्हि जे मारे॥
मम हित लागि तजे इन्ह प्राना।
सकल जिआउ सुरेस सुजाना॥

"Listen, O King of Devas, our *vanaras* and bears lie slain by the demons. They have all laid down their lives in my service. Please therefore restore their lives, O discerning Lord of Devas."

सुनु खगेस प्रभु कै यह बानी।
अति अगाध जानहिं मुनि ग्यानी॥
प्रभु सक त्रिभुअन मरि जिआई।
केवल सक्रहि दीन्हि बड़ाई॥

Kakabhusundi addressed Garuda: "O King of birds! Listen to me. These words of the Lord have a deep and profound meaning; only the enlightened can understand them. The Lord by Himself can kill and bring back to life all the inhabitants of all the three worlds. But he wanted the credit to go to Indra."

सुधा बरषि कपि भालु जिआए।
हरषि उठे सब प्रभु पहिं आए॥
सुधा वृष्टि भै दुहु दल ऊपर।
जिए भालु कपि नहिं रजनीचर॥

By sprinkling *amrita*, Indra restored the lives of all the *vanaras* and bears. Waking up joyfully, they all went near the Lord. Although droplets of *amrita* fell on the slain of both the armies, only the *vanaras* and bears regained lives. The demons did not.

रामाकार भए तिन्ह के मन।
मुक्त भए छूटे भव बंधन॥
सुर अंसिक सब कपि अरु रीछा।
जिए सकल रघुपति कीं ईछा॥

Know why? Their minds were so absorbed in the Lord's form that they lost their individuality and thus became emancipated from the cycle of births and deaths. The *vanaras* and bears being part reincarnations of Devas and therefore immortal, they came back to life by the grace of Sri Rama.

राम सरिस को दीन हितकारी।
कीन्हे मुकुत निसाचर झारी॥
खल मलधाम काम रत रावन।
गति पाई जो मुनिबर पाव न॥

Is there any one so kind to the distressed as Sri Rama who gave emancipation to the entire demon host? Even that sink of wickedness and impurity, reveller in lust, Ravana, attained to that exalted state which is deprived even to great sages.

[The gods who had been witnessing the Rama-Ravana Yuddha departed to heaven when Lord Shiva came and praised the Lord. After His departure, Vibhishana came and prayed to Sri Rama:]

सकुल सदल प्रभु रावन मार्‌यो।
पावन जस त्रिभुवन बिस्तार्‌यो॥
दीन मलीन हीन मति जाती।
मो पर कृपा कीन्हि बहु भाँती॥

"You have exterminated, O Lord, Ravana with all his kith and kin and

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his army and thus caused your sacred renown spread throughout the three worlds. Humble, impure, nitwit and a low-born that I am, You have bestowed on me unbounded mercy.

अब जन गृह पुनीत प्रभु कीजे।
मज्जनु करिअ समर श्रम छीजे॥
देखि कोस मंदिर संपदा।
देहु कृपाल कपिन्ह कहुँ मुदा॥

"May my Lord now be pleased to sanctify my humble abode by a visit to it. After taking your bath, you may quench the weariness of war. Inspect the treasury, palaces and wealth and give away gladly all whatever you want to the *vanaras*.

सब बिधि नाथ मोहि अपनाइअ।
पुनि मोहि सहित अवधपुर जाइअ॥
सुनत बचन मृदु दीनदयाला।
सजल भए द्वौ नयन बिसाला॥

"In all ways, Lord, make me Your servant and take me along with You when You proceed to Ayodhya." Hearing the tender words of Vibhishana, the compassionate Lord's large eyes were filled with tears.

तोर कोस गृह मोर सब
सत्य बचन सुनु भ्रात।
भरत दसा सुमिरत मोहि
निमिष कल्प सम जात॥

Said He: "Your treasury, palaces are all my own, truly said. But listen, brother. Considering Bharata's state, every moment delayed appears to me a *kalpa*.

तापस बेष गात कृस
जपत निरंतर मोहि।
देखौं बेगि सो जतनु करु
सखा निहोरउँ तोहि।

"Clad in saffron robes, emaciated, my name is constantly on his lips. Therefore, friend, please so arrange that I see him as quickly as possible.

बीतें अवधि जाउँ जौं
जिअत न पावउँ बीर।
सुमिरत अनुज प्रीति प्रभु
पुनि पुनि पुलक सरीर॥

"Instead, if I reach him fully after the expiry of my exile period, I do not expect to see my brother alive." The thought of his brother repeatedly brought thrills of love to the Lord's body.

करेहु कल्प भरि राजु तुम्ह
मोहि सुमिरेहु मन माहिं।
पुनि मम धाम पाइहहु
जहाँ संत सब जाहिं॥

Turning to Vibhishana, Sri Rama said: "To the end of *kalpa* shall you rule over this country, always remembering me. Later on you shall proceed to My Abode which all holy men reach."

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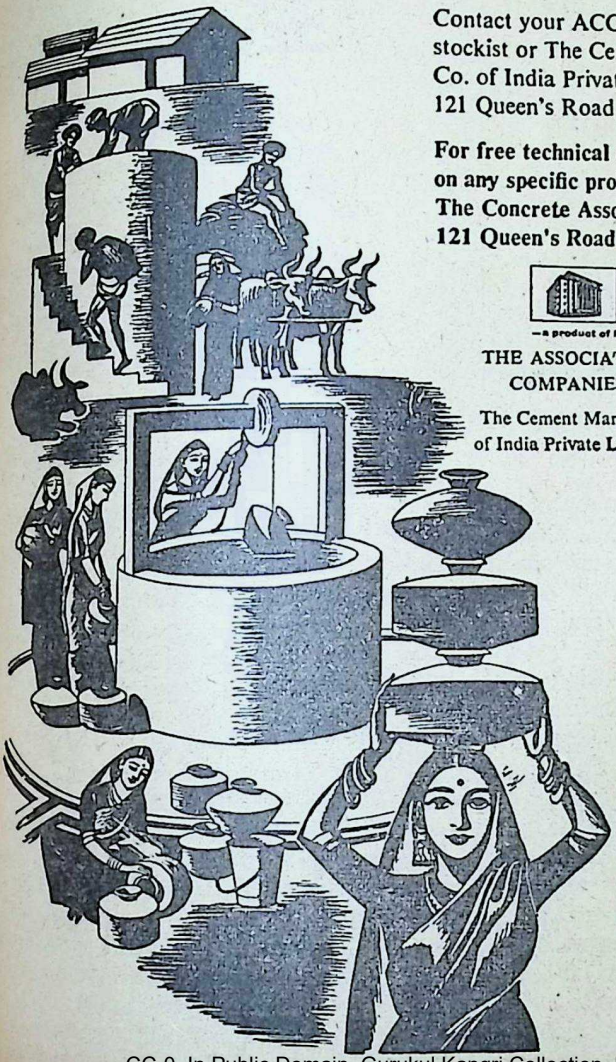

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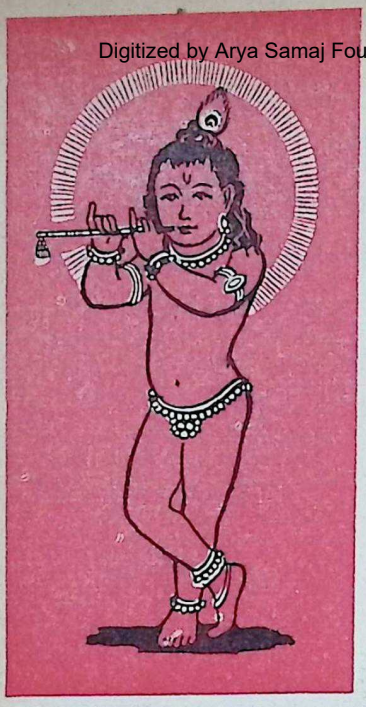

KRISHNA-AVATAR

THE DESCENT OF THE LORD

K. M. Munshi

27

Kamsa's Summons

KAMSA'S summons went forth. All the Yadava Chiefs were to attend the secret session of his Court.

For three days and nights after Pralamba died, Kamsa sat alone and mute, his mind working furiously at the problem. Vasudeva's son had to be liquidated, if necessary, together with all the Yadava Chiefs.

And so the proclamation went forth on the fourth day that a fortnight hence Kamsa, the overlord of the Yadavas, was going to celebrate his triumph by holding a *Dhanuryajna*—the Sacrifice of the Bow. It was to be a week of festivities, of exhibition of warlike feats, elephant fights and wrestling, feasts and rejoicing.

Pradyota, Kamsa's trusted commander, however, was eating his heart out though he moved about briskly carrying out his master's order. Ostensibly he was honoured by being placed in charge of the Bow-Sacrifice. In fact, he was superseded. Vritrighna, a cousin of Kamsa's favourite wife, the Magadhan princess, Emperor Jarasandha's daughter, was placed in sole charge of the palace, and the new officer had replaced his men by Magadhans. Pradyota knew what this meant. Hereafter Kamsa would not leave his safety in his hands, nor would he be in the complete confidence of his master.

Pradyota was bitter. He had spent his whole life in the service of his master; sacrificed his wife and children; never withdrew from any course, however sinful, which would further his interests. Now Kamsa had cast him aside for a foreign hireling!

He could never shake off the effect which Minister Pralamba's dying moments had created on him. He had stood at the door as a watchman, true; but his ears were glued to the talk between Kamsa and the Minister. And the last words of the Minister had given him a shattering blow. All these years

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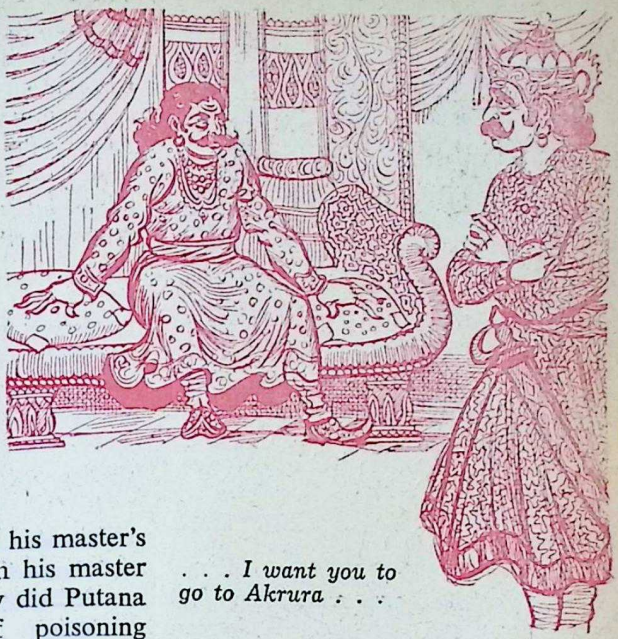
Pralamba had not taken any steps to dispose of Nanda's son, nor had he allowed Pradyota to take any; now he knew why. The old wise man knew that Nanda's son was Vasudeva's son, the eighth son of Devaki—and the saviour.

Pradyota began to think of his wife. If Krishna was really Vasudeva's son, why did Putana swear that she saw Devaki giving birth to a daughter? And why had the daughter slipped from his master's grasp with a cry in which his master read a warning? And why did Putana accept the mission of poisoning Krishna? Perhaps she knew that Krishna was God, and decided to save Him. Perhaps to save her husband and children, she sacrificed herself rather than tried to kill the saviour. It was all mysterious.

Pralamba appeared convinced that Krishna was God—that was his dying confession. Putana also knew that. And now Kamsa was bent on carrying out some plan which would dispose of Krishna and crush all the Yadava chiefs. What should he do? Should he be a party to Kamsa's sinful attempt? Should he be an instrument of destroying the Yadava chieftains, his kith and kin? If they were wiped out, what would become of him? He was a Yadava chief himself; his value to Kamsa, apart from his loyalty, was his status. So long as he was by the Prince's side, he could always claim that he had the support of his clansmen.



. . . I want you to go to Akrura . . .

The chain of such thoughts was snapped by a message from his master that he was wanted. In his present mood he hated to meet Kamsa; he felt the utter humiliation of a stooge who realises that he is one and nothing else.

Pradyota found that the Prince had gained mastery over the nervous tension of the last few weeks. He was now affable, even ingratiating—a mood which Pradyota knew his master could always work himself into when he wanted something sinister to be done.

'My friend, I want you to go to Akrura, the chief of Vrishnis, and to tell him that I want to invite all the Yadava chiefs tomorrow afternoon.'

'All the chiefs?'

'Yes, all of them. I want to talk to

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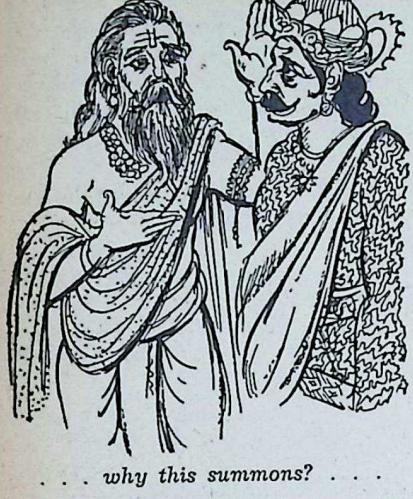

. . . why this summons? . . .

them and make peace with them. Tell him that all should come—all, do you see? I am inviting venerable Father to attend also.'

'Yes, lord,' said Pradyota. 'You want me too?'

'Of course, of course. How can I meet them without you being present?'

Pradyota hated his master for the hypocritical suavity with which he said this.

'As the lord pleases,' said Pradyota. 'Does the lord want me to make arrangements to guard the palace at the time?'

'Why take the trouble?' asked Kamsa. 'Prince Vritrighna is already in charge.'

'As the lord pleases,' said Pradyota.

'And let me know what Akrura says,' said Kamsa.

●●●

Pradyota tried to fathom the secret of this strange overture of the Prince, whose hatred of the Yadava Chiefs he knew to be implacable. He got his spies together, collected as much information about the palace as he could, and sent a messenger to inform Akrura that he was coming.

Akrura, the Vrishni chief, was now advanced in age. His noble head was crowned by white long hair and his eyes were, if at all, milder and more loving.

Akrura was surprised at the visit of Pradyota, but received him with a gentle and cordial welcome. The general gave him the message of the Prince.

'Pradyota, why this summons? And so unexpectedly?' asked Akrura.

'It took me by surprise too. I learnt of the decision only a short while ago,' replied Pradyota.

'Is it true that you have been placed in charge of the Bow-Sacrifice, and Vritrighna, the Magadhan, guards the palace?' asked Akrura.

Pradyota nodded assent. He was unhappy at the idea of this noble and generous man becoming the victim of his cruel master and had no courage to deceive him.

'He is very angry with us, the Yadava chiefs, since his return. Is it true?' asked Akrura.

'He is very angry with you all, but today he appears to be in a very friendly mood,' replied Pradyota.

'Why this sudden change?'

'I do not know,' said Pradyota hesitatingly. Akrura's honest eyes penetrated into his. He could see that this noble Yadava knew that he was telling a lie and felt ashamed of himself.

'What do you think is the reason? You know the Prince better than any one,' said Akrura. 'Does he really

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mean to be friendly with us? Or, is this a ruse to have us all massacred at one time? The Prince is not likely to be scrupulous about it.'

Pradyota looked with nervousness at this saintly relative of his, who was so universally respected. He found it difficult to look at Akrura and tell a lie in the light of what Pralamba had said.

'The Prince is a difficult man. He may have a plan,' said Pradyota.

'You suspect that this is a plan to do something wicked, is it?'

Pradyota nodded assent.

Suddenly a sad sweet voice came from the door. 'Eldest, are you coming? Gargacharya...'

Pradyota opened his eyes in amazement. A small shapely woman stood at the door. She was past thirty, but her hair were white and her face bore the traces of a sorrow that transcended words. She came and, seeing Pradyota, cut her sentence short, and recognising him, a sudden fright crept over her eyes.

'Devaki, welcome,' said Akrura. 'You know Pradyota, our Andhaka chief?'

Devaki fixed her eyes on Pradyota and for a moment could not recognise him. Then she went pale and her lips quivered. She mutely nodded and placed her hand on the door-post for support. It appeared as if she would faint any moment.

Pradyota felt like fainting too. This was the Princess, whom his master, he standing by her side, had pulled out of the wedding chariot. It was her new-born sons, one after the other, whom the Prince had killed, he again standing by his side. Now it was Devaki's son again, whom his master wanted to kill with his aid. An overpowering sense of shame seized him. His voice was choked and his eyes were humid as he saw Devaki's eyes clouded in horror as she, as if fascinated by a python, could not remove her gaze from him.

With some effort he folded his hands and bowed his head to the ground.

'Devaki, I am just coming to you as soon as I finish talking with Pradyota,' said Akrura.

'Yes,' Devaki said in an undertone, and wiping the tears that sprang to her eyes, left.

Pradyota sat, unable to speak or even to look at Akrura. He had heard of the strange madness of Devaki; how she worshipped a gold image of a little boy day and night; how she bathed it, fed it and clothed it; how she sang to the tiny image songs of love. A new light flashed on his mind. She was not singing songs to the gold image—she was singing them to the baby who was torn from her sixteen years ago and who was now Nanda's son and whom he, wicked Pradyota, was helping Kamsa to kill. A pang shot through his heart.

Akrura understood the crisis through which Pradyota was passing.

'Would you like to come to Vasudeva and give him the invitation yourself?' said Akrura with deep understanding.

'No, no, I cannot. I dare not meet him,' replied Pradyota.

'Perhaps you would like to have the *darshan* of the deity whom Devaki worships the whole day,' said Akrura with the indulgent smile of a physician treating a patient.

'No, no, no, please. I cannot face

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her again,' said Pradyota, folding his hands in humility. 'I have sinned against her.'

'She has a noble heart. She will forgive you. Why, she must have forgiven you already. She was only having a passing shock when she saw you here,' said Akrura, patting him affectionately on the back.

'You are very kind, Chief. Now let me go,' said Pradyota.

'Wait. Calm yourself and then go, if you wish,' said Akrura. 'A time comes to every one when the Grace of the Lord descends on him. It has come for you now.'

Pradyota got up, bowed low and stepped towards the door.

'When the Grace descends, don't try to shut it out. Welcome it. This is the only way we, mortals, can know Him,' said Akrura in a sweet, persuasive voice, as he took a step forward to give Pradyota company when the latter left for the door.

Suddenly Pradyota halted and turned round. 'Akrura, Grace will never come to me. I am utterly unworthy.' Then he stopped and looked strangely at Akrura and asked in a whisper, 'Vasudeva's eighth son is alive and is in Vrindavan. Is it true?'

Akrura looked up with fright in his eyes. Was the secret out? 'Who told you?' he asked recapturing his equanimity.

'Pralamba, when he was dying, told the Prince about it.'

'Oh!' exclaimed Akrura, his heart almost stopped beating.

With a frightened look, Pradyota looked around to see that no one was within hearing distance. 'Don't worry. No one can harm him. Pralamba said he was God, come to save us,' said Pradyota under his breath, and with hasty steps left the house.

[To be continued]

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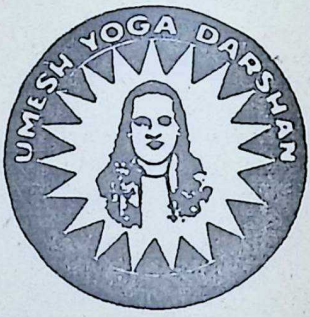

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Sri Prakasa Committee Report:

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AMONG the broad conclusions of the Committee on these terms of reference (see *Bhavan's Journal* dated January 24, 1960) are the following:

(a) The teaching of moral and spiritual values in educational institutions is desirable, and specific provision for doing so is feasible within certain limitations.

MORAL AND SPIRITUAL INSTRUCTION

(b) The content of such education in moral and spiritual values should include a comparative and sympathetic study of the lives and teachings of great religious leaders and at later stages, their ethical systems and philosophies. The inculcation of good manners, social service and true patriotism should be continuously stressed at all stages.

(i) We regard it most important that in any educational scheme, the home should not be left out; and we suggest that through mass media such as leaflets, talks, radio and the cinema and through voluntary organisations, the faults and drawbacks of our homes both in the matter of their physical orderliness and their psychological atmosphere, should be pointed out, and instruction given as to how these can be removed.

(ii) It would be very desirable, as suggested by the University Education Commission (Radhakrishnan Commission), to start work every day in all educational institutions with a few minutes of silent meditation either in the classroom or in a common hall.

(iii) Suitable books should be prepared for all stages—from primary to university—which should describe briefly in a comparative and sympathetic manner the basic ideas of all religions as well as the essence of the lives and teachings of the great religious leaders, saints, mystics and philosophers.

(iv) Special stress should be laid on teaching good manners and promoting the virtues of reverence and courtesy which are badly needed in our society. Traditional ways of learning proper conduct from such teachers as the Muslim Moulvis in the North may be encouraged.

(v) Some form of physical training should be compulsory at every stage.

FRAME-WORK OF INSTRUCTION

In their Report the Committee Members have made suggestions giving the broad framework of instruction in moral and spiritual values at different stages of education.

At the elementary stage, the Members suggest, among other things, group singing at school assembly; simple and interesting stories about the lives and teachings of prophets and saints; audiovisual exhibitions on art and ar-

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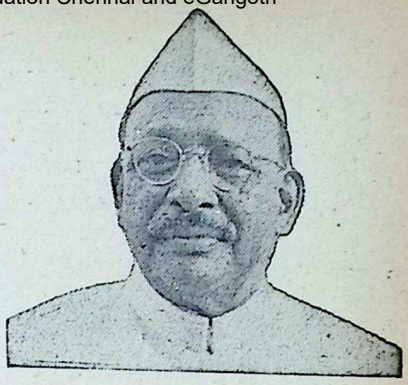
chitecture connected with main religions; propagation of the attitude of service; and schemes of physical education. Two periods a week should be set aside for moral instruction, it is suggested.

SECONDARY STAGE

At the secondary stage the suggestions include morning assembly, essential teachings of great world religions, organised social service during holidays and outside class hours, forming part of extra-curricular activities. It has also been recommended that qualities of character and behaviour of students should form an essential part of the over-all assessment of the students' performances at school.

At the University stage the Committee have recommended that a general study of different religions should be an essential part of the general education course in Degree



Sri Sri Prakasa

It is gratifying to note that the Central Board of Education have accepted the recommendations of this Committee on Moral and Religious Education. It is hoped that they will be implemented without delay.

—EDITOR.

FEASIBLE AND DESIRABLE

classes. Referring to the University Education Commission (Radhakrishnan Commission's) recommendations, the Committee suggest the introduction of teaching in first and second year of Degree Courses of religion and scriptures.

The institution of a post-graduate course in comparative religion is also emphasised.

CONSTITUTIONAL PROVISIONS

Referring to the Constitutional provisions (Articles 28 and 30) relating to religious education, the Committee say it is not their desire to recommend any departure from the principles embodied in them.

It is clear that while there would be no instruction in any religion in educational institutions maintained wholly out of State funds, the State would continue to administer and assist institutions where religious instruction is imparted under any endowment or trust. These Articles also enjoin that no one will be compelled to attend classes on religious education in any institution whatsoever.

Under the Constitution, minorities, whether based on religion or language,

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....A great part of the culture of humanity and traditional values which continue to influence human conduct have been shaped by religion which is, even today, one of the most powerful forces in our society. We should recognise this fact and plan accordingly.....

are given full rights to establish educational institutions of their choice. The State is not precluded from giving grants to them.

Referring to the Constitutional provisions that religious instructions given in institutions under any endowment or trust should not be interfered with even if such institutions are helped by the State, the Committee suggest that the type of instruction which they recommend should be imparted in all institutions. If any special religion is particularly taught in some institution, it could be in addition to what the Committee have proposed.

The Committee point out that there is no question of conscience involved in it; the instruction proposed being essential for the building of character and the making of proper citizens and by its very nature it cannot possibly injure the susceptibilities of any religious group.

The Committee state in their report that certain factors in the educational edifice have particularly attracted their attention and have influenced their conclusions. Among these factors are the widespread demand for educational facilities at all levels everywhere and the apparent lack of purpose in our education.

VITIATING ATMOSPHERE

The Committee members state that they find a great deal of discontent and disturbance at colleges and universities. Discipline, as generally understood, appears to have vanished. Even persons in authority are found quarrelling among themselves in many places, thus vitiating the atmosphere in which education is being imparted to our youth.

The Report adds that students who should be devoting their time and attention to studies often appear to be engaged in anti-social activities. Generally speaking, all personal touch between the teachers and the taught has been lost with the result that there is little mutual affection or sympathy.

The situation appears to be deteriorating rapidly, states the Report, and there is evidently an urgent need for developing a better sense of values and qualities of character among the youth.

The Members add that the situation is appreciably affected by the disruptive forces at work outside the school. It would be incorrect to lay the blame for the present situation on the youth alone for they are being influenced all the time by the standard of values and conduct of the adults at home, in business life, in politics and other spheres of activity.

The Committee say that the specific provision for teaching of moral and spiritual values is feasible within certain limitations. The limitations arise

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....It is unsatisfactory to leave religious education entirely to the home and the community as it may cause young folk to be saturated with ceremonial to the neglect of ethical teachings and spiritual values....

from the fact that the letter and spirit of the Constitution must be respected and the sensibilities of religious groups not ignored.

To avoid Constitutional difficulties arising out of Article 28, the Committee say that terms of reference laid down speak of "moral and spiritual values in educational institutions" and not religious education as such.

The Report points out that the problem whether or not to give religious instruction specifically as such has been mooted over and over again. Throughout the period of British Rule neutrality was strictly observed so far as Government was concerned. Christian institutions were positively encouraged but no obstruction was placed in the way of educational institutions that various other communities wanted to establish for themselves.

Towards the close of the British era the question of religious education was discussed by the Central Advisory Board of Education at various meetings from 1944 to 1946. The Board's final Resolution was to the effect "that while they recognise the fundamental importance of spiritual and moral instruction in the building of character, the provision for such teaching except in so far as it can be provided in the normal course of secular instruction, should be the responsibility of the home and the community to which the pupil belongs."

In the opinion of the Committee it is unsatisfactory to leave religious education entirely to the home and the community. They state that young folk would be saturated with ceremonial and would, therefore, be found to attach too much importance to this aspect of religion to the neglect of ethical teachings and spiritual values.

TEACHER'S ROLE

The Report emphasizes that very much depends upon the atmosphere that only good teachers can create and therefore great care has to be taken in the recruitment and training of teachers. Apart from raising the remuneration of teachers, which is too low to attract talented persons to the profession, it is necessary, says the Report, to improve the general status of the teacher in society and to restore to him something of that honour and respect which he commanded in old times.

Dr. Bhagwandas's "The Essential Unity of all Religions" (1955) and Maulana Abul Kalam Azad's Commentary on the Quran entitled "Tarjumanul-Quran" indicate the kind of approach, says the Report, which the Members would like to see adopted in matters of mutual religious understanding.

The Report also emphasizes the

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need to teach students true moral values so as to combat corruption and dishonesty prevalent to some extent in official and business life.

Emphasis is also laid on the inculcation of good manners which helps to keep the machine of human society running smoothly.

Among spiritual values, the Committee Members point out that patriotism is an important factor which should be imbibed by youth. Today, when fissiparous tendencies are gaining strength and regionalism threatens to disintegrate the country into smaller units, it is all the more necessary to assert the virtue of true patriotism.

COMPLEX PROBLEM

The complexity of the problem is evident, says the Report. All the same, the Committee Members feel, some solution must be found and a workable system of instruction evolved for the emotional integration of the people.

The Committee Members state that though they are primarily concerned with the problem of youth, they would like to point out that the improvement of the educational process is intimately bound up with the wider problem of social reform and the toning up of the moral and spiritual fibre of the people at large.

A great part of the culture of humanity and importance of the traditional values which continue to influence human conduct, states the Report, have been shaped by religion which is even today one of the most powerful forces in our society. We should recognise this fact and plan accordingly.

It is indeed a shame, say the Committee Members, that many of our so-called educated people do not know the legends and heroes of our own faiths and of others in the land. If at all, we do so through English books dealing with such matters which we might chance to read. In other countries, even the worst critics of religion know their religious books well. It is time we, too, knew our religious literature directly and were taught to appreciate sympathetically and reverently.

The Report states that it has to be noted with satisfaction that in recent years, educationists have become more conscious of the value of physical education and extra-curricular activities. There is ample scope for the teaching of moral values through such activities and not enough is being done in this respect at present, say the Committee.

The Report points out that in spite of certain adverse conditions prevalent in the educational world, there are still functioning special types of educational institutions, such as public schools, where the atmosphere is conducive to studies.

The Committee recognises that these institutions cannot, however, satisfy the needs of ordinary boys and girls who do not come from the class of the privileged rich. They express the hope that the atmosphere of these institutions would in due course extend to all schools and colleges in the country.

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THE SIEGE OF CHITOR

[A Three-Act Play]

Smt. S. Janaki

MOGHUL AND RAJPUT SOLDIERS.

SCENE OF ACTION: CHITOR AND AKBAR'S CAMP BEFORE IT.

TIME: THE YEAR 1567.

ACT I

Scene I

[*The interior of Akbar's tent at his encampment before the Fortress of Chitor. There is a small curtained recess in one corner of the tent. The furniture—a few rough and ready chairs, a table and a couch on one side. Through a peep-hole in the wall of the tent, to the left can be seen in the far distance the walls of Chitor (painted on a curtain which conceals a small balcony projecting into the stage. There is a similar balcony concealed by curtains to the right.)*]

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[*Suleman is arranging wine jug, cups, etc., at the table, while Padmini is seated pensively on a small cushion. She is about 14 years old, beautiful and attired in Rajput dress.*]

SULEMAN. I assure you when I saw the tiger suddenly come upon our Sovereign in the depths of the jungle, my heart stood still....

PADMINI. I see it has resumed its function, judging by the rate at which your tongue wags now!

SULEMAN. (*Glares around and then proceeds*) But our king did not hesitate a moment, he drew his sword and with one stroke stretched it dead upon the ground.

PADMINI. And what were you doing meanwhile, Suleman, perhaps you were hiding behind a bush?

SULEMAN. (*Loftily*) I! As soon as I saw the tiger.....

PADMINI. I know, I know, your heart stood still!

SULEMAN. (*Indignantly*) Will you stop interrupting? I decided that the tiger should fall to the king's sword or mine. I drew close to the Emperor and if his sword had only failed, mine would have despatched the tiger. As it was, I was the first to kiss the Royal stirrup in thankfulness at the king's escape.

PADMINI. (*Scornfully*) Likely story indeed! I wager, as soon as you saw the tiger you turned your horse and made off as fast as you could for safety. But Suleman, you have not told me about the king's campaign in the jungles today. Was he able to discover Rana Uday Singh?

SULEMAN. No, the coward has hidden himself well. (*As Padmini is about to reply hotly, sounds are heard of many people's approach. Suleman retires to the background. Enter Akbar with Asaf Khan and a few followers. The latter remain near the entrance while Akbar approaches and takes the central seat. Akbar motions Asaf to a seat, while Suleman pours out wine for him.*)

ASAF KHAN. (*Catching sight of Suleman*) Ah! Our brave Suleman! When he sees a tiger, he does not wait to think, but urges his horse forward—away from the tiger! (*General laughter in which Akbar does not join. Suleman looks abashed. Padmini glances contemptuously at him, then retires behind the curtain.*)

ASAF KHAN. (*Seating himself*) My lord, the incident of the Royal tiger today is surely Allah's method of signifying that you will soon bring the whole of Hindustan under your sway.

AKBAR. Vain hope!

ASAF KHAN. Why vain, gracious lord? Having subdued so many rebel chiefs in such a short period, I do not see.....

AKBAR. Ah, but I had not visited Chitor before! One and a half months since I stationed myself here in person and no advance made. The world laughs at me!

ASAF KHAN. The Rana has fled from the Fort, my lord. Surely that is some advance made? Only a matter of days before the Fort itself falls.

AKBAR. No, Asaf, I cannot be so hopeful. The Fort is yet secure and well-defended. The leaders, Jaimal and Patta, I hear, are valiant, and determined to resist to death; yet

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I will continue my efforts. Man can only strive; it lies with Allah to grant success or refuse it.

(*Enter two Moghul warriors, guarding a Rajput.*)

FIRST WARRIOR. My lord, this man was seen lurking near your tent. We brought him here, judging him to be a spy from Chitor.

(*Akbar looks at him carefully from head to foot.*)

STRANGER. I am no spy, Monarch, though I am from Chitor indeed. I was "lurking" near your tent in order to see you.

AKBAR. Are you then a messenger from Chitor?

STRANGER. Not that either. I turned my back on my friends and came here, seeking to place myself at your service.

AKBAR. Do not waste time talking in riddles, stranger.

STRANGER. Well, my lord, for reasons known only to Jaimal and myself, I have left Chitor and come here to throw myself at Akbar's mercy. I possess considerable information which it may well be worth your while to collect.

AKBAR. (*Reflects*) I wish to know in greater detail why you left Chitor.

STRANGER. I will tell you, my lord. Jaimal persists in showing undue partiality for Patta. I am as nobly born and as valiant as Patta, yet high posts fall to the lot of Patta. So I have come here, hoping that here at least my worth will receive recognition.

AKBAR. Hm... Providence works in strange ways. I shall converse with you further tomorrow. Meanwhile a tent will be set apart for your use, and Padmini will direct the servants to look to your needs. Padmini!

(*Padmini enters from behind the curtain. The stranger starts and mutters half-audibly, "A Rajput girl here!"*)

AKBAR. (*Looking fondly at Padmini*) Yes, a Rajput girl. She came to my court when only seven years old, with her mistress, Raja Bihari Mall's daughter. The queen and I love her as our own daughter. Padmini, you heard what I said?

(*Padmini bows*)

AKBAR. Go now, Rajput. Stay, your name?

STRANGER. Call me Mayanath, my lord.

(*Exit stranger with Padmini*).

AKBAR. (*To himself*) "Mayanath" —master of illusion—or perhaps it means merely "deceiver"! He appears to be noble and well born. Can such a man be actuated by petty motives for such a base revenge?

(*To Asaf Khan*) Let his tent be well guarded, but without his knowledge. Let us wait and see what the future brings forth.

[CURTAIN]

B.J. Competition Prize Winner

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Scene II

[Midnight of the same day. The tent of Mayanath. Mayanath is pacing up and down. Only a lamp burns dimly. Enter a figure closely veiled. Mayanath starts and with hand on sword moves forward. He drags the figure forward by both arms to the lamp, turns on the lamp and removes the veil. The bright light falls on the face of Padmini.]

MAYANATH. Padmini? Here at this time of night?

PADMINI. Let my hands go, vile traitor.

MAYANATH. Traitor? That word does not lie in your mouth, Padmini! You, the minion of Akbar!

PADMINI. Minion, perhaps, but by chance, and not like you, by choice, a traitor. I was but a child when I accompanied my mistress to Akbar's Court. Though the king loves me as his own daughter, I have for some time been conscious of the deepest degradation in being an inmate of Akbar's Court....But you, Rajput, would you voluntarily bend yourself to Akbar's service? To gratify a petty motive of revenge, would you betray Chitor into the king's hands? Chitor, the last and only defender of Rajputana's honour. You would.....

MAYANATH. Perhaps my motive is not as petty as you think, Padmini.

PADMINI. It is both petty and base. What then is your grievance? That Jaimal preferred Patta to you? Report speaks highly of Patta's valour, skill and generosity. Perhaps he was justly preferred to you! Even otherwise, if the honours you so covet had fallen to your lot instead of to Patta's, Patta would not have turned a traitor. Patta would have continued to serve Chitor faithfully.

MAYANATH. You seem to hold a high opinion of Patta, Padmini.

PADMINI. (*Blushing and hanging her head*) Why should I conceal the truth? The reports I have heard of Patta's deeds of courage have so captured my imagination that for long I have installed him in my heart. Indeed, it was with the hope of catching one glimpse of him that I persuaded the king to let me accompany him here, though he is opposed to women in the soldiers' camp. Patta can never know me or my feelings for him, but I am proud that my affections have been placed on one so worthy of them.

MAYANATH. And Patta is proud that he has evoked such a sentiment in such a noble mind.

PADMINI. Patta! How can he know....you....?

MAYANATH. You behold Patta himself before you, Padmini.

PADMINI. You are Patta? Then you are not....Your reason for coming here?....

PATTA. Ask no questions, Padmini. Yet if you think carefully (*Smiling*) you will find that never once did I proclaim myself a traitor to Chitor.

PADMINI. My hasty and ill-considered words?... Forgive me....

PATTA. No need, Padmini. Your admonitions merely served to show me the nobility of your heart. But to turn to a more important subject, will you have a horse ready-saddled for me

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tomorrow? It can be concealed behind the clump of trees at the Moghul outposts.

PADMINI. It shall be done, my lord. (*Hesitantly*) May I ask a favour of you?

PATTA. Anything that I can do for you, Padmini.

PADMINI. If you intend going back to Chitor tomorrow, will you take me also with you? I long to be back among my own people.

PATTA. You shall have your wish, Padmini. A place on my horse tomorrow, a place for ever in my heart, and if Akbar falls, a place for ever in my home.

(*Takes her hands within his*).

[CURTAIN]

Scene III

[*The next morning. The Moghul outposts. Enter Akbar in front, Patta and Suleman a little behind, and a few other soldiers.*]

AKBAR. (*Turning round*) Mayanath, do you see...?

(*Stops, seeing Suleman in deep conversation with Patta*)

SULEMAN. Yes, without exaggeration, I may say I have killed at least fifteen of Uday Singh's men.

PATTA. Fifteen? And not a mark to show on your body? Difficult feat indeed!—as a matter of fact, too difficult to perform!

SULEMAN. (*Smiling with pleasure*) Pooh! That was nothing! If only Jaimal or Patta were to cross my path....

PATTA. (*Dangerously*) Supposing Patta stood before you, what would you do?

SULEMAN. I will take hold of him with my bare arms, and beat him so soundly that he will cry aloud for mercy.

PATTA. And if Patta only hears you talking of him like this, he will catch hold of you thus (*takes him by the breast of his tunic*) and do this (*hits him*) and this (*hits him*) and this....(*Suleman cries aloud. Patta lets him go*).

SULEMAN. (*Ruefully*) Why did you pummel me, Rajput? (*Akbar, who has been silently watching, says sternly*)

AKBAR. Mayanath, what is all this?

PATTA. (*Humbly*) I let my feelings get the upper hand, my lord.

AKBAR. Well, Suleman, perhaps your bragging deserved this. Now Mayanath, in a few days our sabats will be ready, and then will be the time to prepare our mines. Tell me, which is the weakest portion of Chitor's walls?

PATTA. One minute, my lord. I can see hated Jaimal on the ramparts. One arrow of mine shall send him to his fate.

(*Draws his bow and arrow, and while all eyes turn in the direction of Chitor, turns round with the speed of lightning, lets the arrow fly at Akbar and runs off the stage. Akbar falls wounded.*)

[CURTAIN]

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ACT II

Scene I

[*A fortnight later. The palace at Chitor. Jaimal pacing up and down, while Patta is seated in deep dejection.*]

JAIMAL. Such despair is quite unwarranted, Patta. Granted, you failed in your attempt to kill Akbar. But failure should merely incite man to greater efforts, not render him hopeless and weak.

PATTA. Perhaps I acted with undue rashness. I trusted too much in my skill in archery. Had I only waited a day or two and gained Akbar's confidence....

JAIMAL. Enough, Patta, it is unseemly for a warrior to indulge in such regrets. Ah, Amar Singh comes, probably with information concerning the king's forces.

(*Enter Amar Singh*)

AMAR SINGH. My lord, the stars predict a long journey for all of us in the near future.

JAIMAL. Stop babbling, or I shall make the stars predict a clout on the head for you.

PATTA. Speak to the purpose, Amar.

AMAR SINGH. Akbar is very kind indeed, my lord. He proposes to send us all soon to Heaven—the long journey I spoke of.

JAIMAL. (*Gritting his teeth*) If you do not stop your stupid circumlocutions....

AMAR SINGH. To speak shortly, the king's troops are engaged in constructing mines near our walls, and filling them with gunpowder. The powder will be ignited, our walls blown up, and the enemy troops will enter....unwelcome guests indeed, though I boast myself equal to any other man in hospitality.

JAIMAL. (*Musingly*) Even our walls, strong as they are, cannot withstand gunpowder. Has the time come for the saffron robe and Johar?

(*A woman's voice from behind*) "Not yet, while there is strength in my arm and resolution in my heart!"

(*The curtain behind is drawn back and Padmini enters, with Jaya, Jaimal's wife.*)

PATTA. What do you mean, Padmini?

PADMINI. The one thing which will put an end to the siege is Akbar's death. I have thought of a plan to accomplish this with my own hands.

JAIMAL. You intend going back to Akbar's camp, then?

PADMINI. Yes, I shall contrive to explain away my absence and regain Akbar's confidence. When, as usual my *sitar* lulls him to sleep, I will plunge my dagger into his bosom.

PATTA. But if you cannot gain his confidence?

PADMINI. If so, I shall pay for my venture with my life.

AMAR SINGH. Good! We shall outdo Akbar in kindness....we shall send him to Heaven before us.

JAYA. You indeed are worthy of the name of Rajputani, sister.

PATTA. Padmini, I do not know how to express.....

JAIMAL. (*Harshly*) Silence, does it not occur to you, fools, that Padmini

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might have some other purpose for wishing to return to the Moghul camp?

PATTA. Other purpose?

JAIMAL. Consider, by her own admission the king loves her dearly. She has been here a fortnight and being in your confidence, has perhaps acquired information of value to the invader. I had my suspicions from the first, and now that she wishes to go back, my suspicions stand confirmed.

PADMINI. Oh, I never dreamt....

PATTA. (*Hotly*) When you insult Padmini, Jaimal, you insult me. I will not stand your vile and unjust suspicions.

JAIMAL. Is this the way to talk to me, Patta? Your infatuation for this viper carries you beyond the limits of seemly behaviour.

PATTA. Viper? Your blood shall wipe out that insult.(*Puts hand to sword. Padmini stays his hand*).

PADMINI. It is not proper that you two should quarrel on this poor creature's behalf....

JAYA. (*Calmly interposing*) Calm yourself, dear lord, and think coolly. Perhaps you will yourself admit that Padmini's plan is a good one.

JAIMAL. You too are against me then, Jaya?

JAYA. No, my lord, for I think Padmini worthy of trust. Yet, perhaps it would be better for me to visit Akbar's camp in the guise of a musician.

JAIMAL. You, Jaya?

JAYA. Why not? Perhaps I can show the world that your wife is not any the less in courage. Come, my lord, I will explain my plans to you in detail.

(*Exeunt together Jaimal and Jaya*)

PATTA. I am sorry, Padmini, that you should have been exposed to....

PADMINI. No need for this, my lord. While you trust me, I care for nothing else.

(*Exeunt together Padmini and Patta*).

AMAR SINGH. Hm...The way of the world! Let a man be ever so wise, learned in theology, astrology, philology and all other sciences, let him talk ever so ably, no woman will care for him. Yet let him but take sword in hand and dance bloodthirstily on the battlefield, women will flock to him! (*Exit.*)

[CURTAIN]

Scene II

[*Akbar's tent. Twilight. Akbar, his left shoulder bandaged, reclining on his couch. Suleman enters noiselessly, goes to the wine table and stealthily drinks a cup of wine.*]

AKBAR. A cup of wine, Padmini! (*Starts*) Ah, I had forgotten.....

(*Suleman starts, puts his cup down hastily, and approaches Akbar with the cup of wine*).

AKBAR. (*Half aloud*) How adamant is man's heart! Once its affections are set upon another, not the greatest affront will serve to divert them.

SULEMAN. (*Eagerly*) You have expressed my feelings correctly, my lord. Who indeed knows how I am pining in Padmini's absence?

AKBAR. Pine? You? People who pine for love do not generally consume

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platters of meat and choice fruits, nor drink wine stealthily.

SULEMAN. (*Injured*) I ate meat and grapes merely because they reminded me of Padmini's lips and eyes, and drank wine.....

AKBAR. Stop this stupid chatter. See what that disturbance is outside.

(*Exit Suleman and re-enter*)

SULEMAN. (*Excitedly*) Choice pomegranates! Blackest sloes! The bloom of the lemon!

AKBAR. Has a fruit vendor come?

SULEMAN. No, a Rajput woman, my lord. Her beauty....

AKBAR. I see, to describe it, you drew your metaphors from your favourite pre-occupation—food. What is her business with me?

SULEMAN. I forgot to inquire, my lord.

(*Exit in haste*).

AKBAR. Fool!

(*Re-enter Suleman with Jaya*).

AKBAR. A musician, I see!

JAYA. Yes, my lord. I wander from place to place with my *sitar*, depending for my living on the generosity of lovers of music. I come now to entertain you, if it please you, my lord.

AKBAR. It pleases me indeed. (*Aside*) Since Padmini went, my ears have been deprived of music. (To *Jaya*) But I do not care for the loud and penetrating tones of the *sitar* at close range. Take your seat at the corner there.

JAYA. I assure you, my lord, I shall play as softly as I can. Let me seat myself close to your couch, and my *sitar* will lull you to the depth of sleep.

AKBAR. As you will. (*Jaya approaches and commences tuning her sitar*).

AKBAR. What will you play to me first?

JAYA. (*Looking at Suleman*) I do not play for the benefit of menials.

AKBAR. Well, women have their whims. Suleman, you may go. (*Suleman goes out reluctantly, looking backwards*).

JAYA. I shall play a few verses of the Persian, *Omar Khayyam*, set to music. The verses deplore the shortness of life.

(*Plays*)

AKBAR. Wonderful! I feel inclined to sleep. Play me something else that I may float to rest on the waves of music.

JAYA. Listen to a Ghazl, my lord.

(*Plays. Akbar gradually falls back upon the pillows and at the close of the song appears to be deep asleep. Jaya hastily draws her dagger, rises, bends over Akbar and plunges her arm forward. Akbar calmly takes her by the wrist*).

AKBAR. (*Rising and disarming her*) As I suspected, another visitor from Chitor. Who are you, lady?

JAYA. (*Haughtily*) I disdain to answer your question. Send me to my death.

AKBAR. I shall send you not to death, but back to Chitor. Go in safety, lady, and remember Akbar disdains to war upon women.

[CURTAIN]

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Scene III

[The palace at Chitor. Padmini, Rupa, Krishna aged 13, Rupa aged 9, seated together.]

RUPA. Mother, Johar is a new kind of game. Is it not, mother?

(*Jaya does not answer.*)

RUPA. Why don't you answer?

(*To Padmini*) You tell me.

PADMINI. Yes, Rupa, it is a game.

RUPA. (*Clapping her hands*) See, Krishna, what did I tell you?

KRISHNA. Why do you tell lies, Padmini? Tell me, does not Johar mean that we shut ourselves up in a room and set fire to the firewood heaped there? Mother, is it not so?

(*Neither Padmini nor Jaya speaks*)

RUPA. Is it so, mother? (*Starting to cry*) I do not like this game, mother, I will not play it.

JAYA. (*Fiercely*) You, a Rajput child and so cowardly? I shall drag you by force to the fire-chamber rather than see you fall into Akbar's hands.

PADMINI. Stop, sister. Don't you see you are terrifying the child? What need to frighten her so?

JAYA. Need? And yet you know that two groups of the Moghuls are even now engaged in constructing two separate mines, and at any moment our walls may be blown up. There comes Amar. Probably my lord has sent word for us to commence the rites of Johar.

(*Enter Amar Singh*)

AMAR SINGH. A man who could see walls fly has lived to some purpose indeed.

JAYA. Walls fly? Are you in your senses, man?

AMAR SINGH. Yes, mother, even now Chitor's walls flew!

JAYA. Has the enemy entered Chitor, then?

AMAR SINGH. The enemy is looking extremely stupid, showing the world that sometimes he who looks too far ahead may fall flat. Perhaps had Akbar been less careful in preparations, this would not have happened.

JAYA. What happened, man?

AMAR SINGH. When one mine burst, Akbar's men rushed forth from their hiding places to enter Chitor, thinking that both mines had burst. Then, lo! The other mine burst, and the men fell. At least 500 fell dead. Thus were they blown up by their own engine.

JAYA. Yes, your news is certainly good. But the breach in our walls?

JAIMAL. (*Entering*) There is time enough to repair that before the king gathers his forces and attacks again.

JAYA. My lord, let me place upon your forehead the mark of victory.

(*Places* tilak *on his forehead*)

JAIMAL. Not of victory, my dear, for this is but postponement of the final engagement. Yet I do not despair. If providence continues to be on our side, the king may yet be driven from our walls.

RUPA. (*Timidly approaching*) Father, you will not allow mother to force me to play Johar.

JAYA. (*Gathers her up*) No, child, go and play. (*To herself*) Perhaps the need for Johar will never arise.

[CURTAIN]

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ACT III

Scene I

[*A gallery to the left of the stage representing the ramparts of Chitor. Jaimal, Patta, and the other Rajput soldiers.*]

JAIMAL. (*Looking outwards*) The king's troops seem to be approaching our walls. I believe the time has come for the decisive encounter. Patta, your eyes are keener than mine. Tell me what you see at the enemy's camp.

PATTA. (*Approaches and looks around*). You are right, the enemy soldiers approach. Further, I can see Akbar himself standing on the Sabat, and watching the progress of his troops.

JAIMAL. This, then, is the crucial moment. I feel hopeful that before the day is out, Akbar will be driven back from these walls. Soldiers, are you ready?

SOLDIERS. Ready to fight to the death!

[CURTAIN]

Scene II

[*A gallery to the right of the stage representing the gallery on Akbar's Sabat. Akbar is discovered alone.*]

AKBAR. Today Chitor must fall, or Akbar's prestige be lost. And yet the valour of these Rajputs compels even my admiration. A handful of them, deserted by their king, dare oppose my mighty forces! Perhaps they deserve to win....no, this is no time for such weak thoughts. Chitor must fall, but it will find me a lenient conqueror....Who are those on the walls of Chitor? That noble figure surely is that of Jaimal? Jaimal has twice tried to take my life. Should I not return the same compliment, if but once? "Sangram," my gun! Do not fail your master now. (*Raises his gun and fires. The curtain falls and rises immediately, showing the ramparts of Chitor*).

[CURTAIN]

Scene III

[*The ramparts of Chitor. Jaimal wounded and leaning on the shoulder of Patta. Others crowd round with cries of "Who did this, what has happened," etc.*]

JAIMAL. (*Faintly*) Peace! (*Immediate silence*) It is impossible I should survive. Patta! (*Draws his sword and gives it to him*) Take this and the command of Chitor's forces though I am afraid the saffron robe and Johar are all that are left to Chitor now. What a poor creature is man that may be in a moment dashed from the heights of hope to the depths of despair! (*Dies*).

PATTA. (*Turns with tears in his eyes to others*). Men, you heard our gallant commander's last wishes. The gates of Chitor shall be thrown open and we will go forth prepared to fight to the death. When the Moghul enters Chitor over our dead bodies, he will find here neither women nor treasure to gratify his rapacity. I swear this by the blood of Jaimal!

[CURTAIN]

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Scene IV

[The palace at Chitor. Jaya, Padmini, Rupa, Krishna, and Patta discovered.]

PATTA. I grieve indeed that I am the bearer of such tidings.

JAYA. No need to grieve for me, Patta. Do not weep, Padmini; I am indeed proud that such a man was my husband. Agni would lead me to him soon. But these children....Krishna!

KRISHNA. Do not worry about me, mother. I am ready to die.

JAYA. But this child of tender years? How will she bear the flames?

RUPA. Mother, Krishna says that after Johar we can meet father. Is it so?

JAYA. Yes, child.

RUPA. I am ready, then, mother. I will keep thinking of father, and then I won't mind the flames.

JAYA. Come, children, let us go to the other women.

(*Exeunt Jaya, Krishna, Rupa*).

PATTA. Padmini, I do not know what to say. We should have been born in other times...I had entertained high hopes, had looked forward to a life of love and happiness with you....But to be parted from you thus for ever....

PADMINI. Not for ever, beloved. This is but a temporary parting. You go to your duty in the battle-field, and I to mine in the chamber of fire. Death shall soon unite us for ever.

[CURTAIN]

Scene V

[The palace at Chitor. Akbar, Asaf Khan, Suleman and other Soldiers.]

ASAF KHAN. A complete victory, my lord! But a handful of people left alive in Chitor! All houses desolate! The treasure-houses empty! My lord, such a victory assures you of a permanent place in the annals of history.

AKBAR. (*Remorsefully*) Yes. History will remember me as one who reduced a flourishing city into a desolate waste. Unnecessary shedding of blood and wastage of treasure!

SULEMAN. That is what grieves me, my lord. The infidels need not have destroyed their treasure.....

AKBAR. No. They should have left it intact for the benefit of fools like you. (*Suleman is silenced*).

AKBAR. (*Musingly*) I never did

RITESHARP
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have much faith in the efficacy of force to win empires....yet war is a necessary evil in certain circumstances. Yet I feel that Chitor has not been really conquered. Uday Singh's son, they say, is brave, and Mewar will never brook another's rule. Yet for the present, victory is mine. As a mark of my victory and as tributes to the valour of brave Jaimal and gallant Patta, their effigies shall be placed near the Fort at Agra. Asaf Khan!

ASAF KHAN. My lord!

AKBAR. I leave you in charge of Chitor, though Allah knows, there is pretty enough here now to take charge of. Temper authority with lenience, Asaf, do all in your power to win the hearts of those who remain here, that Chitor might one day become the staunch ally of Akbar. Chitor has taught me its lesson too..... I will more than ever strive now to promote the merger of different hearts and faiths. It may be, my purpose will not be fulfilled in my lifetime. But in my small way I will prepare for that day, perhaps in no distant future, when Muslims and Hindus, the Brahmin and the Outcaste, the ruler and the ruled, will live as brothers and equals, aiding each other, in this glorious country. May Almighty God speed the coming of that glorious day!

[CURTAIN]

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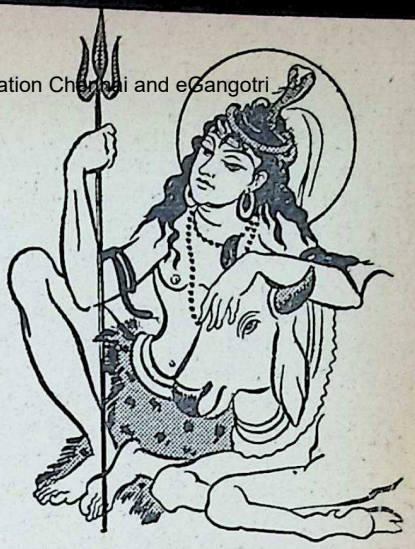
Maha Sivaratri

M. V. Sridatta Sarma



ON the fourteenth day of the dark half of Magha is observed the festival held sacred to Lord Siva, otherwise known as the *Maha-sivaratri* (the great night of Siva).

In *Siva Purana* is given at length the mode of observance of this festival. "Of all the austerities as well as meditations, none would equal in merit to the observance of Sivaratri" (*Tapamsi-vividhanyena japascaivapyanekashah. Naitena samatam yanti sivaratrivratena ca.*) The appropriate hour for the observance of this festival commences in the evening and extends over four *yamas* (i.e. twelve hours). It closes at daybreak on the next day (*maghasyahyasite pakse visista sati keertita. Nisithavyapini grahya*). It is said that this is the hour of Siva-yoga.

On this day, the devotees of Siva pay visits to the temples in the evenings. Visits to sacred places on the banks of rivers are common. The devotees take their bath in the sacred rivers, conduct worship of earthen images or *lingas* (*Parthiva sivalinga pooja*). The twelve *jyotirlingas* in the different zones serve as places of pilgrimage.

The *Siva Purana* alludes to these *lingas*, and meditation or worship of them is considered to be efficacious. The twelve centres of worship are as follows: (1) Somanatha at Sourashtra, (2) Mallikarjuna on the Srisaila (Andhra province), (3) Mahakala at Ujjain, (4) Parameswara at Omkar (5) Kedareswara (at Kedarnath), (6) Bhimashankara at Dakini (near the confluence of Godavari with the sea), (7) Vaidyanatha at Chitabhumi (near Hyderabad), (8) Nagesa at Darukavana, (9) Visweswara at Banaras, (10) Triumbakeswara on the banks of the Gautami (near Nasik), (11) Ramesa at Rameswara and (12) Ghusmesa at Sivalaya.

Abhisheka and *archana* during the four *yamas* (one *yama* is equal to three hours representing a division of night watch) in the night with the hymns dedicated to Rudra are conducted. The devotees take no food but remain under a vow of fast. They will remain awake during the whole night. Recitals are given from the sacred texts, narrating the *leelas* of Lord Siva. Some meditate with the *Panchaksari-mantra*. Songs are sung and *sankeertans* are arranged.

The *Siva Purana* is replete with stories connected with the worship of Siva on the Sivaratri. A *bhil* by name Gurudruha went to the forest for game

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on the Sivaratri. Unable to bag any animal, he was constrained to sit waiting, even during the dark night, while his dependants were waiting for him to return with his kills, the only means of their sustenance.

For keeping watch over the game, the *bhil* ascended a *bilwa* tree by the side of a pool. Below that tree was a *Sivalinga*. During the first *yama*, a doe appeared near the pool for quenching its thirst. The hunter saw the beast and when he was about to charge, water dropped down from the gourd which he had placed in his sack. A few *bilwa* leaves also dropped down from the tree on the *linga*.

The deer on seeing the hunter spoke to him thus: "If in the event of your attaining happiness by making use of my flesh, great merit would be attached to this body, which is the source or cause of all miseries."

The hunter replied "As all my dependants are stricken with hunger, I have to kill you for satisfying their needs (*kutumba ksudhitam me adya hatva tvam tarpayamyaham*).

The doe, at that, sought permission from the hunter to return home assuring him that she would return after intimating her children and mates.

Similarly, in the succeeding three *yamas*, the *nishada* noticed the advent of the deer, the doe's mate. But at the time of directing his shafts, water trickled down from the gourd along with droppings of the *bilwa* leaves (Aegle Marmelos) on the *linga* below.

This deer too promised to return to him after intimating the members of its family.

Thus, the *bhil* consciously or unconsciously conducted the *pooja* of Lord Siva, being wakeful the whole night at the same time observing a compulsory fast.

At the close of the *yama*, the Lord appeared before him conferring his blessings. It was this hunter that came as Guha later, settled at Sringiberapura as a chieftain and helped Sri Rama in his exile.

The doe and the deer which were under a spell of curse too were released.

❁ ❁ ❁

There is another account in the *Siva Purana* of a *bhakta* who won the Lord's favour.

This was Gunanidhi, a spoilt child who was deserted by his parents. On the night of the Sivaratri, this Gunanidhi who was hungry planned to steal the offerings made to Lord Siva in a shrine. While the devotees were engaged otherwise, Gunanidhi entered the *sanctum sanctorum*. As it was dark, he tore out bits of rags from out of his loin cloth, soaked them in the oil and lit the lamp. This proved the unwitting service to the Lord. While carrying away the eatables, he was apprehended, but was let free by the attendants of Siva and absolved of all his sins.

Says Vyasa to Sanatkumara thus: "The two-lettered word Siva serves as a viaticum or provender to the next region, as also a means to the highest end (*summum bonum*). It is the only asylum for the accumulation of merit. It is the cure against all maladies which arise from *samsara*. I cannot see any remedy other than this."

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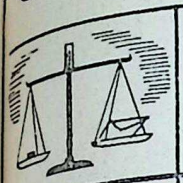
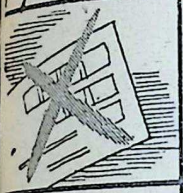


***AFFIX STAMPS OF CORRECT VALUE**

Insufficiently stamped or unstamped letters are delayed by being kept aside in sorting for accounting purpose.

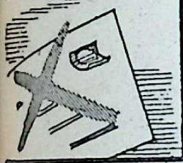
***STICK THEM AT TOP RIGHT CORNER ON ADDRESS SIDE**

This saves time in sorting. It also speeds up stamp cancelling by automatic machines.



***USE MINIMUM NUMBER OF STAMPS FOR VALUE REQUIRED**

This will leave enough space for a clear address; will also speed up defacing.



*** DON'T STICK STAMPS LOOSELY**

If they fall off, letter will be treated as 'unpaid' or 'underpaid'. It may also be delayed.

Insufficient or incorrectly affixed stamps not only delay the particular postal article but create bottlenecks in the whole system.

Affix Your Stamps With Care

DA 59/356

HELP US SERVE YOU BETTER

POSTS & TELEGRAPHS DEPARTMENT

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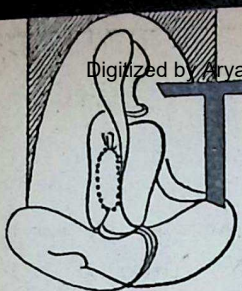

K. M. Munshi's Tapasvini

or

The Lure of Power

A SOCIO–POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers :

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHI (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri):—Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

BHEEM:—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa, a young Brahman boy, was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada, learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England after his Law studies. He was accompanied by his wife Alice and their son Karan. The Indian way of life got on the nerves of Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took him and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. Sheela too accompanied them to his house though against the wishes of her husband. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and that further enkindled his hatred of the rich and well-placed. He got initiated into Communism

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15. New Life

RAVI arrived at the Masjid Bunder Bridge at quarter to nine that evening. A little later, a thin and emaciated man arrived, flourishing a red flag. He proceeded immediately to dig a hole and fix the flag firmly in it. Then he brought a Deodar box from the provision shop opposite and placed near it the Kitson light which a boy who had accompanied him was carrying. Having done all this, he sat down on the box and started coughing.

Ravi recognised him immediately. He was the same person whom he had seen lecturing three years ago at Parel. After a while, a fat youngster, about thirty years old, joined them and started talking to the thin man who had been coughing almost continuously. A bearded young man also came along and joined the discussion. Ravi was introduced by him to everybody. "Comrade Chudgar, I see. This is comrade Ahmed. That one is comrade Viswanath, the President of today's meeting. I am Khanderao. Let us begin. After Viswanath, I shall say a few words. After that, Chudgar, and then Ahmed."

By this time, the Kitson light and the flag had attracted a few students, two or three domestic servants and a couple of porters. A few more persons coming along the road were soon attracted by the speech which the coughing individual had started making. Viswanath's voice was deep and he was coughing too frequently. Ravi found it difficult to understand how such a thin man, so seriously handicapped by his cough, could speak in such a resounding voice. Viswanath praised Communism. He paid tribute to Lenin, and repeated some of the better known slogans of Communism about the sovereignty of labour and equitable distribution of wealth. By the time his speech was over, some twenty to twenty-five persons had collected.

Ahmed started whispering into Ravi's ears: "Are you going to speak for the first time? Very well. Do not trouble yourself about that person standing at some distance. He will slowly come closer of his own accord when he realises what you are saying. He also has a role to play. He is our man, you understand? Are you nervous?"

Ravi said, "Yes, a little. Were you also nervous when you spoke for the first time?"

"I do not remember. It was in U.P. when I spoke in public for the first time. Then, people occasionally threw stones, and I used to get frightened. Now, people at least listen quietly. They do not show as much dislike or anger as before, but also they do not appear to listen with the attention that they used to pay in the earlier days. They seem to be interested only when we abuse someone." Comrade Ahmed narrated briefly his experiences.

"I shall do what I can," replied Ravi.

Khanderao had just finished speaking. His manner had been that of a Professor: he went into great detail,

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giving many historical illustrations, which made the audience restive, and some even began to yawn.

Ahmed said, "Chudgar, now it is your turn."

Ravi mounted the box and for a moment or two, as he saw the crowd staring at him, he became very nervous. His voice shook a little. Never before had people seen such a handsome speaker on the Red platform and many started coming closer to him. Ravi was fair and handsome. His eyes appeared to shine with the enthusiasm of his new experiences. His personality was suggestive of strength. He roused the curiosity of the people and this made them ready to listen to him attentively. For a while, Ravi was absolutely tongue-tied. He had forgotten the sentences he had memorised, and the notes he had drawn up with great care remained in his pocket. He could no longer remember some of the passages from Marx which he had decided to quote. For him at the moment there were only himself and his audience. He began as if he were talking to his audience, and fortunately appropriate words started coming to him without any difficulty. Imagination breathed life into those words and they soon wove pictures, though only verbal, before his audience. He described the misery of poverty that he himself had experienced and went on to talk about the rich. Keeping Radharaman in front of his eyes, he made a telling comparison of conditions in Nepean Sea Road and of his attic in Bhoiwada. He had seen hundreds of orphans and illiterate and hungry boys, and he went on to describe their pitiful condition which, incidentally, was not different from his own. Thus, he put into words the venom that had lodged itself in his heart for the past many years. The audience listened to him with rapt attention and when he stopped speaking, there was a tremendous ovation.

"Wonderful! Is this really your first public speech?" asked Khanderao.

"Yes, it is truly my very first public speech."

"Well then, next Sunday come at 8 o'clock to the Worli tenement. You have done exceedingly well. Good-bye."

After the meeting was over, Ravi walked home savouring the joy of his triumph. He kept thinking of the attentiveness with which so many had listened to him. He felt proud that he had succeeded in enthusing the people, who had been listless when he started speaking. This, he felt, was indeed power. He muttered to himself, "And I myself felt nothing. I remained as if I were an outside spectator even though I went right through the hearts of so many people."

When Ravi arrived at his house, he found that his grandfather was waiting for him, and in reply to his enquiry if all had gone well, Ravi said, "Exceedingly well. At the very first opportunity, I have won the affection of the people. I had no idea that I would meet with such success."

"Whatever God does He does for our good," commented Dadaji.

Ravi's conscience pricked him hard. He had cheated his Dadaji; he had ignored his principles. He had not said one single word about the independence of the country. He had merely tried to dominate over people. For a

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moment, he felt he should tell everything to his grandfather and admit his weakness, but he realised that it would either make his grandfather unhappy or make it necessary for him to apologise and to give up the Communist Party. He did not wish to adopt either course.

"My son, tell me what you did. I am anxicus to hear that."

"Dadaji, I acted in accordance with your advice," and he said this in such an innocent tone and manner that he was astounded.

"I first went and met Mathurakar. I said that both you and I had taken a pledge to make India free. I told him also that I was prepared to give my life for my ideals. He welcomed me with affection, and told me how father had given his life for the sake of our country. In the evening I went to a public meeting at Masjid Bunder. There I talked of India's subjugation. I described the poverty of the poor and laid emphasis on their regeneration. Thanks to you, it was as though the Goddess of Learning had settled down on my tongue. The audience welcomed me with resounding cheers. I felt as if their minds reacted very favourably to the teachings of the saints."

Dadaji was greatly impressed by Ravi's performance and he was overwhelmed with affection for the boy. "Ravi," said he, "today I feel that I have lived to some purpose. The principles of life which my Guru had taught me I have passed on to you. You have also inherited your father's great capacity for self-sacrifice. My only prayer to God is that He may now call me away from this earth. My son, this land of ours has been blessed by the penance of thousands of saintly persons. We shall never be able to do enough for it. You have my blessings, you may now go and sleep. Where there is religion and duty, there will also be prosperity."

Dadaji lay down in his bed and sighed deeply as he repeated, "I bow to Thee ; O, Lord Shiva."

Ravi had never realised that he had the ability to tell a lie so skilfully. How bad he was! So many years of learning of the religious books had indeed been wasted. His conscience began to hurt him as he realised the depths to which he had descended. Which was the true Ravi?—the one who had performed his morning rites and rituals, or the one who was prepared to cheat his grandfather in the interest of his own glory and prosperity? He remembered again his triumph and in the glow of that triumph, he soon fell asleep.

Next day Ravi got up late. The sun had already come out. As he went out to clean his teeth, he saw Dadaji ; as he was not yet ready, as usual, he immediately went to his bed to find out if he were well. Dadaji was lying lifeless. On his face there was inscrutable peace. Ravi remembered his grandfather's last words: *Yato Dharmasthathojaya*. "Dadaji had indeed passed away thinking of God and religion. With what affection did he bring me up and with what devotion did he teach me!" All the past came back to his memory and he burst into tears. Until now there was Dadaji but now he had no one whom he could call his own. In the whole world, he had no relation nor was anyone interested in him.

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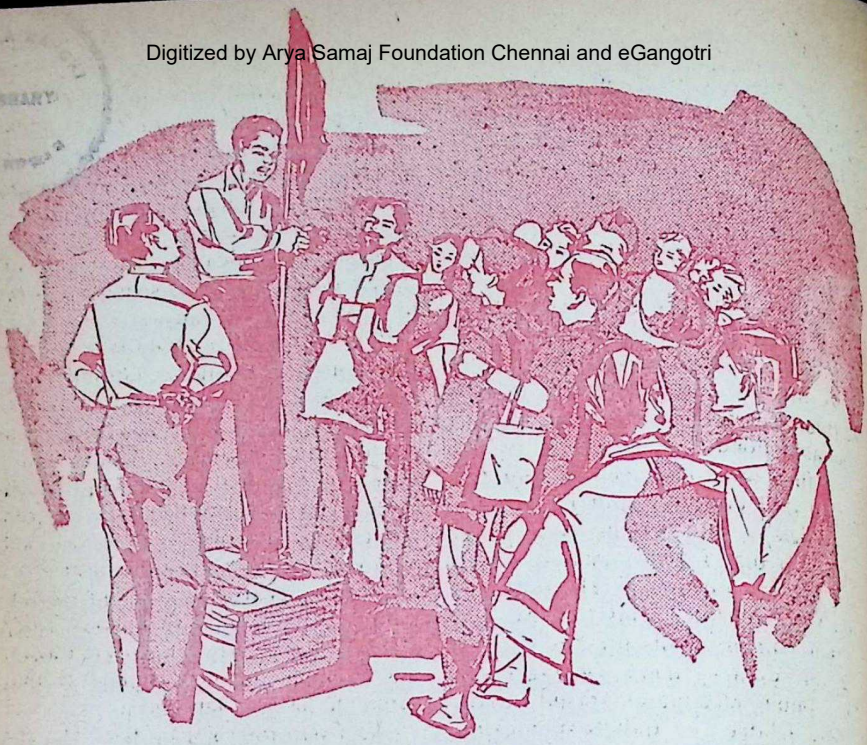

The trustees of the *Pathshala* let him stay in the attic free of charge for a month. Thereafter, he went to Mazagon where Khanderao lived, and rented a room in his tenement. He could not forget Dadaji but he also realised that he had died at a very opportune moment. Now he could safely forget all about his past life and mould his future.

After a month, he began to receive from the Communist Party Rs. 60/ a month, but this after all was not different from any other service. He did not care what remuneration he received. He would go every day to the Mazagon Office of his Party and do the work entrusted to him. He would do whatever was entrusted to him: address envelopes, correct proofs and distribute them on the road. Every evening he would go somewhere and deliver a public speech and at nights he worked with Khanderao with a view to inciting the workers to go on strike.

As long as Ravi lived in his attic, he used to do his morning rituals in the orthodox manner but after he went to the Mazagon tenement and began to take a liking for intrigues, he gave up his Sandhya ceremony. He was somewhat ashamed of repeating the Vedas in this tenement and it became necessary for him to go to the Party twice or thrice. It was, therefore, decided that instead of cooking for himself, he would eat in a hotel. Ravi also felt that so long as he resisted the new at-

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ecosphere, his work would not be appreciated and he would be regarded as orthodox. For this reason he gave up all his old habits and before long he felt as if the reciting of Vedas and the offering of prayers in the evening were something he had done only in his past life. He was anxious only to acquire power and he was prepared to make any sacrifice for the purpose. At times, he would think of his grandfather and he would be overwhelmed with grief at the thought of his single-mindedness and of his faith, but the epoch had disappeared with Dadaji and he would console himself with the thought that his duty now lay in fulfilling his grandfather's objectives in the light of modern times.

Within a few months he became an expert in all kinds of work and there were many matters in which he could even venture to give advice to Khanderao. He was never tired of the work of the Party. He never thought of enjoying himself. The only thing that attracted him was making a deep study of Communist literature. He had become by now a first-class speaker and whenever he was due to speak, workers would gather in large numbers. The higher officials of the Party also began to take note of his usefulness.

One day Khanderao told Ravi that the Secretary of the Politburo wanted to see him the following evening at 6 o'clock. Ravi replied that he had to go to Bandra to deliver a speech.

"To hell with Bandra! What more do you want, when the Secretary himself is sending for you?" commented Khanderao.

Ravi was already getting tired of the kind of work that he was called upon to do for a paltry sum of Rs. 60, and he had decided only the previous evening to branch out into new directions. He felt that here he was likely to be offered an opportunity to fulfil his desire. When he enquired if he must see the Secretary exactly at 6, Khanderao said: "Not a minute before, not a minute later."

"The Bandra meeting is at half past five. If I finish that and see the Secretary at 7, will it do?" asked Ravi.

"Are you mad? If the Secretary says 6, then you must see him at 6; if you are late, he will be very angry. Forget that meeting at Bandra."

"But, how can I disappoint people who would come to hear me. Surely, that is not reasonable. I shall send a telegram to the Secretary that I shall come at 7."

"You seem to like inviting trouble," said Khanderao with some surprise.

"But, I am not afraid of anything," said Ravi.

"But if you go late, you will not be able to meet the Secretary."

"Surely he will see me. Do you think that he would like to lose the opportunity of abusing me?" remarked Ravi with some complacence.

Next day, Ravi presented himself at 7 o'clock in the Surgery of a well-known doctor where the Secretary was to meet him. "So, at last you have come. It was you who had sent a telegram that you would not be able to come in time. Is that so?" shouted Manohar Mathurakar angrily.

"Yes, I did send a telegram that I shall be a little late," replied Ravi.

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Mathurakar, still very angry, took Ravi by the backdoor into the operation room of the doctor. There he saw the mysterious, bearded Bengali gentleman, who had come to meet Ganapatishastri. On seeing Ravi, Bandopadhyaya *alias* Sanyal became very angry. As soon as Mathurakar left them, Sanyal shouted, "So, at last you have come. I received your telegram this morning. Did you send it?"

"Yes, I sent it," said Ravi. "I had promised eight days ago to go and make a speech at Bandra. It was not possible for me to change that programme."

The Secretary's shrewd eyes looked at him piercingly. "Your programme, your programme; nonsense. You worry about your programme and are indifferent to mine, and you dared send the telegram to me."

"Yes, I sent the telegram in very polite terms."

"What do I care about your polite terms? Do you realise who I am and what is your position?" Sanyal remarked, as if he was talking to a mad man.

"Sir, Mr. Secretary, sir, as far as I have understood our ideology, you and I are equals. We are both soldiers of the revolution. We are workers of the labour organisation."

Sanyal's eyes suddenly transformed themselves as if this exchange of words had been in fun. "Well, sit down, comrade Chudgar. Don't you ever behave like this with me again. When I come to Bombay, I have a great deal of work. If a similar occasion arises again, you had better forget all about Bandra and your promise."

Ravi also understood and laughingly replied, "Forgive me, sir. I was not trying to be clever in doing what I did. I did this only because this appeared to me to be the most impressive way in which I could meet you. When do you propose to push me forward, comrade Secretary? In which direction do you want me to move forward?"

"That is for you to decide, but it is certain that I want you to get on. I am tired of all these petty responsibilities fallen to my lot during the past months. Now I would like to work in close association with you. What do you want?"

"Let me look after the work of some office. I assure you, you will be pleased with my work."

"Well, let us see. But, you are still young. The report on your work is satisfactory; but we shall see. Are you quite clear about your ideology?"

Ravi's eyes met those of the Secretary and the two understood each other, both loyal to the principles. "In what way?" inquired Ravi.

"Are you fully convinced of whatever you have been saying in your speeches?"

"Convinced, in faith," said Ravi. "Ask those who have listened to my speeches. Has anyone raised any doubts?"

The Secretary burst out laughing at Ravi's skilful parrying. "You are a Brahman boy; well, you go now. I shall make proper arrangements for you." Ravi went out smiling.

[*To be continued*]

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"Mystics" Galore and The Occult Worlds

● RISHABHCHAND ●

In this third instalment, the author further demolishes Mr. Huxley's facile assumption that all dope-fiends are would-be yogis, and exposes how utterly inadequate is the conception of Mr. Huxley and men of his thinking as to what constitutes Indian or, for that matter, any real spirituality.

HUXLEY believes that "countless persons desire self-transcendence". Driven by this desire, "they take part in rites, they listen to sermons, they repeat prayers; but their thirst remains unassuaged. Disappointed, they turn to the bottle.[1] "When, for whatever reason, men and women fail to transcend themselves by means of worship, good works and spiritual exercises they are apt to resort to religion's chemical surrogates—alcohol and 'goof-pills' in the West, alcohol and opium in the East, hashish in the Mahommedan world etc."[2] "In their ceaseless search for self-transcendence, millions of would-be mystics become addicts, commit scores of thousands of crimes and are involved in hundreds of thousands of avoidable accidents."[3]

I must confess these astounding words completely baffle me. I wonder what secret psychical statistics have led Huxley to such an absurd conclusion! Are there really millions of would-be mystics? But we have to decide what a mystic is. For the moment, I can only retort with an emphatic "NO". There are not millions, not even thousands, not even hundreds, who long to be mystics, who yearn to transcend themselves. Does Huxley really believe that the countless persons who take to the bottle or other intoxicants are disappointed seekers of Truth or Reality, soul or God? "Among thousands of men only one here or one there seeks perfection...", says the *Gita*. "Hardly a wise man here and there, desiring immortality, turns his eyes inwards and sees the Self within him.....The rest follow after desire and pleasure and walk into the

1 & 2. *Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley.

3. Aldous Huxley's article in an American journal.

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snare of Death that gapes wide for them," says the Upanishad. Will it, then, be contended that we have left far behind the days of the Upanishad and the *Gita,* and that modern man in the mass has developed a greater aspiration and competence for spiritual life, and a greater thirst for Reality? The world situation would shriek out a most poignant "NO".

The Christ has promised: "Ask and it shall be given thee." But how many of us ask? How many persons desire self-transcendence? Radical self-transcendence[4] means radical self-denial, self-naughting (to use a favourite term of Western mysticism) ; it means dying to one's normal, egoistic self and being reborn into the eternal truth and reality of one's being. It is not knowing or seeing, but being and becoming. It is not, as Huxley thinks, "to be aware of the total reality in its immanent otherness" and "yet to remain in a condition to survive as an animal, to think and feel as a human being....." To be "enlightened" (I am using Huxley's word), "to be aware of the total reality in its immanent otherness" is to live in the Light and not in our cherished darkness ; to live and move and have our being in "the immanent otherness", and not in our miserable this-ness ; to cease once and for all to "survive as an animal", and live and act as a spiritual being, as a divine soul ; and to think and feel not "as a human being", but in the spiritual way, with a new mind and a new heart, suffused with the light and attuned to the rhythms of the Spirit. Nothing short of this can be called "radical self-transcendence". But how many of us desire it? How many are prepared to deny themselves, burn their boats, die to their old selves? How many are prepared to detach themselves inwardly from their bodies, their life beings, their minds—all that they call their own, physically and psychologically—and stand free in the soul or the Spirit, free in their unconditioned self-existence ; absolutely independent of the whole universe, and serenely proof against its myriad attractions ; independent of Time and Space,[5] conquerors of Life and Death? Are there millions? "Man's mind is the dupe of his animal self."[6]

"The Truth of truths men fear and deny,
The Light of lights they refuse;
To ignorant gods they lift their cry
Or a demon altar choose."[7]

Is it again a fact that, only because "their thirst (for self-transcendence) remains unassuaged," millions of would-be mystics turn to the bottle"? If a person fails in his spiritual quest, what does it signify? It simply signifies, as Sri Ramakrishna would say, that he was not sincere, not earnest, not ready to crucify his selfhood (and yet Huxley thinks that there is a universal urge

4. "It (revival of religion) will come about as the result of biochemical discoveries that will make it possible for large numbers of men and women to achieve a radical self-transcendence and a deeper understanding of the nature of things."—Huxley's article in the American journal.

5. Each world has its own order of Time and Space. To travel behind or below our world is to be in other orders of Time and Space, and not in timeless and spaceless Transcendence, as Huxley seems to imagine.

6. Sri Aurobindo.

7. Sri Aurobindo.

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man to "escape from his intolerable ...hood"). For one who is sincere ...re can be no permanent failure. If ...e fails, he redoubles his effort. If he ...ils, he rises. If he feels disappoint... he finds faith and hope welling up ...ain within him, a ray of light steal... into his gloom to comfort and ...ge him on. For, he knows that the ...ivine is seated in every heart, *hrid...she*, breathing His eternal promise: *Na me bhaktah pranashyati*"[8]—he ...ho is devoted to me can never perish. Fortified by the promise and quicken... by his revived faith, he presses for... ...ard through fire and water, defying ...e forces that oppose, defying the be... ...gs that tempt and torture him, defy... ...g dis-appointment itself, if it ever ...returns, rather than fall into the fatal imbecility of "turning to the bottle". "No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the Kingdom of God."[9]

I have already referred to the occult worlds. There are worlds upon worlds, subtle-physical, vital and mental, and many intermediate between them, around us, below us, and behind us—the worlds above us do not concern us for the moment—countless worlds or planes teeming with beings and forces of all kinds. What is very important to know about them is, that excursions into them by means of drugs are not so innocuous as our intellectual curiosity makes us imagine. We have to remember that they are not worlds only of unearthly lights and colours, sounds and sights, fascinating draperies and glowing books like rubies and emeralds,[10] but of beings and forces, not all of whom are friendly to us. Many of them—they are of many kinds, from elves and gnomes and sylphs to goblins, ghouls, fiends, demons etc.—that are positively malignant and hostile to our spiritual progress. And there are gods of all sorts, vital gods, mental gods etc., who also seek to shipwreck our spiritual life. "Gods and other beings come to tempt the yogi. They do not want any one to be perfectly free. They are jealous, just as we are, and worse than us sometimes."[11] The lower spirits hover about in our atmosphere, and try their best to hinder the human soul from tending towards God's Love and Light. "The atmosphere in which we live is filled in fact with a large number of small vital beings that are the products of unsatisfied desires, vital movements of a totally lower order as well as decompositions of more important beings of the vital world; . . . all that forms a swarm, and it is certainly a protection that most people do not see what happens in their vital atmosphere."[12] Some of the vital beings are very powerful and remorselessly brutal. They try to mislead us under various guises. They have been called the tempters, the forces of Evil, the hordes of Mara, Ahriman or Satan. They promise us all that our vital being or our mind desires, so that we may cease from seeking That which alone can deliver us from all desires, which are the only source of our suf-

8. The Gita.
9. The Christ.
10. *Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley.
11. *Raja-Yoga* by Vivekananda.
12. *The Mother*—Bulletin of Sri Aurobindo International Centre of Education, Nov. 1959.

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fering. Sometimes they appear before us disguised as spiritual guides, and givers of light and happiness.[13] They impart to us knowledge of many things, which it is not possible to acquire by our normal means. They reveal to us many secrets of existence, for they have the subtle perception we do not possess. They give us powers, as they gave to Paracelsus, the Rosicrucians and the thaumaturges of all lands, which can produce miracles in our world. And by these means they seduce and enslave us. They know all our weaknesses, all our infirmities, all the vulnerable points of our nature, and when and how to take us unawares. They tempt, they threaten, they coax us, they flatter our vanity and ambition—they have dangerous wiles in their inexhaustible armoury. If they fail to appeal to our lower cravings, they strive to deflect us from the spiritual path by appealing to our higher impulses and predilections: our desires for serving our society, our nation, or humanity. If they fail even in this, they appeal to our ambition for achieving something extraordinary and spectacular in spiritual life. Behind all these subtle desires and ambitions, by battening upon which our ego grows in self-esteem and the esteem of the world—it is difficult for the world to detect the *sattwic* ego, wearing the white robes of virtue and righteousness, high moral principles and selfless humanitarian service,[14] —there are always the stimulating and supporting suggestions of the forces and beings that seek to oppose our spiritual advance. These beings, satanic or godly,[15] dog the steps of the spiritual seekers right up to the threshold of Eternity, as we gather from the lives of the great mystics.

If such are the dangers the spiritual aspirants meet with, who are supposed to have more or less purified their beings, what must be the dangers into which unwary men and women with unchastened desires and uncontrolled passions are sure to fall if they act up to Huxley's advice and "take an occasional trip through some chemical "Door in the Wall" into what, to my great amazement, Huxley describes as "the world of transcendental experience![16] Evidently Huxley has not

13. "The devil hath his contemplatives as God has his".—The Cloud of Unknowing.

14. "God alone can look after the world. Let a man first realise Him. Let him get the authority and be endowed with His power; then and then alone he can think of doing good to others. A man should first be purged of all egoism. Then alone will the blissful Mother ask him to work for the world." —*Sri Ramakrishna.*

15. There is a hierarchy of the occult worlds; and each world is, in a way, autonomous. Each is governed by its own basic norms and principles; and its beings, who are subject and confined to them, seek to impose them upon the human souls that happen to enter there. They do not want the human souls to get beyond them. This is as true of the planes of the malevolent beings as of the gods. The human soul, thirsting for freedom, has to beware of them all.

16. The experiences Huxley speaks of in his present article and in his book, *The Doors of Perception,* are phenomenal, and not transcendental. The subtle planes are an extension of the phenomenal and a part of what Indian cosmology calls the aparārdha or the lower hemisphere. To enter into them is only to extend and not escape the phenomenal, as Underhill rightly remarks in her book, *Mysticism.*

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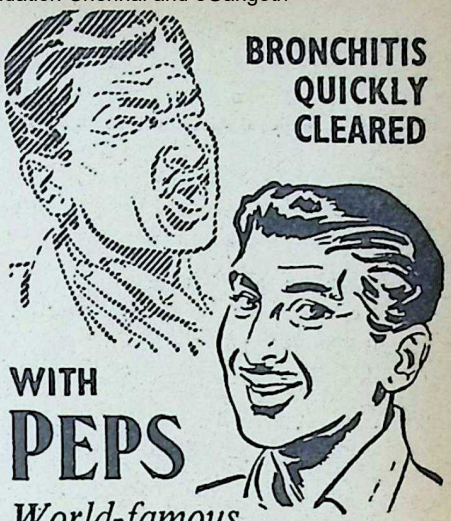
even much thought to the existence of beings in the occult worlds, and the incalculable risks men and women would run by venturing into them. "I would consider it best", says Sri Aurobindo, "to have the spiritual and psychic (Sri Aurobindo uses the word psychic in the sense of the soul or the divine spark in man) development first and have it with....fullness before entering into the occult regions. Those who enter first[17] may find their spiritual realisation much delayed—others fall into the mazy traps of the occult and do not come out in this life."

The traditional practice in India and, to a certain extent, everywhere in the world, has been not to venture into the subtle worlds before acquiring vital purity and arming oneself with the protection of the Guru, or one's own occult knowledge and power. It is, indeed, frightful to think of the fate of the man who slips unawares into any such world of malevolent beings. Our experience of nightmares should be enough to forewarn us against the danger. Our body is a protection, a fort, as it were, which, by the very fact of its grossness for which we pretend to scorn it, acts as a shield agaist the attacks of the forces of darkness and evil.

[*To be continued*]

17. Huxley would have all and sundry enter there through the chemical "Door in the Wall", provided they are "reasonably healthy", as if physical health were a safeguard against the dangers of the occult worlds!



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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

729

Sri Shivalingaiah, Maddur.

Q: *Is there any difference between a* sannyasi *and a* yogi?

A: Of course. *Sannyasi* ordinarily is one who has given up worldly life and taken to the vows prescribed by certain orders. *Yogi* can also be a Karma Yogi who lives a worldly life in acts which are consecrated.

730

Sri T. Chengalvaroya Setty, Anantapur.

Q: *Am I right in saying*

(1) *that destiny is dispensation of justice by the eternal laws of Truth or Godhead;*

(2) *that destiny and past Karma are inter-related to each other as cause and effect;*

(3) *that prayer is either praise of God, or an appeal to God for mercy or for material or spiritual benefit;*

(4) *that if prayer is to alter destiny then there is ego in God, and failure of the laws of the Eternal Truth;*

(5) *that prayer can only benefit future by bringing about good conduct, and cannot retrieve the past?*

A: (1) Partly yes.

(2) Karma is a causal chain, by which in another life you reap the fruits of your action in this life. It is not fate, nor destiny. In this sense it is the working of the moral law of cause and effect.

(3) No. Prayer, to be true, is the effort of one's body, mind and speech to surrender oneself to God.

(4) You have not realised the true end of prayer. Prayer leads you to live in God, and thereby manifest God, Who is in you. It is a part of the cosmic law that when we begin to live in God, the chain of Karmic cause and effect is broken and a new chain reaction starts.

(5) Prayer can change the present and burn up the roots of the past.

731

Sri K. R. Shankar, Bangalore.

Q: *Whom does Lord Shiva meditate upon?*

A: He has not to meditate on something else, for He himself is *Sat-Chit-Anand*—Reality, Consciousness, Bliss.

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732

Sri K. R. Shankar, Bangalore.

Q: *Is Lord Brahma a non-Aryan God?*

A: Who told you that? Gods have no races, except when historians and religions indulge in theories. So far as I know, Brahma is an Aryan post-Vedic god.

733

Sri P. C. Bendigeri, Bagalkot.

Q: *Although I am a Hindu, I hate Hindu religion for the following reasons: (i) it denies equality to all; (ii) it disgraces and denies life to the widow; (iii) people in higher classes ill-treat and even kill those who belong to the lower classes as illustrated in puranas (Sri Rama killed Shambuk). Am I right in my estimate?*

A: (1) You say you are a Hindu. Have you studied the *Bhagavad Gita* or the *Upanishad* or the *Smriti* texts to understand what it is? If not, is it right to condemn Hinduism without understanding what it means?

(2) First, men are unequal on account of heredity, social position, temperament and ability. There is no absolute equality among men.

Secondly, which is the country where men are equal in the absolute sense?

Thirdly, *Gita* has laid the true position that men differ on account of their qualities and actions. However, it does not sanction inequality by birth. Inequality of function exists everywhere in life.

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734

Sri V. S. Krishna, Srikakulam.

Q: *It appears to me* prima facie *illogical to presume that the human kind will be annihilated either due to overgrowth of population or shortage of food and things of that kind. According to Yoga, the universe is made of single matter and man cannot either create or destroy. Am I right?*

A: You are right. If the world is blown up by an atomic war, we will all remain as some kind of elements flying in space. But we won't be as we are.

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To quote Shri R. R. Diwakar in his *Foreword*: "....a study of the *Neo-Upanishads* is necessary and we find it is quite refreshing.... a rich mine of Indian thought....The author has brought to bear upon the subject his full knowledge of ancient lore...."

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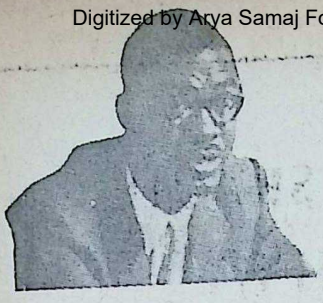

PATRICE LUMUMBA

THE second half of the last decade saw the emergence of six independent nations in Africa and in the year of grace, at least four more nations of that continent will attain independent status with more in prospect. The latest on the anvil is Belgian Congo which has just been promised freedom on June 30.

Congo which is nearly as large as India but with a fraction of her population (13,000,000), has a romantic past. Starting as the exclusive property of King Leopold II, it ultimately became a colony of Belgium. Fantastically rich in her minerals, rubber, other natural resources, pigmies and giants, it has been Belgium's "Ace of Spades", in the words of Gunther. Belgium had been milking the Congo cow both ways, to quote Gunther again, "with taxes and dividends". It was Congo that gave the first Uranium ore from which is manufactured the dreaded and much-flaunted atom and hydrogen bombs.

Belgium had been holding the colony under her heel in the most foolproof colonial formula of keeping her educationally backward and economically forward, all these years. Like a *mahut* riding the elephant, Belgium has been ruling Congo, 77 times her size, for half a century.

The rising tide of nationalism in the African Continent and the unwitting creation of an industrial proletariat inside Congo ignited national-consciousness. The Accra Conference of last year fanned the flames. With the result, the country has been in a ferment for over a year now, causing avoidable riots and loss of lives.

Although Belgium had been promising progressive reforms for Congo for over a year now with freedom by 1964, national sentiment hardened and King Baudouin's visit to Congo in December last apparently precipitated the decision arrived at in the round-table conference recently held at Brussels between the leaders of Congo and Belgian officials. A schedule has been tabled according to which elections will start on May 16 this year, every Congolese male adult above 21 years securing a vote. A caretaker pre-election government is being formed with a House of Representatives and a Senate which will draft the Constitution. On June 30, the new Parliament will meet and proclaim independence. All of course after ratification by the Belgian Parliament.

Although over 60 splinter groups will contest the elections, the two main contending parties will be the Congolese National Movement headed by 34-year old Patrice Lumumba and the Abako Party of Lower Congo. The latter is an extremist party demanding immediate independence and its leader Joseph Kasavubu withdrew from and

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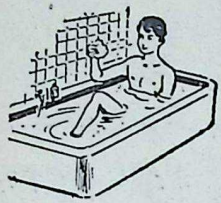

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rejoined the recent Brussels Conference demanding the appointment of an immediate Provisional National Committee.

From all accounts Mr. Lumumba, the National Congolese leader, appears to be the man of the moment so far as the future of Congo goes. Although described by the American press as an ambitious politician and trouble-maker and stigmatised for a conviction, his reported views and statements on the eve of the present parleys eminently qualify him to take the lead in a rational and civilized transformation of his country to independent status.

All that we know of him now is that he had been a postal clerk formerly. A fiery speaker, he was arrested in October last for thundering against the rulers in a Stanleyville meeting: "Total independence now, now, now" handcuffed and hustled into jail which touched off a riot for two days that accounted for 70 Africans killed and hundreds wounded.

Released just before the Brussels Conference he was flown there from Congo to enable him to join the deliberations. In an interview in Brussels he has expressed his indebtedness to India in her example of winning freedom peacefully and to Mahatma Gandhi whose teachings have made a profound impression on him. In all his talks he had no rancour, no regrets. He looks forward to an era of co-operation between free Congo and Belgium.

Envisaging a republican form of government for his country, Lumumba feels confident that his party will sweep the polls in the general elections.

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PANGS OF SEPARATION

WHEN Malini cleared her throat with a 'hm', the lovers were startled but seeing it was only her confidante, Pushpagandhi turned towards her bashfully and threw her hands round her neck.

Said Malini discretely: "My dear, it is such a long time we have been here and it is time we got back home lest mother should start worrying!"

Pushpagandhi silently moved along with her friend, often looking back at the tree behind which Prince Ratnamandana stood gaping at the departing figure. With great difficulty Pushpagandhi reached her apartment when she fell aplomb on her couch, love-struck.

Indradatta, not finding his friend Ratnamandana return from the palace-garden even after a long time, entered the garden and searched for him. There under the shade of a giant tree he saw him lying unconscious, with his hands close to his chest. Rather frightened at first, he soon discovered what ailed his princely pal. In those days there were certain well-recognised symptoms, physical as well as psychological, by which a person could be diagnosed if he or she was suffering from love fever. And their remedial measures—first-aids too. Indradatta therefore applied himself assiduously to cool his friend's fever with those measures whereupon Ratnamandana woke up.

To the mischievous-looking Indradatta smiling enigmatically, Ratnamandana related the mute love-interlude he had with a damsel who was presumably the Princess of the State. He ended on a forlorn note upon which Indradatta asked: "Prince! Is it meet that great princes like you should feel so unhappy at a woman's departure?"

Ratnamandana: To tell you the truth, if you fail to unite me with Pushpagandhi, my life will soon fade out.

Indra: If you feel that way, I swear by God that I will spare no pain to bring about that union right from now. Be of brave heart. Now let us have something to eat.

So saying, the two friends moved out of the garden. After refreshments, Indradatta left his friend behind and started nosing about the women's wing of the palace.

Luckily he came across an attendant of the Princess to whom he confided the love of his friend Prince

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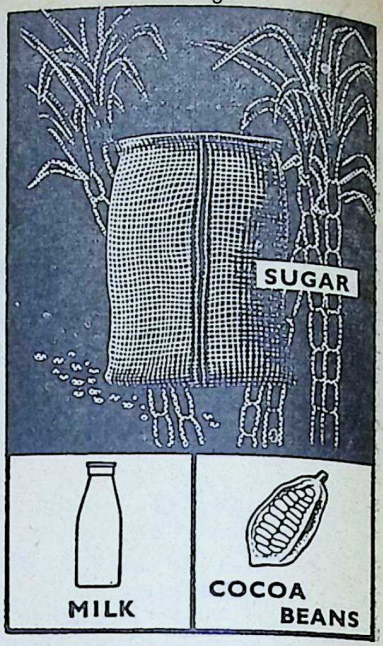

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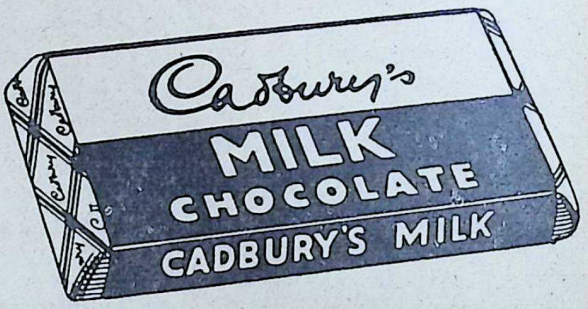

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Ratnamandana towards her mistress, and explained in no uncertain terms that his friend would die if his love was not requited.

Promising to arrange for him a meeting with Malini, the Princess's confidante, she left.

Soon came Malini and asked Indradatta: "My friend! You have really poured nectar into my ears, for my mistress feels equally for your friend. Is he now feeling all right or is his mind lost in the eagle-hunt? I hope in between he finds time to remember us." And she chuckled.

Indra: O, what shall I say? Hunting is now merely a remembrance of the past. Actually, it is he that feels hunted by the Love-god who has thrown the net about him in the shape of your Princess. I think it will be wise of you to stop tending your love-drugged friend and set about seriously arranging for the marriage.

Malini: Thank you for your suggestion; but you have not told me much about your friend. What is his address? Is he already married or is it merely a passing fancy? I must know all about them before doing anything real.

Indradatta thereupon told her all about his friend Ratnamandana and assured her that he was still unmarried, whereupon Malini replied:

"You need not worry any more. Things will move fast and your friend's desire will be fulfilled."

Greatly pleased with the result of his mission, Indradatta hurried to his friend, feeling like Hanuman of old while bringing news about Sita to Sri Ramachandra. But even his bright and cheerful face would not carry conviction to Ratnamandana who

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asked: "Is it a ripe fruit or unripe one?"

"Of course, the ripe fruit,' replied Indradatta and the two friends embraced each other in sheer joy.

Soon Indradatta gave his friend a ribald account of what transpired between him and the girls of the palace. The two together returned to their country, deciding to expedite the marriage.

At the back of the departing Prince, Pushpagandhi fell into a reverie: "What a fool have I been? This wretched shyness prevented me from having a word with my lover. Should not this merciless Malini have waited a little before entering our presence like a bull in a china shop? Being a man, could not that Prince at least, have unleashed his love on me and embraced me? Or when his friend came to communicate the reciprocal feelings, should I not have met him personally and have had the pleasure of hearing the love-plaint professed by proxy? How do I dread Manmatha's shaft! I can no longer enjoy the coolness of the moon's rays and the *koil's* warble, all of which will now torment me."

And Ratnamandana started reflecting: "If it be true that Pushpagandhi was in love with me, should she have failed to talk to me? Would she have ever consented to take her eyes away from me and gone home with her servant? Even after going home, should she have failed to send someone to me to inquire about the state of my mind? Why, when Indradatta went to her place, would she not have met him and offered to come to me? I really do not know if Indradatta is speaking the truth at all. Would I be

fortunate enough to have that jewel of a woman for my wife?"

Breathing heavily under the impact of this doubt, Ratnamandana lost interest in all comforts and suffered indescribable pangs of separation.

Indradatta, on seeing the pitiable condition of his friend, counselled: "Prince, is it right on your part to feel so forlorn on account of a woman? Don't you know that brave men are those who mock at misfortunes? Besides, you have completely forgotten that you must always discount the words of women. Would you like to hear a story to illustrate this point? Listen."

[*To be continued*]

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Magic Ring Recovered

WHEN man plans for good or evil, he does so in the unqualified belief that his ingenuity will ultimately prevail. He hardly takes into account the law of nature or of God which has its own rules that often run counter to his intentions.

When with the aid of the magic ring the Raja of Cochin willed that the object of his infatuation be brought to him and all opposition be destroyed, he reckoned not with the host.

The Queen of Nishadhapuri had just handed to her husband the soap-nut dough which she herself had pounded for his bath, when she was bundled out of the palace and rushed to the presence of the Raja of Cochin.

Not before she stood in front of the Raja of Cochin with her unwashed hands did she realise that she had brought this calamity on her head by her own foolishness.

At the time of her departure she could see her capital caught in flames. At that time against her own conviction she tried to console herself that her husband would be safe because he was bathing in the pool.

It was not difficult for her later to conclude that it was all due to the old woman who had cleverly taken the magic ring from her husband. Much as she cursed herself for bringing the calamity on their head, she resolved to make good her lapse by determination and prayer.

The Raja of Cochin, who stood before her laughing sheepishly, advanced towards her for embracing, uttering words of endearment.

Controlling her repulsion, the Princess said: "Sir, tarry a little. Brahma had ordained that I should marry you. But by a mischance, I cannot say how, I had to remain in another man's custody for a short time. Since however I have come to you back, I would like to make a good beginning. I have to observe a *vrata* for eight days during which elaborate *pujas* and poor-feeding have to be done. Kindly permit me to observe this *vrata* after which I shall become your rightful queen."

The Raja of Cochin thought: "What harm is there in waiting for another eight days?" So he gave orders to the palace officials to make arrangements for the observance of the *vrata*.

Nishadhapuri became a handful of ashes in no time and as guessed by the Princess, her husband miraculously escaped along with his cat, but he nevertheless became a maniac.

So taking his cat, he roamed city after city begging for food for him-

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self and his cat, until finally he reached Cochin on the eighth day.

Little knowing that his wife had been decoyed by the King, he joined the party of beggars who clamoured for food at the Cochin palace where the Princess, as usual, supervised the poor-feeding.

When it came to the turn of the maniac-king, he got his quota but demanded another for his cat too.

"Who ever would feed a cat? Get away from here!" shouted the officials.

But the maniac would not hear of it. He created a row which attracted the attention of the Princess.

When she saw the maniac, his unkempt hair and tattered clothes, her heart almost leaped into her mouth, but having regard to the fact that she was not yet in a position to set things right, she directed from a distance to give the cat a share too and had both sumptuously fed.

Not having anything much to eat for the last seven days, the maniac-king had the fill of his stomach, and moving to the shade of a tree behind the palace, lay asleep like a log of wood with his faithful cat crouching by his side.

The place where the maniac-king slept happened to be by the side of the royal kitchen at whose side all the vessels used for cooking had been dumped for washing. The rats of the palace came there for lurking and skulking, and sported themselves nibbling at the left-overs in those vessels. At a distance stood a hefty rat, the leader of the party, to which the other rats brought sweet puddings and other delicacies from among the remnants.

The mad Prince's cat had a brainwave on seeing them. It immediately pounced upon the leader rat and started strangling its throat when it cried for mercy.

Then the cat said: "Alright, I will show you mercy; but to earn it, you must do me a service."

Rat: A service? I shall perform a dozen. Please tell me.

Cat: Listen. Somewhere in the palace, your Raja has a ring set with *jeeva-ratna*. Probably it is in his private room. You know what I mean. If by hook or by crook, you bring it to me, I shall give back your life. Or...?

Rat: Ooey!....I shall try my best. But....

Cat: No buts. Till it is brought you shall remain in my custody. You may send your army to search for it immediately and bring it to me.

Accordingly, the leader rat issued orders to its followers to fetch the magic ring from the palace.

The rats cantered in all directions and rummaged every corner of the palace till at last they found it tied to a silken chord hanging from the canopy of the Raja's couch. They tugged at it but it would not come off. So, they lent their entire weight by hanging by each other's tails trainwise, when the ring was torn from the chord. Holding it on their head, they brought it to their leader who passed it on to its captor, the cat, which in turn awoke its master by pulling him by the ears and scratching his face, as he was dog-tired.

When the maniac-Prince woke up, the faithful cat placed on his hands

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the magic ring. The sight of it brought back sanity to him when he hugged the cat to his bosom.

It was not difficult for him to divine how the precious ring was restored to him.

Wearing it, he uttered Shiva's prayer and willed to return to Nishadhapuri and the recreation of the city with all the former inhabitants.

He next caused his wife's return.

He willed that the Raja of Cochin become insane and his city burnt to ashes. Last but not least he willed that the old woman who stole the ring come to Nishadhapuri.

Having done all this, the Prince called his mother, wife and ministers to a conference, and said: "Sympathy is an admirable sentiment but is a two-edged weapon. When it is misplaced, it can create incalculable harm. Look at my wife. She took pity on an old woman thinking she had lost her daughter. She not only brought her to the palace but treated her as her own mother. But look at what that wretch had done to her in return! By pretending to suffer from an incurable headache, she asked my wife to steal the precious ring from me and had all but killed us all, besides decoying her own benefactress. Had it not been for my cat—a little animal like that who has the gratitude which a human being has not—I do not know what would have happened to us all. Now, by sheer fortuitous circumstances, I, in my mad state, happened to roam in Cochin when my cat recovered the ring through the palace rats of Cochin. I have called the wretch of the old woman here to mete out the punishment she richly deserves. Minister! Put her in the limekiln and burn her for her betrayal of confidence and ingratitude."

Chaturya ended the story: "Thereafter he lived happily. Princess, don't you think that you must have for your husband a king as valorous and resourceful as the King of Nishadhapuri? Look, the night has ended and the streaks of the morning sun enter through the window! It does not behove you to stay here any more. Begone!"

After hearing this absorbing story, the younger Princess stood up and left the bedroom to attend to her morning duties.

[To be continued]

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NEWS AND NOTES

ALL-INDIA WOMEN'S CENTRAL FOOD COUNCIL

SMT. LILAVATI MUNSHI, the President of the All-India Women's Central Food Council, in the course of her presidential address delivered at its Sixth Annual Conference held on the 23rd of last month at Delhi, said:

Our Council has finished ten years of its existence. The first five years were of expansion, the second of preservation and consolidation. Till 1954 the Food Ministry of the Government gave us grant and thereafter we have been standing on our own. A model for many other organisations and serving the people without any private motive, the organisation has proved to be a check on the soaring prices in public eating places.

The greatest achievement of the Council during the last five years has been the establishment and running of the College of Catering and Institutional Management. The personnel trained in the college are employed by railways, airways, shipping and tourists and prominent hoteliers. At the moment we have about 230 students.

The objects of the Council are changing food habits, popularising non-cereal food, growing more vegetables etc.

Our first and foremost problem is that of finding accommodation for these Annapoornas. Like the Y.W.C.A., Annapoornas should have their own premises. The next problem is that of finding out steady and good workers for these Annapoornas, the progress of which largely depends on the sincere co-operation of the workers.

At the moment the Council is running one big and three small cafeterias in Delhi, two refreshment rooms—one at Ghaziabad and another at Lucknow, one dining car service in the Madras Janata Express and one Catering College. Besides, eight branch centres and nine sub-branch centres are functioning. Over and above running Annapoornas, many of the branch centres do some charitable work like giving food and milk free to the poor, expectant and nursing mothers, contributing to flood relief, giving scholarships to deserving students, doing propaganda for wheat diet in the rice-eating areas, giving training to cooks, serving hospitals, running cafeterias for mental patients, giving mid-day meals or snacks to students, organising baby shows, vegetable exhibitions as well as organising outings for members and educational cinema shows and even organising a jumble sale.

Most of the branch centres take part in exhibitions of all kinds—big and small. At the moment Delhi Annapoorna is not only running a full-fledged Annapoorna in the World Agriculture Fair but also has a demonstration corner in the pavilion of the Food Department where the preparation of non-cereal foods are prepared and sold. Our College of Catering has been specially invited by the Government to give demonstration of balanced diets. Shri S. K. Patil who was the Chief Guest at the Fifth Annual Diploma awarding and prize distribution functions of the College of Catering and Institutional Management at Andheri, was much impressed by the work of the College and he had promised his unstinted support for the running of the college.

LAOTIAN DIGNITARY

MR. CHAO SANTHIONE, Director of the National Academy of Music and Dancing and Dy. Director of Primary

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Education in Laos, who visited India as the Guest of the Central Government, paid a visit to the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 3rd of February where he spent about 3 hours with us, along with Sri Save, the Educational Inspector of Bombay.

On arrival he was introduced to the members of the staff. After tea he was taken round the different institutions of the Bhavan and the Library. Mr. Chao showed great interest in the work of the Sangit and Nartan Shikshapith, especially when he saw the blind boys' Tabla class. He spent a considerable time watching them playing the Tabla. Later the Nartan Shikshapith students gave demonstrations of Manipuri, Kathak and Bharata Natyam styles of Indian Classical Dancing.

Finally, Mr. Chao himself demonstrated the Laotian style of dancing depicting the post-Independent period of hard work, happiness and freedom of his country.

LECTURE ON POPULATION

DR. S. CHANDRASEKHAR, the well-known economist and Director of the Indian Institute of Population Studies, Madras, and Editor of *Population Review,* gave a lecture on "Population Growth and Economic Development in India" at a meeting convened at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay, on the 2nd of this month. Sri Munshiji presided on the occasion.

INSTALLATION OF LORD CHANDRASEKHAR

THE installation ceremony of the Shiva Linga of Lord Chandrasekhar was performed by His Holiness Sri Shankaracharya of Dwarka in the presence of a large gathering of devotees at the campus of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan's College at Andheri at 4-30 p.m. on 10th of this month. His Holiness who spoke on the occasion stressed the unique position of Lord Sankara in Hindu religion. He also expressed his appreciation of the role of the Bhavan in propagating Sanskrit which is the eternal link between the peoples of this vast sub-continent. At 8 p.m. there was a dinner followed by a film show on the Himalayan Darshan.

Late H.H. Puri Sankaracharya.

LATE H.H. PURI SANKARACHARYA

HIS HOLINESS Jagadguru Sri Bharati Krishna Theertha, Sankaracharya of Govardhan Mutt, Puri, passed away in Bombay on the 3rd of this month. The last rites were performed according to *sastraic* lines and his remains were placed in a *samadhi* near Ban-Ganga. H.H. Sankaracharya of Dwarkapeeth was at his side at the time of the late Swamiji's death.

Among the early callers was Kulapati Munshiji who took an active hand in arranging the last rites of the late Swamiji.

The late Swamiji who in his previous *asrama* was a Principal of the Rajamundry College,—Venkataraman was his name—was not merely a profound scholar, mathematician of repute, orator and religious head, but a great nationalist too. His own defence during the Karachi Conspiracy Trial is by now a classic.

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SOURCES OF INDIAN TRADITION. Edited by Wm. Theodore de Bary. Publishers: Columbia University Press, New York, and Oxford University Press, London. 1958. pp. 961 +xxvii. Price: Rs. 32.50 nP.

ISSUED as No. LVI of "Records of Civilisation: Sources and Studies" and part of a three-volume series dealing with Oriental civilizations, *Sources of Indian Tradition* "is meant to provide the general reader with an understanding of the intellectual and spiritual traditions which remain alive in India and Pakistan today". Naturally much attention has been given to religious and philosophical developments in earlier times, but greater emphasis is placed on political, economic and social thought, which was generally neglected in earlier surveys, and on social and devotional aspects of Hinduism. The compilers have evidently laboured tremendously in the selection and presentation of the source-material which aims at combining variety with balance, and many passages appear for the first time in English garb. These sources "tell us what the peoples have thought about the world they lived in and the problems they faced living together". The book clearly demonstrates how the present-day Indian culture is the outcome and development of the culture that existed in the country through the ages. Dr. Dandekar, Dr. Raghavan and Dr. Qureshi are the contributors from India and Pakistan.

Reference may be made to the general plan of the work before dealing with its contents. Each Part opens with a chronological conspectus followed by an introduction containing a critical appraisal of the material presented in the Part after which come the different chapters constituting the Part. Each chapter contains prefatory remarks followed by a number of relevant extracts, each passage being preceded by a few explanatory lines and an exact reference. As a specimen of how the selection is representative and choice, reference may be made to the "songs of the Saints of Medieval Hinduism" which take us round the whole of India and face to face with the poet-saints from Tamil Nad (Tirunāvukkarashu, Jñānasambandha, Mānikkavāchakar, Sundaramūrti, Nammālvar, Vishṇuchitta, Tirumangaimannar), Karnatak (Basavarāja, Purandaradāsa), Mahārāshṭra (Jñānadeva, Tukārām), Gujarat (Mīrābāī), Kashmir (Lallā), Banaras: Hindi (Kabīr, Sūrdas, Tulasidās), Assam and Bengal (Śaṅkaradeva, Rāmaprasād) and Andhra (Tyāgarāja).

Divided into Six Parts and twenty-eight chapters the book unfolds a pageant, so to speak, of Indian civilization and culture, "a survey of more than three thousand years of Indian thought". Brahmanism (Part One) carries us through the Vedas and Brāhmaṇas to the Upanishads and clearly explains the traditions embodied therein by means of representative selections. In the next Part, Jainism and Buddhism receive a comprehensive treatment, dealing with their background, origin, development and later history, basic doctrines and practices, philosophy and political thought, literature, social ideals, etc. It is correctly stated that "by the time of the Muslim invasion Buddhism was rapidly merging in the body of Hinduism", which assimilated some of its doctrines, practices and philosophy. Hinduism, to which the next Part is devoted and which absorbed the rival faiths of Buddhism and Jainism to a great extent, is rightly described as "both a new religion and in certain respects a continuation of the older Brahmanism". Its special feature was the offer of "an easy path to salvation for all, the path of devotion to God, without the need for forsaking life in society". There is a full discussion of *dharma, artha* (material gain), *kāma* (love) and *moksha* (deliverance)—the four ends of man (*purushārtha*), embracing such important topics of absorbing interest as four classes (*varṇas*) and stages (*āśramas*), science of polity, origin of kingship, administration, inter-state relations,

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aesthetic speculations including music, sculpture, iconography, painting, drama and poetics, systems of philosophy, the Bhagavadgītā, devotional hymns and songs of the saints of medieval Hindu-ism".

The next Part covers the most important and vital topic of "Islam in Medieval India" which clearly expounds the background of the culture-complex, thought-pattern and ideological set-up of Islam with the aid of profuse source-material. This Part will help in understanding why despite several attempts in the past to effect a blending of Islam and Hinduism the twain has not yet met and continues to stay apart though Hinduism has succeeded in effecting a fusion, assimilation or synthesis with several culture traditions. One cannot help agreeing with the view that all through its existence in India "the consensus of the Muslim community in India had rejected the eclecticism of Akbar and Dara Shikoh for the purified Islamic teachings of Shaikh Ahmad of Sirhind and Shāh Walī-Ullāh. Cultural apartheid was the dominant ideal in medieval Muslim India, in default of cultural victory". The incorporation of Sufism in orthodox Islam by the time of Muslim conquest of India was an important factor for Islam in India for besides enabling the community to present a united front to the infidel, Sufi modes of thought and worship made an appeal to Hindus so strong that many were converted to Islam. In this Part, we are provided with the fundamentals of Muslim faith, the character of Muslim orthodoxy in India, the role of Sufism in Islam, religious tension under the Mughals, the Islamic theory of rulership and ideal social order, and the importance of the study of history in Islam. As general works on Indian history do not contain such detailed particulars about Islam, this Part may be mentioned as the special feature of this work, and this will enable readers to expand the horizon of their knowledge of Islam. Sikhism constitutes the next Part (Part Five), which clearly demonstrates, by stages, the origin and growth of Sikhism, culminating in the Akali movement and the demand for a separate Sikh State in the Punjab.

The final, and the biggest, Part is concerned with the important and all-absorbing topic of "Modern India and Pakistan" starting from "the opening of India to the West" and ending with "six paths to India's future". It is beyond the scope of a review to do justice to this book in general and this Part in particular; some idea, however, of its comprehensive compass may be had from the fact that among the prominent personalities figuring in this Part are Ram Mohun Roy, Sir William Jones, Macaulay; Debendranath Tagore, Keshub Chunder Sen, Dayananda, Sri Ramakrishna, Vivekananda; Dadabhai Nowroji, Surendranath Banerjee, Ranade, Gokhale; Bankim Chandra Chatterjee, Tilak, Aurobindo; Syed Ahmad Khan, Muhammad Iqbal, Muhammad Ali; Tagore, Gandhi; Jinnah, Liaquat Ali Khan; Savarkar, Subhas Chandra Bose, Nehru, M. N. Roy, Vinoba Bhave. It is interesting to note that "An Indian Muslim student at Cambridge, Chau-

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dhari Rahmat Ali, coined the word Pakistan, by taking *P* from Punjab, *A* from Afghania (by which name he preferred to call the North-West Frontier Province), *K* from Kashmir, *S* from Sind, *Tan* from Baluchistan. The *I* between *K* and *S* does not occur if the name Pakistan is written in Urdu. The synthetic name also has a meaning—the Land of the Pure".

This Part furnishes much food for thought and it is permissible to differ with the author, especially as the same set of facts may, at times, lead to different, even conflicting, conclusions. By his inclusion of Hindu Nationalism in one of the six paths to India's future and by his statement that "it is entirely possible that as the influence of English culture diminishes in India a more virulent and violent form of this (i.e. Hindu nationalism through the union of religious and philosophical ideals) nationalism may yet emerge", the author seems to attach exaggerated importance to Hindu Mahasabha; its role in the present set-up of Indian politics is no more than a minor one. One would like to question the existence of "National" Communism.

Reference is being made here to some points where the reviewer happens to differ from the authors. Dr. Basham states that "Mallinātha, the author of the standard commentary on the works of India's greatest poet, Kālidāsa, was a Jain" (p. 48). The necessity of the citation of some authority in support of this statement is keenly felt especially as Mallinātha, the commentator of Kālidāsa, is said to be a Telugu Brāhmana of Kāśyapa *gotra* of Kolāchala family (Krishnamachariar, *History of Classical Sanskrit Literature*, p. 120) and no reference to his being a Jain is found in his works. No doubt, there is another Mallinātha, of whom Muni Suvrata "is said to have been a teacher"; but he is evidently distinct from the commentator of Kālidāsa; at any rate, "it is difficult to say whether this Mallinātha is identical with the commentator Mallinātha" (Dasgupta, *History of Sanskrit Literature*, p. 775). It may be observed in this connection that Muni Suvrata lived in the first half of the 13th century, while Mallinātha, the commentator, lived in the latter half of the 14th century.

Again, the general practice in these days is to prefer the word "regional languages" to the word "vernacular" in view of the association of *verna*, home-born slave, in the latter. Though in the later pages one comes across the expression "regional languages" the occurrence of "vernacular" in the early pages of the work (pp. 48, 55, 99, 217) is not happy. In view of what is seen in present-day India, it is extremely doubtful whether "Buddhism may well become a force to be reckoned with in the India of the future" (p. 197).

The book serves as the best specimen of American planning, cooperation, method, precision, execution and production. It deserves careful study by all interested in both ancient and modern Indian history and culture.

Dr. A. D. Pusalker

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TAMIL

THE DUTIES OF WOMEN AND THE STORIES OF PATIVRATAS. Price: 50 nP.

APASTHAMBHA DHARMA SUTRAS AND THE RULES ABOUT SHRADDHAS. Price: Re. 1.

K. E. Venkatesa Sarma Series. Copies can be had of T. E. Sarangapani, "Madurai Nool Mandram," Bharathi Lodge, 221, Linghi Chetty Street, Madras-1.

THE first book referred to above is the 12th in the series. It deals with the manifold duties of a Hindu housewife as enjoined in our *sastras*. Appropriate Puranic references are also quoted to substantiate the conclusions.

In part 2 of the book, the stories of some of the representatives of womanly chastity such as Damayanti, Savitri, Sukanya, Arundhati, Anusuya and Sita are given. The topics dealt with in this book are about women and primarily meant for women. But they have more than a passing interest also for men. It should be remembered that no Vedic ritual prescribed for a householder is complete unless both husband and wife participate in it. They are but two parts of one whole.

The second book deals with the conclusions set out in Apasthambha Dharma Sutras, with due reference to the performance of Shraddhas. What is Shraddha, what is its significance, and why it should be performed are questions to which answers are given in this book. Every educated Hindu should read this book. For once he need not regret his want of knowledge of Sanskrit, for the original is faithfully reproduced here.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

TELUGU

MANAVA YANTRAMU. By Muddiganti Jagganna Sastri, Adarsa Mandali, Vijayawada. Price: Re. 1.50 nP.

THERE is a particular appropriateness in the choice of the title of the book under notice. The modern age is one of phenomenal advancement in machines. The world has become a huge workshop. In this context, it is necessary and desirable for man to know the mechanism of his own being. The book accordingly is a psycho-physical treatise on man. The physiology of man, his skeletal system, the number of joints in his body, and the law of their mechanism and the benefits of early rising—these are dealt with in the first part of the book. The second part covers many psychological aspects, such as sorrow, the value of a proper use of one's time, rest, the greatness and meanness of man, fear, courage, knowledge of Atman, foresight, etc.

The attempt made here to connect the physiological and psychological aspects of man, ending in a spiritual note, is highly commendable and the author deserves to be complimented for a scientific treatment of a difficult subject.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

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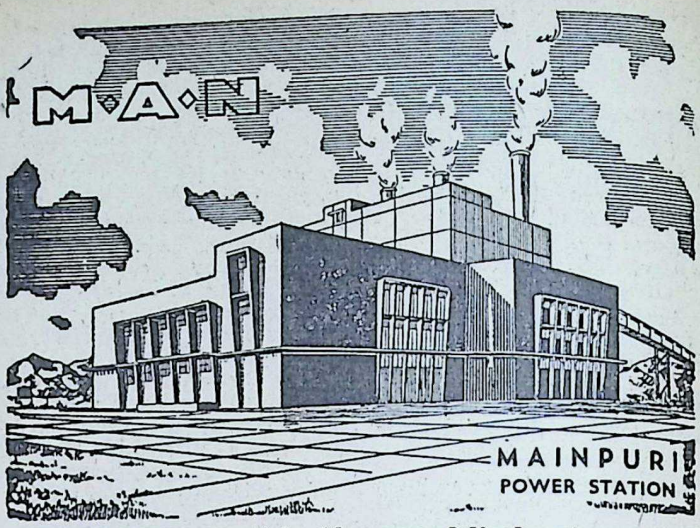

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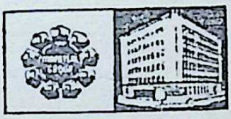

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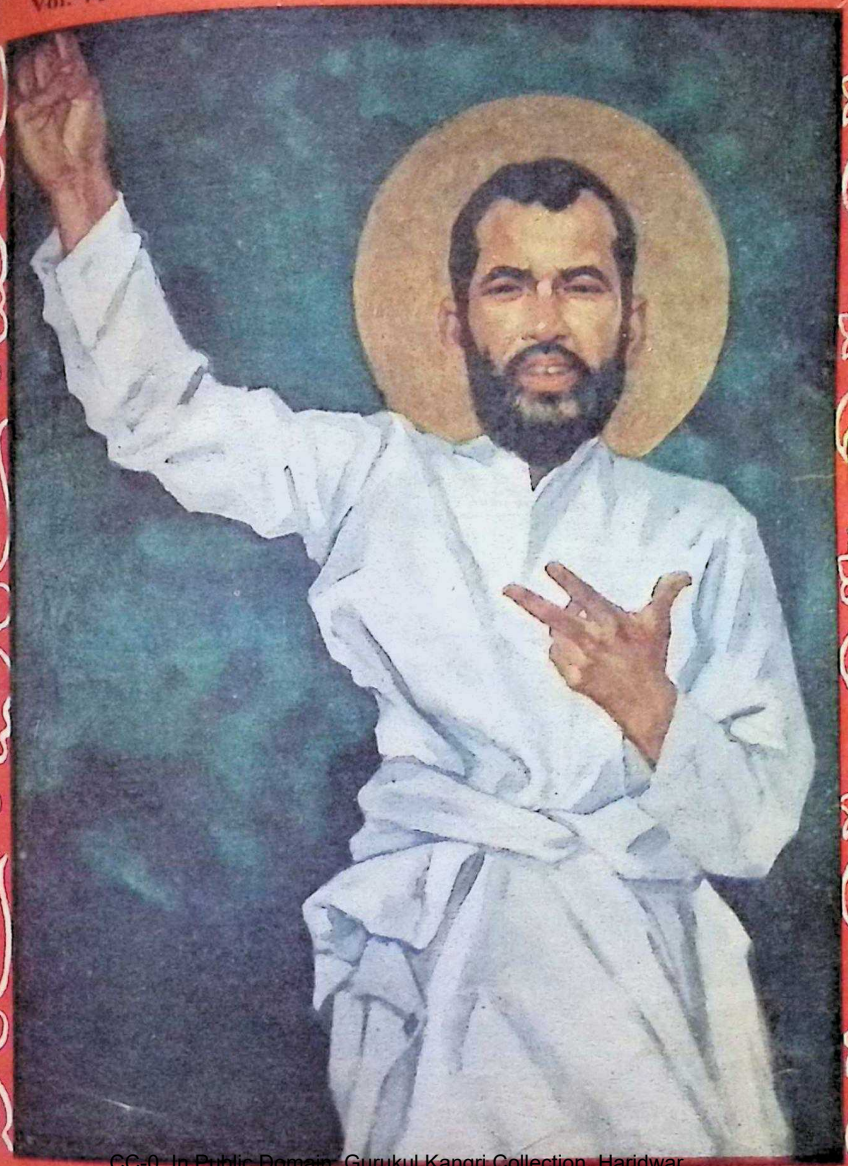

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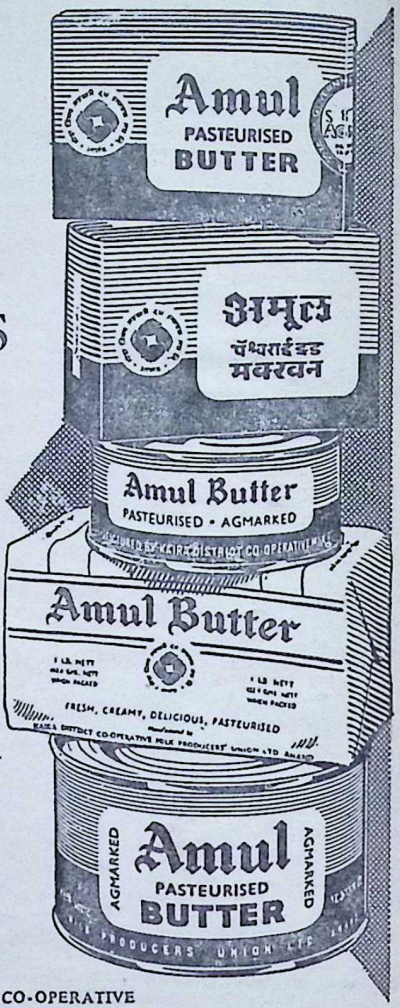

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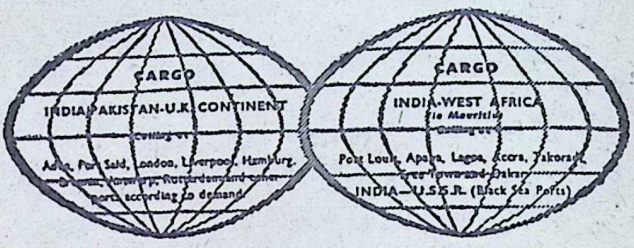

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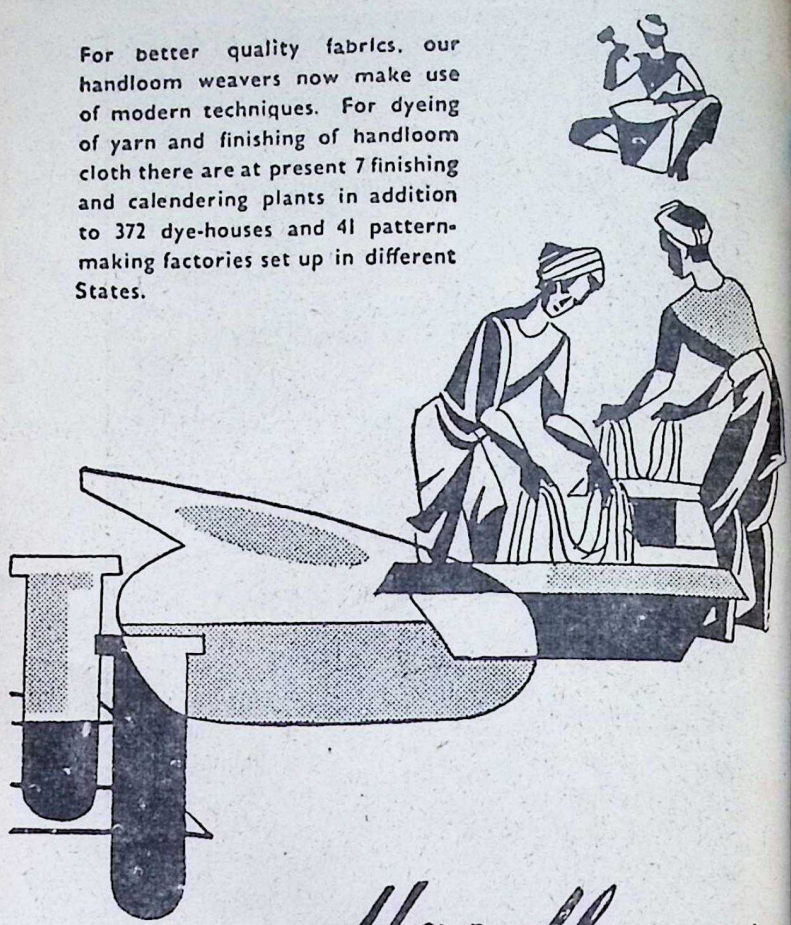

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः ।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

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PRAYER FOR WELFARE

ॐ भद्रं कर्णेभिः शृणुयाम देवा भद्रं पश्येमाक्षभिर्यजत्राः । स्थिरैरंगैस्तुष्टुवांसस्तनूभिर्व्यशेम देवहितं यदायुः स्वस्ति न इन्द्रो वृद्धश्रवाः । स्वस्ति नः पूषा विश्ववेदाः । स्वस्ति नस्तार्क्ष्यो अरिष्टनेमिः स्वस्ति नो बृहस्पतिर्दधातु ॥

Aum. O gods, with our ears may we hear what is blessed; with our eyes may we, the worshippers, see what is auspicious. May we, Thy hymnodists, with perfect limbs and bodies enjoy the long lease of life granted by gods.

May Indra the far-famed, Pusha the omniscient, Tarkshya the destroyer of all evils and Brihaspati (the presiding deity of speech) grant welfare unto us.

—Atharvaveda

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 200

★ PASSING AWAY OF A SAINT ★ A MIRACULOUS BANA ★ DISCHARGING A SUPREME OBLIGATION

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.
MARCH 6, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON February 2, 1960, at about 3 p.m., I received a telephone call. His Holiness Shankaracharya of Sharada Pith was speaking. Bharati Krishna Tirth, the Shankaracharya of Govardhan Pith at Puri, had just passed away: would I please come along?

I went to the top floor of a building opposite the Oval. The venerable Bharati Krishna Tirth lay dead. Two women devotees sat by his bed. The host, a merchant, was hovering from one room to another. In another room the Sharada Pith Shankaracharya was waiting for me.

Evidently Bharati Krishna Tirth had been ailing for a long time and in quiet retirement in Bombay. Few knew of his presence there, fewer still, of his serious illness.

He was a good man, this Shankaracharya of Govardhan Pith. Once he was the principal of the Rajahmundry College and a mathematician of repute before he took *sannyasa* and succeeded to the great office. He was a profound scholar and an ascetic steeped in Vedanta though with a modern outlook. His defence as an accused in the Karachi Conspiracy Trial had been acclaimed as remarkable for courage and patriotism.

However, this office unfortunately has become a temporal jagirdar and Bharati Krishna, like many other Shankaracharyas, had to fight endless litigations in connection with it.

In 1951 the Shankaracharya was my guest for some weeks at 1 Queen Victoria Road in New Delhi, when I was a Food Minister. Then we talked of many things—of God, of Vedanta, of Indian culture, of the corrosive influence of Western impact.

'I became a Sannyasi to give up the cares of the world. But the cares do not leave me. The office of Jagadguru

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as a plaything of worldly ambitions', he had then said with a sigh.

And yet of all the sacerdotal offices in this country which I know, his was one of the four offices, the occupants of which are men of learning, character and dedicated spirit. They are the symbols of a glorious and living spiritual heritage which, through the great Shankaracharya of the 8th century, goes back over thirty centuries to Shukadevji and to Veda Vyas.

I felt hurt that a Jagadguru and a man of such character and learning should have met his end in such lonely obscurity. But perhaps that was what Bharati Krishna Tirth himself liked.

I placed the services of my friends at the disposal of the Shankaracharya. The next day we carried the holy deceased, seated on a throne of flower as is the custom among Sannyasis, with band playing in front of the funeral procession. We buried him—

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RASHTRAPATI'S TRIBUTE

Rashtrapati Rajendraprasad had sent the following telegram at the Shankaracharya's sad demise:

A man of profound learning, he was, in addition to being an accredited religious leader, a devout nationalist who participated in the Freedom Movement. I had the good fortune of knowing him personally, a fact which has intensified my sense of sorrow at his passing away.

for Sannyasis cannot be cremated—in the burial ground reserved for them.

●●●

On February 10, I discharged an obligation which I had imposed upon myself. At 10-30 a.m. that day, His Holiness Shankaracharya of the Dwarka Pith installed at Andheri

Rashtrapati greeting the late Swamiji with fruits and flowers recently at Nagpur.

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Lord Chandrashekhar (Shiva), the family deity of the Munshis, who for about a century and a half had been installed on the Munshi Heights at Broach, my native place.

Ages ago, in some distant geological age, there was a volcanic erruption which shook the Vindhyas. Then, from Amarkantaka, rushed out two mighty torrents—one going westwards, now called the Narmada, and the other taking a northern course, now called Son, to join the Ganges.

When the Narmada continued to rush forth millennium after millennium, it cut into rocks of marble and minerals. At some time a beautiful rock of agate detached itself from the rocky sides and with the rush and roar of the current, began to roll up and down or round and round in some cavern. It was of waxy lustre, bluish in tint and banded in white. Possibly in a century or two, while so rolling, it assumed a rounded shape to become what is called *bana*.

All idols of God Shiva other than those shaped in human form are called *lingas*. But those which take shape through the rolling process induced by the torrent of the Narmada in its upper reaches are thrice sacred. They represent the Lord; no ritual is necessary to breathe divine life into them as is the case with other *lingas*. Such nature-made *lingas* are called *banas* or *narmadeshwars* and held in special sanctity.

Some centuries ago, the *bana* of agate, whose life story I am narrating, caught the eye of some wandering sadhu. He picked up the *bana*. In size it was magnificent—about 8 inches high and about 4 inches in diameter. It was perfect in shape, glowing in bluish colour. It was miraculous too. On its waxy shining surface in front, there was a translucent band of the shape of a quarter moon. On the whole surface, there were fourteen other small digits of the moon-like whiteness.

Lord Shiva wears a quarter moon on his head; so He is called Chandra-Shekhar, the *moon-crested god*. This *bana* had such a moon, which waxed and waned according as the moon did in the sky. It had all the attributes of a living symbol of the great God. Awe-struck, the sadhu took it with him and with deep devotion started its daily worship.

At some stage—difficult to say at what—the *bana* had to be set up straight on a pedestal. Consequently, the thinner end was levelled to keep it from rolling over. And some lines were traced on it, the significance of which has been lost—unless they were intended to represent the sacred thread.

From hand to hand the *bana* passed —devoutly worshipped by generations of men who built their life's faith around it.

About 1818 A.D. Karsondas Munshi acquired it; some say he got it from some chief whose case he had won in the newly established courts of the East India Company. Karsondas, for a Broach lawyer, made good money. He built a spacious mansion on a little eminence in his native town, which thereafter came to be called Munshi Heights. In this newly-built house, he installed this *bana* as the guardian deity of his family.

The shrine was the centre of the

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family. Some of the menfolk, when the mood seized them did the *puja* personally. The womenfolk never took their evening meal without the *darshan* of the deity. No auspicious occasion was complete without a special worship; no vow could be fulfilled without performing *rudri*—a ritual favoured by Lord Shiva.

Karsondas died and the mansion came to the share of his youngest son Narbheram, who often went to the worship room, bathed the *bana* with his own hands and performed *puja* with appropriate *mantras*.

When the four sons of Narbheram partitioned the family property, Maneklal,* the third son, insisted on keeping the *bana*, even at some sacrifice, as part of his share. Though he never did the *puja* himself, to him, it was Chandrashekhar, 'the Moon-Crested Deity', for so was the *bana* called because of the quarter moon which its surface showed.

In 1903 Maneklal died. His brothers and cousins preceded or followed him by a few months. Though the Munshi Heights entered an era of decadence, the faith of Maneklal's widow, Tapibehn, in Chandrashekhar remained unwavering. And the faith of the parents was inherited by the son.

From the dawn of my memory, Chandrashekhar has had a central place in my life. Till I went to the college in 1902, I prayed in front of the Lord. Sometimes, I performed the *puja* and even *rudri*, the *mantras* of which I knew by heart. Often when upset, I went and stood before the Lord, reciting the *shiva-kavach* or the *Chandrashekhar stotra*.

After I went to the college, I became for a time 'emancipated'—first drifting into the worship of a formless God; then, to a passing mood of atheism under the influence of 18th century French philosopher; then, to Spencerian agnosticism—till life's experience and a deeper search led me back to faith.

During the era of darkness, however, I never failed to cherish Chandrashekhar as a living guardian; never went to Broach but had the *darshan* once a day; and never a year passed without my going on some sort of fast on the Shivaratri day.

When I came to be establishd at the Bar, my conscience again and again warned me that, though I had fattened myself with worldly success, I had done nothing for the symbol and the source of whatever strength I had. And when in 1920 I built a new house at Broach, I had a separate room constructed in the courtyard in which I duly installed Chandrashekhar.

Circumstances changed; my life became uprooted from Broach, and had begun to take roots in Bombay. The family houses were let out to tenants. But the feeling remained in me that I was guilty of neglecting the deity.

In 1937, when I built a house in Bombay, I played with the idea of bringing the deity to Bombay. But thank God, the idea remained unrealised. I soon decided to get rid of some of my possessions and sold away my houses. I gave my family houses in Broach to one of my sons, who sold them. The *Mahadevji* was therefore left in charge of the tenant.

We had been for some years concentrating on building up the Bhavan. Naturally my resolve to bring the *Mahadevji* to Bombay and see to its proper worship became a fixed idea.

* Writer's father.—*Ed.*

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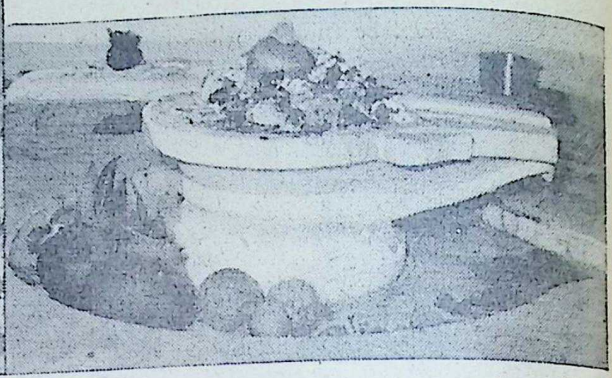

Below: *Linga-murthy of Lord Chandrashekhar installed at Andheri College Campus.* Left: *H. H. Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Sharada Pith, Dwarka, speaking soon after the installation ceremony.*

I felt I was failing in discharging a supreme obligation of my life.

However, there were more than one difficulty in the way. Some old members of the family who had taken a life-long vow not to take the evening meal without a *darshan* of the deity did not like the suggestion. But they died. I decided to fulfil my obligation.

The Bhavan's campus at Andheri was growing, but there was no shrine nearby. The atmosphere, which a temple radiates, was essential to sow the seeds of sacred associations in young minds. And, as I stated in one of my earlier letters, I wanted to part with the most cherished thing I had so that it might inspire not only the Bhavan, but a wider public. Till then my attempts to serve the great ideal for which Bhavan stands—Surrender unto the God of truth, beauty and love—remained half-hearted.

The temple was constructed. The *bana* was brought from Broach with due ceremony. And on February 10, 1960, after three days' ritual, it was installed by no less a personage than the Shankaracharya of Sharada Pith.

It is now no longer *chala*, movable; it is *sthanu*, permanently fixed. The white banner flutters to the wind from the top of the spire of the temple.

After the installation, I stood before our guardian deity Chandrashekhar, as fugitive memories were recaptured: of the little boy standing on one foot reciting *shiva-kavach*; of the young man turning to the Lord for strength and steadfastness ; of the mature man who, thinking of God, acquired humility in success and strength in failures; of the humble literary craftsman who poured out his soul in giving local habitation and name to creatures of his fancy; of the man of the world, 'of earth, earthy', striving often unsuccessfully in the midst of fierce attractions of life to submit to His Will; of the aspirant after yoga, who though never

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(Continued on page 15)

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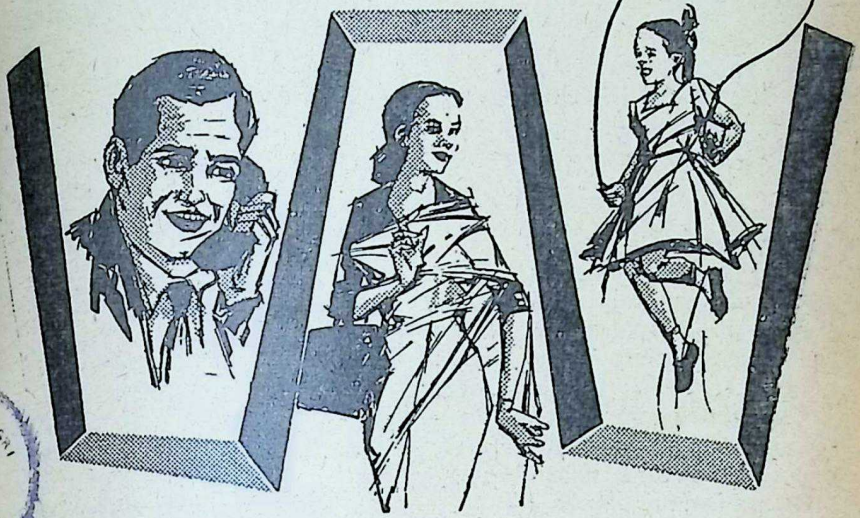
feel Wonderfully well again!



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SCENES from **RAMACHARITAMANASA** by Goswami Tulasidas

Rama Returns to Ayodhya

कपिपति नील रीछपति अंगद नल हनुमान।
सहित बिभीषन अपर जे जूथप कपि बलवान॥
कहि न सकहिं कछु प्रेम बस भरि भरि लोचन बारि।
सन्मुख चितवहिं राम तन नयन निमेष निवारि॥

The *vanara* king (Sugriva), Nila, the lord of the bears (Jambavan), Angada, Nala, Hanuman and all the other mighty generals of the *vanara* host, together with Vibhishana, were too overwhelmed with emotion to utter a word. With tears in their eyes, they stood facing Sri Rama and gazing intently on Him.

अतिसय प्रीति देखि रघुराई।
लीन्हे सकल बिमान चढ़ाई॥

Discerning their extreme love, the Lord of the Raghus (mounted the aerial car along with Sita and Lakshmana and) took them all up into the car.

मन महुँ बिप्र चरन सिरु नायो।
उत्तर दिसिहि बिमान चलायो॥

After bowing His head at the feet of the Brahmans the Lord directed the car to move towards the north.

चलत बिमान कोलाहल होई।
जय रघुबीर कहइ सबु कोई॥

As the car took off, an uproarious noise burst forth, with shouts of "Glory to the Hero of Raghu's line!"

राजत रामु सहित भामिनी।
मेरु सृंग जनु घन दामिनी॥

Accompanied by His Spouse, Sri Rama shone forth like a cloud with lightning on a peak of Mount Meru.

रुचिर बिमानु चलेउ अति आतुर।
कीन्ही सुमन बृष्टि हरषे सुर॥
परम सुखद चलि त्रिबिध बयारी।
सागर सर सरि निर्मल बारी॥
सगुन होहिं सुंदर चहुँ पासा।
मन प्रसन्न निर्मल नभ आसा॥

The splendid car moved with all speed on its way, to the joy of the *devas*, who rained down flowers on it. A most delightful cool breeze blew soft and fragrant; the water of the ocean, lakes and streams became clear and good omens occurred on all sides. Nay, everyone felt happy and the sky including the four quarters was clear.

कह रघुबीर देखु रन सीता।
लछिमन इहाँ हत्यो इँद्रजीता॥
हनूमान अंगद के मारे।
रन महि परे निसाचर भारे॥
कुंभकरन रावन द्वौ भाई।
इहाँ हते सुर मुनि दुखदाई॥

Said the Hero of Raghu's line: "Mark, Sita: it was here that Lakshmana killed Meghanada. Here lie on the battle-field mighty demons slain by Hanuman and Angada. And here fell

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two brothers, Kumbhakarna and
ana, the torment of *devas* and

ेतु बाँध्यों अरु थापेउँ सिव सुख धाम।
ा सहित कृपानिधि संभुहि कीन्ह प्रनाम॥
हँ कृपासिंधु बन कीन्ह बास बिश्राम।
देखाए जानकिहि कहे सबन्हि के नाम॥

"It was here that I had a bridge
structed and also installed a sym
of the blissful Lord Siva." Saying
, the All-merciful Sri Rama and
both made obeisance to Lord
ankara. Every spot in the woods,
ere Rama had either taken up His
ode or rested awhile, was then
nted out by the Lord to Janaki
ntioning each by name.

तुरत बिमान तहाँ चलि आवा।
दंडक बन जहँ परम सुहावा॥
कुंभजादि मुनिनायक नाना।
गए रामु सब कें अस्थाना॥

Forthwith the aerial car reached the
ost attractive Dandaka forest, the
bode of great sages like Kumbhaja
Agastya) and others: Sri Rama visi-
d the Ashramas of all.

सकल रिषिन्ह सन पाइ असीसा।
चित्रकूट आए जगदीसा॥
तहँ करि मुनिन्ह केर संतोषा।
चला बिमानु तहाँ ते चोरखा॥

After receiving the blessings of all
ese Rishis, the Lord arrived at Chi-
kuta; and, having delighted the
es there, the aerial car flew with
speed.

बहुरि राम जानकिहि देखाई।
जमुना कलि मल हरनि सुहाई॥

Sri Rama next pointed out to
anaka's Daughter the beautiful
Yamuna, that washes away the im-
purities of the Kali age.

पुनि देखी सुरसरी पुनीता।
राम कहा प्रनाम करु सीता॥
तीरथपति पुनि देखु प्रयागा।
निरखत जन्म कोटि अघ भागा॥
देखु परम पावनि पुनि बेनी।
हरनि सोक हरि लोक निसेनी॥

Thereafter they saw the holy Ganga (the celestial stream) and Sri Rama said, "Sita, make obeisance. Now have a look at Prayaga, the king of all *tirthas*, whose very sight destroys sins committed through a myriad lives. Again look at the most holy Triveni (the confluence of the Ganga, Yamuna and the Saraswati) the dispeller of grief and a ladder to Sri Hari's Abode.

पुनि देखु अवधपुरी अति पावनि।
त्रिबिध ताप भवरोग नसावनि॥

"Now see the most sacred city of Ayodhya, that relieves the threefold agony and destroys the malady of transmigration."

सीता सहित अवध कहँ कीन्ह कृपाल प्रनाम।
सजल नयन तन पुलकित पुनि पुनि हरषित राम॥
पुनि प्रभु आइ त्रिबेनीं हरषित मज्जनु कीन्ह।
कपिन्ह सहित बिप्रन्ह कहुँ दान बिबिध बिधि दीन्ह॥

The gracious Rama and Sita both made obeisance to Ayodhya. Tears rushed to His eyes, every hair on His body stood erect and the Lord felt delighted again and again. The Lord then landed at the Triveni and with much joy bathed in the confluence. He gave away a variety of gifts to the Brahmans, and the *vanaras* too joined Him.

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MY MASTER

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

> **The man whose image I here invoke was the consummation of two thousand years of the spiritual life of three hundred million people. Although he has been dead for years, his soul animates modern India.**
>
> —Romain Rolland.

ONCE more the wheel is turning up; once more vibrations have been set in motion in India which are destined at no distant date to reach the farthest limits of the earth. Once more the voice has spoken whose echoes are rolling on and gathering strength every day.

The time was ripe for one to be born who in one body would have the brilliant intellect of Sankara and the wonderfully expansive heart of Chaitanya, one who would be the embodiment of both this head and heart.

Indeed, the time was ripe for one who would see in every sect the same spirit working, the same God; one who would see God in every being, one whose heart would weep for the poor, for the weak, for the outcast, for the downtrodden, for every one in this world, inside India and outside India; and at the same time whose grand and brilliant intellect would conceive of such noble thoughts as would harmonize all conflicting sects, not only in India but outside of India, and bring a marvellous harmony, the universal religion of head and heart, into existence.

It was necessary that such a man should be born, and such a man was born in Sri Ramakrishna.

His life was a thousandfold more than his teaching, a living commentary on the texts of the Upanishads, nay, he was the spirit of the Upanishads living in human form.

Nowhere else in this world exists that unique perfection, that wonderful kindness for all that does not stop to justify itself, that intense sympathy for man in bondage. He lived to root out all distinction between man and woman, the rich and the poor, the literate and the illiterate, the Brahmanas and the Chandalas.

He was the harbinger of peace, and the separation between Hindus and Mohammedans, between Hindus and Christians, is sure to be a thing of the past.

He came to bring about the synthesis of the Eastern and Western civilizations. Indeed, not for many a century past has India produced so great, so wonderful a teacher of religious synthesis.

Before the effulgence of this new awakening, the glory of all past revivals...will pale like stars before the rising sun, and compared with this mighty manifestation of renewed strength, all the many past epochs of such restoration will be as child's play.

Strong in the strength of this new spiritual renaissance, men, after reorganizing these scattered and disconnected spiritual ideals, will be able to comprehend and practise them in their own lives and also to recover from oblivion those that are lost.

So, at the very dawn of this momentous epoch, the reconciliation of all aspects and ideals of religious thought and worship is being proclaimed; this

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...dless, all-embracing idea had ...n lying inherent, but so long con...ed, in the Religion Eternal and its ...ptures, and now rediscovered, it is ...g declared to humanity in a trum... voice.

The new dispensation of the age is ... source of great good to the whole ...rld, specially to India; and the in...er of this dispensation, Sri Bhaga... Ramakrishna, is the reformed and ...odelled manifestation of all the ... great epoch-makers in religion.

O man, have faith in this, and lay ... heart. Of that power which at the ...y first impulse has roused distant ...oes from all the four quarters of ... globe, conceive in your mind the ...nifestation in its fullness; and dis...rding all idle misgivings, weaknesses ...d the jealousies characteristic of en...ved peoples, come and help in the ...rning of this mighty wheel of new ...spensation.

I place this great spiritual ideal be...re you, and it is for you to judge ...m for yourselves. In the heart of ...ur hearts is the Eternal Witness, ...d may He, for the good of huma...ty, open your hearts and make you ...e and steady to work for the im...ense change, which must come, whe...er we exert ourselves or not. For the ...rk of the Lord does not wait for the likes of you or me. It is a glory and privilege that we are allowed to work at all under Him.

Swami Vivekananda

And may He who is the Lord of every sect, who is all-pervading,... help us, may He give strength and energy unto us. May His blessings be on you all for ever and ever!

KULAPATI'S LETTER No. 200—*Contd.*

...uld practise it steadily had continued ... seek self-fulfilment, in vindicating ... faith in God in which alone all ...gs live, move and have their being.

The fact, however, remains, that ... this ceaseless struggle, extending ... about 70 years, has been the result ... the faith which in early childhood ...volved round this ageless *bana*. And ... felt humbled—my heart singing a silent prayer of thankfulness. And in that crushing humbleness I felt happy.

Yours sincerely,

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In spite of differences in doctrine and worship, there is an ultimate and deep unity in the major religions, as demonstrated in this article excerpted from the author's recent lecture at the Institute of Culture, Ramakrishna Mission, Calcutta.

THE GREAT UNITY OF MAJOR RELIGIONS

Dr. Friedrich Heiler

THERE are seven principal elements which unite the major religions of Confucianism and Taoism, Hinduism and Buddhism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Islam, Sikhism, and Christianity:

The first is the reality of the transcendent world, the holy, the divine, the quite other. Above and below the colourful world of phenomena is concealed the 'true Being (*to ontos on*)', as Plato says; the 'Reality of all reality (*satyasya satyam*)', 'the One without a counterpart (*ekam advitiyam*)', as the Upanishads say; the 'Truth (*al-haq*)', as the Muslim mystics, the Sufis, say. The Buddha says, 'Atthi, *bhikhhave, ajatam, abhutam, akatam, asankhantam* (there is something not born, not grown, not made, not risen from the *samskaras*, or forming powers)'. Above all transient things rises the great cosmic order, the Tao of ancient China, the *ritam* and *dharma* of ancient India, the Logos of ancient Greece. This reality is constantly personified—as Varuna in the Vedas, as Ahura Mazdah in Persian religion, as Vishnu, Krishna, and Kali in Hinduism, as O-mi-to-fu, Amida, as Kuanyin, Kannon, in Buddhism, as Jahve in Israel, as Allah in Islam.

It appears under the human images of the king, the queen, the father, the mother, the friend, the saviour, the bridegroom, and the bride.

The personal and rational elements in the concept of God, however, never exhaust the transcendent divine Reality. They are only preliminary; 'the Cape of Good Hope', 'the foothills of a mountain range which is lost to our eyes in eternal darkness', as Rudolph Otto said.

Secondly, this transcendent Reality is immanent in the human heart. The divine spirit lives in the human soul. The essence of the Adibuddha is present in every being, as Mahayana Buddhism teaches. The human spirit is, as St. Paul says, the temple of the divine spirit. 'God is nearer to us than our life vein,' as the *Koran* announces. 'God is more inward than my innermost being', as St. Augustine confesses. The ground of the human soul is iden-

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tical with the all-permeating power: the Atman is one with Brahman, as the mystic seers of ancient India thought. The Christian mystics speak of the *acies mentis* (peak of the soul), with which the soul touches God, and of the 'birth' of God in the ground of man's soul.

Thirdly, this Reality is for man the highest truth, or righteousness, goodness, beauty—the *summum bonum* (the highest good). This phrase is common to all mystics; we find it in Lao-tze's *Tao-tehking*, in the *Bhagavad Gita*, in the Pali Tripitaka, in Plato and Plotinus, and among the Christian mystics. This highest good is the ultimate goal of the longing and striving of the major religions. 'What is not eternal', says the Buddha, 'is not worthy of man's rejoicing, not worthy that man should welcome it nor turn to it (*Yad aniccam tam nalam abhinanditum nalam abhivaditum nalam ajjhositum*)'.

Fourthly, this Reality is, in the deepest sense, love, which reveals itself to man and in man. 'God is love', says the Johannine parable. Goodness and all-encompassing care are characteristics of the *Tao*. 'The great heart of compassion (*maha-karunacittam*) is the inmost essence of the divine reality in Mahayana Buddhism. And this heart is open to all men; a Buddhist parable says: Just as the light of the moon is reflected in every kind of water, in the muddiest puddle as in the crystal clear mountain lake and in the endless ocean, so this divine heart of love reveals itself on all levels of mankind.

The fifth element uniting the major religions is the path man must follow to the divine reality, a path of sacrifice. The path of salvation begins everywhere with sorrowful renunciation, resignation, the *via purgativa*, ethical self-discipline, and asceticism.

This path of God finds its continuation in meditation, contemplation, and prayer. In gesture and speech, prayer in the higher religions is comparable to that of primitive and ancient religions.

The words human beings in need used when praying to superior beings thousands of years ago have survived to the present time. But a change in content occurred in the higher religions. The exclusive, or at least the central, object of prayer has become God himself—a saying quite similarly reiterated by both St. Augustine and the Persian mystic Saadi.

As far as human wishes go in prayer, the object of petition is liberation from all that separates us from God, and conformity of the human will with the will of God. The fervent cry, 'Not mine, but thy will be done', has come from Christian as well as non-Christian men who prayed, from ancient philosophers, Hindus, Buddhists, and Muslims.

As far as prayer is concerned with the world, it is the kingdom of God upon earth that is besought—*kshathra vairya* in Persian Mazdaism, *malkuth Jahve* in Judaism, *basileia tou theou* in early Christianity. All pious men pray, partly in words, partly without words, partly in complete solitude, and partly in the community of the faithful. The great saints of the major religions 'pray without ceasing', as St. Paul says. Their whole life is, as Origen

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ays, 'one single great continuing
ayer'.
In the final analysis, however, the
rayer of the faithful is manifested not
s the ascent of man to God, but as
he revelation of God in the heart of
an.

The greatest Muslim mystic poet, Maulana Gelal-ed-din Rumi, relates hat a person who prayed began to doubt about God, because he did not eceive an answer from God. Then to him came this message from God:

Your cry, "God", is my cry, "I am here",
In every cry "O God" are a hundred "Here am I".

This saying reminds one of the words of God which Pascal believed he had heard: 'You would not seek me, if you had not already found me', and of the confession in the Epistle to the Romans: 'We do not know how to pray as we ought, but the Spirit himself intercedes for us with unspeakable sighs.' Because the eternal God himself is present in the soul of man as its deepest ground, its spirit and spark, the soul creates a bridge between the finite and the Infinite by prayer and meditation. In this, too, the higher religions agree, so that their saints and devotees form together one great invisible chorus of praying men.

The sixth common element is that all the major religions teach not only the way to God, but at the same time the way to one's neighbour as well. A neighbour is not only every man, but every feeling being. The mystic way of salvation is not completed in the contemplative life, in the 'flight of the alone to the alone', as Plotinus says; rather it finds its necessary continuation in service to brethren, the active life.

When Gautama Buddha had achieved perfect enlightenment under the bodhi-tree, he withstood the temptation of remaining alone in undisturbed peace. Out of compassion for all beings perishing without the message of the way of salvation he resolved to preach to all the sacred truth revealed to him.

The German mystic, Meister Eckhart, declared that if someone in the highest rapture noticed a poor man in need of a plate of soup, it would be better for him to forgo his rapture and serve the man in need.

Confucianism, Taoism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Hinduism, Mazdaism, Judaism, Islam, and Christianity, all preach brotherly love.

According to the words of the Buddha, all works of merit do not have one sixteenth of the value of love (*metta*).

According to the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, the 'high song' of the New Testament, all the magnificent gifts and special graces are worthless without humble, sacrificing, forgiving, and patient charity. 'As a mother protects her own child with her life, so the disciples of the Buddha have boundless love for all beings', we read in the *Suttanipata*.

This universality of love finds its most wonderful expression in the formula of the *Sutta Pitaka* concerning the meditation of love, compassion, and mutual joy: the contemplating monk 'lets the power of *metta* which fills his heart spread throughout one quarter, yea beyond a second, third, and fourth quarter, above, beneath, sideways, in

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all directions, in all completeness, he lets the power of *metta* which fills his heart stretch out over all the earth, that great, wide, and boundless *metta* which is free from hate and malice'. In like manner, he radiates his compassion, joy, and holy equanimity throughout the whole world.

In its breadth and depth, this meditation on love measures up to the universal intercessory prayer which is an essential part of both the Christian liturgies and the individual prayers of the great saints. This love encompasses even the subhuman creatures of the animal world.

Christian saints compete with Buddhist and Hindu saints in their love for animals. 'St. Francis was a Buddhist' an Indian *Yogin* once told me. One can just as well turn this around and say 'The Buddha was a Franciscan'. The two currents of Christian love and Buddhist compassion for all living beings flow together in the words of one of the greatest Eastern mystics, Isaac the Syrian, words that are at once entirely Buddhist and entirely Christian: 'What is a merciful heart? A heart inflamed for all creatures, men, birds, and animals, yea even for demons and all that is, so that by the recollection or sight of them tears fill the eyes, because of the power of mercy which moves the heart in great compassion.'

In later Mahayana Buddhism this contemplative love takes a strongly active character. Love becomes selfless service to all beings. 'As the element of water brings growth to all grasses, shrubs, and herbs, so the pure-minded *Bodhisattva* gives bud to all beings through the witness of his love; he makes the good qualities of all beings grow.' His task to which he has dedicated himself in a solemn vow is the conquest of all suffering in other living beings through his own vicarious suffering. 'I take upon myself the burden of all suffering...the salvation of all beings is my vow...I must take upon myself the whole load of suffering of all beings...I must bring the roots of the good to maturity, so that all beings attain infinite happiness, unimagined gladness.'

This Buddhist love includes the love of enemies.

All the major religions (not only the eastern religions of salvation, but even some of the western pre-Christian religions) know the commandment to love enemies.

The wise Lao-tze emphatically asks us 'to reply to adversity with mercy and goodness'.

Love of enemies has been preached in India since the earliest times. We read in the heroic epic, the *Mahabharata*: 'Even an enemy must be afforded appropriate hospitality when he enters the house; a tree does not withhold its shade even from those who come to cut it down.'

Buddhist literature contains impressive examples of love for enemies, as the stories of King 'Long Suffering' and his son 'Long Living', and of Prince Kunala, show.

The belief that God is love and the command that man shall become like God in this all-embracing love constitute in themselves a strong sense of community among the major religions.

The conception of humanity is, basically, no mere rational or ethical idea, but a deeply religious one. Western nations inherited this idea from

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the ethics of the Greek and Hellenistic religions as well as from the prophetism of Israel, from whence originated Christianity. But the eastern cultures, too, had arrived at the idea of humanity by way of their religions. Confucius said: 'All men dwelling between the four oceans are brethren.' The corollary of the conception of humanity is the idea of universal peace. Lao-tze and his disciples appeared in China as mankind's first apostles of peace. Of the latter, a saying traditionally attributed to Chuang-tzu says: 'Through burning love they sought to unite fraternally the people of the world...they forbade aggression and ordered weapons to be laid aside, so that mankind might be rescued from war...with this teaching they spread over the entire world.'

Love is regarded as God's own doing. It flows not from the small heart of man, but from the eternal being of God. But as love flows from the heart of God, so it flows back to him again; the neighbour to whom man renders love is God himself in human disguise.

The ancient Greeks spoke of their greatest god, Zeus, secretly approaching them as Zeus the stranger, the suppliant, the fugitive, and the companion (*xenios, phyxios, hykesios,* and *metoikios*). The Buddha taught his disciples to care for him in the form of his sick brethren. According to Jesus' prophecy, the Messianic judge will count every act of charity rendered to the hungry, the thirsty, to strangers, and the naked, sick, and imprisoned, as done to himself, and neglect of such a person as neglect of himself—a thought concisely summarized in the extra-canonical saying of Jesus: 'If you have seen your brother you have seen your Lord.' *Homo homini deus*—humanism is religion; man in need is God in disguise, and his permanent incarnation. 'Here is thy footstool, there do thy feet rest where the poorest and lowliest, where the lost do live,' is the prayer of Rabindranath Tagore. Where there is so great a love, the barriers between religions must fall, and if they have not fallen until now, the only reason is that the religions have not taken seriously the consequences of their most essential principles.

The seventh element uniting the major religions is that they all stretch out toward the ultimate goal of divine infinity in which all finiteness finds its fulfilment, even though this goal may be visualized in different images. The kingdom of God, heaven, paradise, the land of happiness (*sukhavati*), *Brahma nirvana* and *Parinirvana*—these are only different names for one and the same reality, 'the highest bliss (*paramam sukham*)', as the Buddhists say.

Though this bliss may be imagined in quite a different way, as a dissolving of the finite into the Infinite—the Upanishads compare it to salt dissolving in water, the Buddha to rivers flowing into the ocean, or as the vision of the divine countenance or the uniting of the soul with the heavenly bridegroom—it is the one and the same reality to which the pious soul keeps looking, while in the state of finiteness, and which it already anticipates within this finiteness.

This bliss, however, is for the deeper spirits a total and universal one; it

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excludes the cruel idea of the popular belief in eternal punishment in hell. The merciful *Bodhisattva* vows not to enter into blessedness himself until all living beings have found salvation. This doctrine of Mahayana is contiguous to the Mazdayasnic doctrine that the universe will be populated ultimately by divine beings only, and to the Christian doctrine concerning the 'restoration of all things (*apokatastasis hapanton*)'.

This doctrine was advocated by Origen and promulgated by the great Greek fathers, Gregory of Naziang and Gregory of Nyssa, and professed by many Christian thinkers in opposition to popular dogmatics. Origen speaks in words which show the influence of Buddhism: 'Christ is not able to enjoy the full bliss as long as only one of his members is entangled in evil or suffering.'

Thus there is an ultimate and deep unity in the major religions, including Theravada Buddhism, which, in spite of its apparent anti-metaphysical agnosticism, represents a mystic religion of salvation equal to the noblest forms of mysticism of all times and religions. This unity exists in spite of all differences in doctrine and worship.

'One of the most astonishing facts of the history of religions is,' Max Muller points out, 'the admission of the Buddha to the Roman Calendar of Saints.' One of the most widespread medieval legends was that of Barlaam and Josaphat; it is nothing else than the legend of the Buddha, entering tho Byzantine as well as the Roman Church via Persia, Arabia, and Syria. St. Josaphat, whose feast-day is observed annually in the Menologion (Calendar) of the Greek Orthodox Church as well as in the *Martyrologium Romanum*, is none other than the Syrian Arabic form of the Sanskrit word *Bodhisattva*. This fact has a deep symbolic meaning: it proves the validity of the statement of the medieval Venetian traveller Marco Polo: 'If Buddha had been a Christian, he would have been a great saint of our Lord Jesus Christ, so good and pure was his life.' Such saintly persons we find in great number in all the major religions.

One of the most important tasks of the science of religion is to bring to light this unity of religions. It pursues therein only one purpose, that of pure knowledge of the truth. But, unintentionally, there sprouts from the roots of scientific research of truth a tree, not only with wondrous blossoms, but also with splendid fruit. When the German physicist Helmholtz discovered the ophthalmoscope a century ago, he was pursuing a theoretical and scientific medical purpose, not merely a practical one. Through his zeal for research he has brought relief to millions of people suffering from eye diseases. The same is true of the scientific study of religion. Its inquiry into truth bears important consequences for the practical relationship of the different religions.

Whoever recognizes this unity must take it seriously in word and deed. Scientific inquiry into this unity calls for a practical realization of it by friendly exchange and in common ethical endeavour, in 'fellowship' and 'co-operation'. This fellowship is as little a syncretistic mixing of different religions as it is a conversion from

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one system of religion to another. Schleiermacher's *Reden* contains the important warning: 'If you want to contemplate religion with religion (that means in a religious attitude) as the eternally progressing work of the divine spirit, you must give up the vain and futile wish that there ought to be only one, lay aside your antipathy against the variety of religions, and with as much impartiality as possible approach all those religions which have developed from the eternally abundant bosom of the Universe through the changing forms and progressive traditions of men.'

Rabindranath Tagore agrees with this warning: 'The attempt to make their own religion the ruling one everywhere and for all time is natural to men who are inclining towards sectarianism. Therefore they do not want to hear that God is magnanimous in dispensing his love, or that his dealings with men are not limited to a blind alley which comes to a sudden halt at one point of history. If ever such a catastrophe should break in upon mankind that one religion should swamp everything, then God would have to provide a second Noah's ark to save his creatures from spiritual destruction.'

Toynbee, in *An Historian's Approach to Religion,* recalls the statement made by the defender of the dying pagan religions, Quintus Aurelius Symmachus, against Ambrose of Milan: 'The heart of so great a mystery can never be reached by following only one way.'

Bhavan's Journal Competition-7,

THE NOBLEST CHARACTER IN THE RAMAYANA

Original essays are invited from readers on the above subject. The essays which should not exceed 2,000 words should be neatly typed on one side of the paper and sent so as to reach us on or before the 25th March 1960.

Two prizes of the value of Rs. 35/- and Rs. 25/- respectively will be awarded for the first and second in merit. The prize-winning entries will be published in the Journal issue dated April 3, 1960 which will be the Ramanavami Number. **The Editor's decision will be final.**

—EDITOR.

To this statement Toynbee adds the comment: 'We can take the statement of Symmachus to our hearts without being disloyal to Christianity, but we cannot harden our hearts against Symmachus without hardening them against Christ: for what Symmachus preached is Christian love, of which the apostle says that it will never cease. Though there be prophecies, they shall pass away, and though there be tongues, they will cease; though there be knowledge, it will pass away.'

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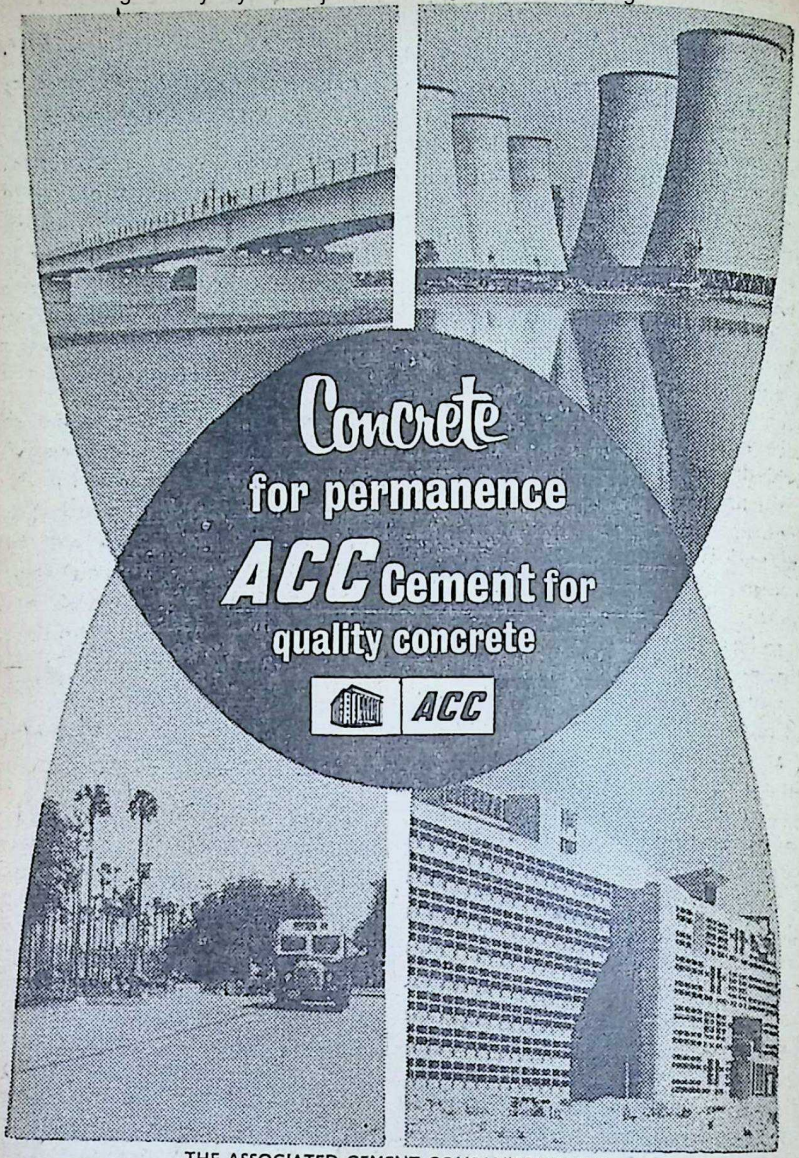

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In the symposium held during the recent Foundation Week Celebrations of the Bhavan on the subject of the heading, Justice Sri Bhagwati, a former Judge of the Supreme Court, refers to the problem of corruption in our political life and offers a solution which has since been accepted in principle by Sri Nehru.

CRISIS OF CHARACTER IN PRESENT-DAY INDIA

N. H. BHAGWATI

WE have attained independence and have been making mighty efforts for the amelioration of our people for over 10 years. We have to take stock of our achievements during the period and judge how far we have been able to progress towards the goal that we set before ourselves on our attaining independence. It is no use dwelling on the glories of our past. If at all, a memory of those halcyon days would only spur us to greater activity showing us the great difference between those times and the present one—the days of what is compendiously described as the Ram Rajya and the days of our Swarajya. The ideals which our countrymen set before them and those which we in the present times seek to achieve may bear comparison with one another, but there is vast difference between the achievements in various fields, and we must set about earnestly to find out why it is so.

We shall forget for the moment the dire influences which were at work during the mediaeval period when our country was subjected to invasions, conquests and domination almost verging on slavery and the deterioration in character which set in in consequence. Our national character and our individual characters suffered a great deterioration and

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were at a very low ebb.

It was our ancient Indian culture which to a large extent kept us alive as a nation, and the renaissance, the struggle for independence and the attainment of our sovereign Democratic Republic and the efforts towards the achievement of the goal of the Welfare State which turned the tide.

But even so, have we attained or are we nearer the attainment of the zenith of our national and individual character? During these ten years of our independence and more, have we established the foundation of our character and are we in a position to proclaim to the world and to ourselves that we are a nation of individuals with character who would live and die for their country and whom no other nation on earth will dare look down upon and seek to subjugate?

In the field of politics, have we achieved the unity of our country; have we shed linguism, regionalism, and parochialism; have we proved ourselves above party allegiances and striven for the one and only goal of carrying on the government for the benefit of all the citizens of our country; have we renounced the lust for power and devoted ourselves to the achievement of the goal which we set before ourselves when we framed our constitution, viz., the achievement of the Welfare State?

In the field of administration, have we administered the affairs of our country with honesty, integrity and efficiency so that the nation as a whole has benefited; have we rid the administration of favouritism, nepotism, bribery, corruption and other undesirable phases; have we succeeded in establishing a Civil Service which is a model and an example to the whole world?

In the field of industry and commercial enterprise, have we been able to start and maintain industries which cater to the needs of our country, develop its resources, add to its prosperity and raise the economic status of all the citizens of the country? Have we been able to achieve all this without making illegitimate gains, without resorting to antisocial activities, without exploitation of labour and other undesirable practices?

In the field of labour, have we achieved the amelioration of the conditions of labour, the earning of a living wage, the enhancement of productivity concurrently with the increase in the wage scales and other amenities?

In the field of business in general, have we achieved honesty, service, satisfaction of customers, giving to them their money's worth without trying to cheat or defraud them in any manner whatsoever so that they may turn to the businessmen with confidence?

As citizens, have we imbibed the ideals of service, sacrifice, tolerance, honesty, integrity, patriotism and a multitude of virtues and qualities of citizenship, sense of civic responsibility and above all, the feeling that we are all citizens of one country and should sink and swim together?

One can recount a number of phases of our activity as citizens and ask the question whether we have achieved or sought to achieve the best, consistent with our national character and individual characters.

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The answer is, however, not so encouraging. It cannot be denied that we have fallen far short of the ideals and there has developed a crisis of character in the present-day India.

The politicians are out for power and we find in the country various parties and political organisations, each with distinct labels and ideologies, fighting for power, much to the detriment of national interests. The Congress which had done yeoman services in the fight for independence has also converted itself into a political party, with a programme no doubt for the achievement of the goal of a Welfare State, but with all the limitations and disabilities of a political organisation, so much so that it has become a target for criticism in season and out of season. Numerous are other political parties, but none individually, nor all of them collectively, can possibly form a coalition or combination sufficient to set up a stable alternative Government to that of the Congress party. The essential of the working of a democracy is therefore lacking, and in the absence of an effective opposition, the Congress party is the only party which can govern the country, inviting criticism against its policies and measures, howsoever much it may strive to tread the path of truth and non-violence which are the very corner-stones of our edifice of independence. There are, moreover, charges levelled against Ministers, M.P's. and M.L.A's. as well as top-ranking officials, of bribery and corruption, favouritism and nepotism, which find currency even without any solid substratum of truth but which nonetheless are very disconcerting and cast a cloud of suspicion where none should exist. These charges can be easily levelled by disgruntled politicians and by persons who have not been able to achieve their self-interest. But unfortunately there is, as admitted by persons in high authority, some substratum of truth in some of these charges and efforts are being made at all levels to root them out. But are the measures adopted quite enough? The Anti-Corruption Department, the Special Forces and even the preliminary and detailed investigations made by the high powers that be, have not been enough to root out the evil, and often there are disquietening rumours, sometimes authenticated by citizens of high respectability and civic responsibility, which do considerable damage to our national prestige and character. It is not my province here to criticise what the Congress High Command has stated in regard to the setting up of a High-powered Tribunal to investigate into these charges against the Ministers and top-ranking officials. But one cannot help remarking that even though there may be an objection to the setting up of such Tribunal permanently or for an indefinite period—and no such tribunal has so far been established in any other country in modern times, the only exception which obtained in earlier times being the Inquisition, the Star Chamber Court and the like—there could certainly be no objection to the setting up of a Screening Body even though composed of one individual who would go into the evidence submitted before it, judge whether a *prima facie* case is made out and then submit its report to the Government who would then appoint an *ad hoc*

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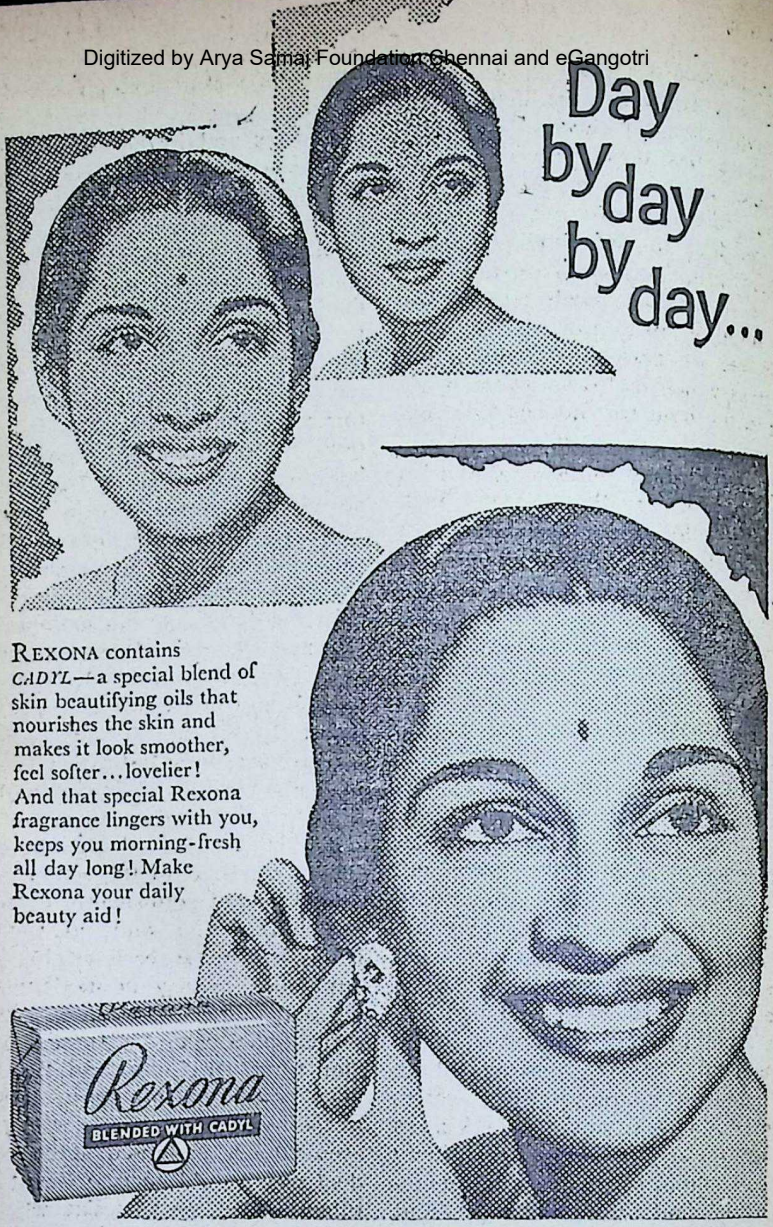

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tribunal to investigate the whole affair. justice would hesitate to adopt such
uckily for us, we have amidst us men a procedure.
f real honesty and integrity and un- Turning now to the field of admini-
mpeachable character available to us stration, not only are there instances
or the purpose. To give instances reported of administrators and officials
ithout making any invidious distinc- being guilty of favouritism, nepotism,
ions, we have in Sri M. C. Setalvad, bribery and corruption, but with les-
our Attorney-General, a man of un- ser culpability of even inefficiency and
mpeachable honesty, integrity and in- maladministration. For the former
dependence who can work as a one- category of instances the officers them-
man tribunal for screening all infor- selves are no doubt responsible, but
mation and evidence laid before him the public concerned also is no less
and reporting where a *prima facie* case responsible. If people only set their
has been made out. The Government faces against such practices and did
can then appoint an *ad hoc* tribunal not offer to the officer concerned in-
and even for that we have amongst us ducement of any kind, the evil would
three retired Chief Justices of the Sup- not be so rampant as it is. The superior
reme Court, Sri M. Patanjali Sastri, officer should be responsive to com-
Sri Meher Chand Mahajan and Sri plaints, if and when made, and an ex-
Sudhi Ranjan Dass, about whose ample should be made of people who
honesty, integrity and independence are found guilty of any such malprac-
not even their worst enemies can cast tices, irrespective of what community,
any aspersions and whom the Govern- State, religion or creed they belong to,
ment also could certainly approach and regardless of any undesirable in-
without the slightest loss of prestige. fluences and recommendations which
I make bold to say the investigation, may be brought to bear on the superior
if any, by the Congress High Com- officer.
mand in the manner suggested, could In industry and commerce as also
be quite above board. Nonetheless, in the field of labour, each one should
carping critics should be able to criti- look to the national interest. Private
cise it as an investigation by party entrepreneurs are no doubt entitled to
people themselves, however high a reasonable profits and gains. Labour is
position they may occupy, and it is also entitled to its due share in the
always a sane rule to adopt in the ad- prosperity of the industry. Both have
ministration of justice that not only however got to realise that each one
should justice be done but it should is as necessary as the other and there
appear to be done. No such criticism should be close co-operation between
could possibly be offered against the these two factors to the mutual bene-
procedure which I have outlined fit of both and the betterment of the
above. The screening could establish country as a whole. Exploitation of
a *prima facie* case, and then and then labour must cease and so should the
only would the high-powered tribunal greed to get more and more wages
come to function. I am sure no Go- and bonuses, no matter whether the
vernment with any desire to do quick industry thrives or not, no matter

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whether production increases or diminishes.

Business people ought to realise that honesty is the best policy. The customer should be satisfied; he must get his money's worth and the standard should be so set up that the customer whether he goes there himself or sends his servant or even a small urchin, gets the best goods of standard quality, proper measure and at prices which are cheap and uniform. There should be no profiteering, hoarding, blackmarketing, no tendency to claim ill-gotten gains and no dishonesty either towards the citizens or the State.

Citizens should remember that not only have they a duty towards themselves but towards one another, towards society, and towards the State. They must cultivate the sense of civic responsibility. They should not try to gain an advantage to themselves at the expense of their fellow-citizens, should not seek to have favours or undue gains at the hands of officials, should not offer them any illegal inducements, should not forget that they are citizens of this country and not of any particular state, whichever territory they happen to inhabit, should not dodge the payment of income-tax or other taxes, cesses, and duties which as honest citizens they are bound to pay to the State and the organs of the State, should obey all the laws and lawful directions given by the State and its organs and should so behave themselves that they become the true citizens of the State striving for its welfare, which is the welfare of their own as well as of their fellow-citizens.

I do not propose for want of time to go into various other fields of activity which can be usefully referred to in this context. Suffice it to say that the deterioration in our national and individual characters can be remedied in the manner stated above. We should all strive and make unstinted efforts, aiming at achievement of this end.

The causes are not far to seek. The political subjugation of our nation for centuries in the mediaeval period and even under the British rule denationalised us, and it was left to the renaissance and the struggle for independence to stop the rot. But even after the attainment of independence, the process of rehabilitation was and has been very slow. The spiral of high and soaring prices, the economic distress, high taxation, direct as well as indirect, and the controls and regulations imposed by the Government, all have had their deleterious effect. The struggle for existence became keener and keener and the middle class came almost on the verge of extinction. The richer classes and the labouring classes had their own remedies, right or wrong, to ease the situation. Some belonging to the former category resorted to dodging of income-tax, hoarding, profiteering, blackmarketing and all sorts of nefarious tactics and the latter to the well-known remedies of strikes, demonstrations and what not. It was the middle class who were the real sufferers and many of them turned Communists for want of anything better to do. The plethora of legislation, rules, regulations and ordinances made them turn their energies to finding out ways of evading them. It, in turn, led to corruption, bribery and similar evil practices, and the tendency to get rich

(Continued on page 42)

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28

SUMMONED TO MATHURA

FOR over twenty-five years during which Kamsa had come to rule Mathura, never even once had he called a gathering of the Chiefs, whom his father Ugrasena invariably consulted on important occasions. The Chiefs were, therefore, full of surprise and distrust at the invitation and had taken counsel with their elders and leaders like Vasudeva and Akrura. They knew that during Kamsa's long absence they had regained most of their lost power. Naturally, now that he had returned, they apprehended recurrence of threats, persecutions and even massacres to deprive them of it.

The Bow-Sacrifice, like the one which the Prince had decided to hold, invariably involved a bloody affair. Soldiers and wrestlers, flushed with victory and feted with food and drink during the sessions, had been known to run amuck or to stage massacres at the behest of their master. The appointment of Vritrighna, the Magadhan Prince, a hated alien, to guard the palace in place of Pradyota, a Yadava Chief, however wicked his ways might be, was also a portent of evil. Something was brewing, thought the Yadava Chiefs, and they, in secret conclave, decided to go to any length to fight Kamsa ; they only wanted him to take the offensive.

At the appointed time, they all came, chiefs and elders, fifty in all, all armed and sullen with resentment. When they saw that the whole palace was full of Magadhan warriors, with Vritrighna at their head, they knew what was in store for them.

King Ugrasena felt dazed when he came to the assembly. Detained in an adjoining palace—in fact a luxurious prison-house—he had lost the habit of meeting people. Hesitatingly, therefore, he sat down on the *gadi* next to his son. His gaze, however, was vacant. His hands trembled, as he sought the sup-

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port of the pillow to rest his weak frame.

Next to King Ugrasena sat the venerable Bahuka of the Andhak clan, over 90 years old, the uncle of King Ugrasena and the grandfather of Pradyota, the general. When unexpectedly he had entered the hall, many Chiefs had gasped with amazement. For several years now, he had withdrawn from all associations, worshipping Lord Shiva in the solitude of his palace. And now he had come, all wrinkles and smiles, straight as a rod, eyeing the younger men with humorous eyes undimmed by age. Things were moving fast, thought the Chiefs, for old Bahuka would not have joined them if there had been no purpose behind.

Next to Bahuka sat Vasudeva, the Chief of the Shoora Yadavas. A keen sense of unhappiness, not successfully controlled in the case of such an honest, good man, had left its mark on his face, his eyes and his body. All could see that he felt very uneasy at the possible outcome of this unexpected gathering.

On the other side of the Prince sat Devaka, Kamsa's brother, and the saintly Akrura, gentle, open-hearted and yet unafriad. Akrura bore himself with natural dignity. The Chiefs looked upon him with respect, for their anxious hearts saw their only hope in his wisdom.

Pradyota, silent and grim, sat next to him. His eyes moved from chief to chief with uneasy watchfulness. He knew that they all hated him and that his master distrusted him. Two of his brothers sat by his side, and two other younger brothers stood behind Kamsa, for theirs was the duty to wait upon the Prince whenever he moved in public.

Then there were the others who, armed with swords and shields, expected some catastrophic development. They were sure that the gathering was going to end in strife. However, they found Kamsa smiling effusively as he welcomed them, accosted each one separately and enquired of the welfare of the families of some.

Then, to the surprise of all of them, Kamsa folded his hands and turned to his father and old Andhaka. 'Worshipful father, venerable grand-uncle, my brothers, I have invited you to join me in celebrating the Bow-Sacrifice,' he said. 'I have, by the prowess of my arms, extended the Yadava domains. Mathura is now a mighty kingdom. You all know our ancient ways. And I want you to help me to make this sacrificial sessions a success.'

No one spoke. They could not understand the motive for this ostentatiously gentle beginning.

'We will have seven days of celebrations,' Kamsa continued. 'We shall have lights and music and dancing. And more: we shall have feats of military skill, and wrestling bouts, in which wrestlers from other countries will participate. I have given instructions to prepare the sacred bow with proper rituals, and whoever at the end of the sessions shoots the longest with it will get all the honours which I can confer.'

The Chiefs responded only by polite nods. No one broke the silence.

'For these festivities, the bow I am going to get prepared would be such as few men could lift and none could bend,' Kamsa continued. 'When the celebrations start, I want the young

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Yadavas to get ready for a trial of strength and skill. We, Yadavas, are also famous for wrestling. Chanura and Mushtik are unchallenged masters of the art. I want you, young men, to enter into wrestling bouts with them and to show that the Yadavas have not lost the vigour for which their forefathers were famed.'

'Your Highness, I am glad indeed that you have invited us and you can rest assured that the Yadava Chiefs will not fail in their *dharma*,' said Akrura, breaking the silence of the Chiefs.

'Best of Vrishnis, I know that you will not falter in your *dharma*. You all know our ancient ways,' said Kamsa.

Akrura folded his hands politely. 'Lord, you also know the ways of our ancestors. And if I may speak what all of us feel, we want that the noble, worshipful King himself might come out of the palace and preside over the festivities.' Akrura turned to Ugrasena and asked, 'Wouldn't you come, Your Majesty?'

Ugrasena looked at his son helplessly. He tried to foresee what calamity this strange request of Akrura might bring down upon him.

...you committed a breach of faith....

'Of course, worshipful father will come too,' Kamsa replied after a little hesitation. 'He is our lord and master,' he added with a sarcastic accent which he could not suppress. The remark was received in stony silence by the assembly.

Kamsa looked at the door, and the Magadhan Prince, who was standing near the door, left the room. Immediately, from the several doors of the hall, about fifty Magadhan warriors, armed with bows, arrows, swords and shields, came in. Most Yadava Chiefs looked at them angrily. The Magadhan

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Prince came to his place and stood behind Kamsa, next to the two younger brothers of Pradyota.

'Why are these foreigners brought to our gathering?' asked Bahuka indignantly, and his eyes were stern.

Kamsa laughed a little insolently. 'These are the brave warriors who helped me to win the victories. They are here to help us in the sacrificial sessions and join the celebrations. Please sit down,' he told them, and turning to the Chiefs, said: 'Brothers, I want you to meet them. Vritrighna is a very able man, a brave warrior. He has been with me for twelve years. He is one of us.'

'What more does Your Highness want of us?' asked Akrura.

'Nothing much, Akrura,' said Kamsa. 'However, to be frank with you all, I want to tell you something about Prince Vasudeva.'

'About me?' asked Vasudeva in amazement.

'Yes, about you, Best of Shooras,' said Kamsa with biting sarcasm. 'You had promised me that you would hand over to me every new-born son of Devaki, and thinking you to be a truthful man, I relied upon you and let Devaki live. Then you committed a breach of faith. You had the eighth son of Devaki stolen away. I know that son of yours is in Vrindavan ; he passes off as the son of Nanda, the cowherd Chief. Is this *dharma* of a Kshatriya?' asked Kamsa, looking sternly at Vasudeva.

There was a stir among the Chiefs. Devaki's eighth son alive! Was Narada's prophecy going to be fulfilled, each one asked himself.

Vasudeva's brows were knit and he was going to reply in anger. But the venerable Andhaka raised his hand and stopped him. 'Vasudeva, you wait,' said the old man gently, and continued: 'Son of Ugrasena, you, of all persons, invoking *Kshatra dharma!*'

Kamsa was surprised. He did not expect the old man to come, much less to take a leading part in the assembly. He knew that when the venerable Bahuka spoke, it would be disrespectful for any younger man to interrupt him. 'Why not?' the Prince asked him.

'Why not—you ask. Listen, son of Ugrasena,' said Andhaka. 'Was it righteous for the scion of a noble Kshatriya family like you to imprison your father? Was it *dharma* for a Kshatriya to have imprisoned Devaki and Vasudeva on the day of their marriage? To kill eight sons of a mother—and that too his own cousin sister? Was it *dharma* to try to destroy the child when he was an infant?' The old man's voice rang out clear. 'I have a few years to live. Even when young, I was not afraid even of the god of death. Let me tell you what I have been wanting to tell you all these years. No one has ever heard of such wicked deeds as you have done. You have disgraced the name of Yadavas.'

Bahuka paused for breath and then continued: 'Why are you so concerned with Vasudeva's son, wherever he is or whatever he is? Vasudeva has suffered enough at your hands. I will not allow you to persecute him further.'

Kamsa for a moment lost his self-possession. His hand unconsciously went to the hilt of his sword and he flashed a glance at Pradyota and Vritrighna standing behind him.

Akrura saw the situation. He also exchanged a glance with Pradyota and spoke in his quiet gentle way. 'Prince,

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don't let your temper override your wisdom. Anger is madness. You want to know about Vasudeva's eighth child?'

'Yes.'

'Devaki's eighth child was a son. Do you want to know whether he is in Vrindavan? I will tell you: Yes, he is. If anyone has deceived you, it is I. I arranged for the exchange of Devaki's son for Nanda's daughter.'

'You did it? And why?' asked Kamsa, exercising great self-control over his rising anger.

'To save you from the wickedness of killing all the sons of Devaki,' said Akrura with a smile. 'I wanted to rescue you from yourself.'

'Then is it true that Nanda's son Krishna is Devaki's eighth child?' asked Kamsa.

'Yes,' replied Akrura.

For a moment, a shudder ran through the frame of Kamsa. His destroyer has risen after all! However, he maintained his control over himself and turned to Akrura with a smile. 'Am I so wicked, Akrura? It is a story of the past. I have forgotten it; you should also forget it. Now that I know that Devaki's son is alive, I want him to be here.'

'Why do you want him to be here?' asked Akrura.

'I want him to attend the Bow-Sacrifice. I have heard about his exploits. I want him to try his hand at my sacrificial bow. I want him to take part in the wrestling. If he is so wonderful as people describe him to be, he would be able to win the bow and win the wrestling match too.'

'Is it a trick, young man?' asked the venerable Bahuka.

'Where is the trick?' asked Kamsa.

'I am so happy. Are you not, worshipful father?' asked Kamsa again, turning to King Ugrasena.

The Chiefs listened to this sweet talk with deep distrust, but they had confidence in Akrura's way of dealing with the situation.

'Whatever the Lord Siva does is all to the good,' said the old King.

'Now, Akrura, you must do me one favour. Bring Krishna here—and also Rohini's son, who I understand is with him,' said Kamsa. 'I want to be satisfied that they are growing up well. I want them to attend the Bow-Sacrifice and to take part in the celebrations. Also ask Nanda to come and bring his annual tribute. What do you say, Vasudeva?'

Akrura interrupted him, saying, 'Prince, I shall go and bring them here from Vrindavan.'

[*To be continued*]

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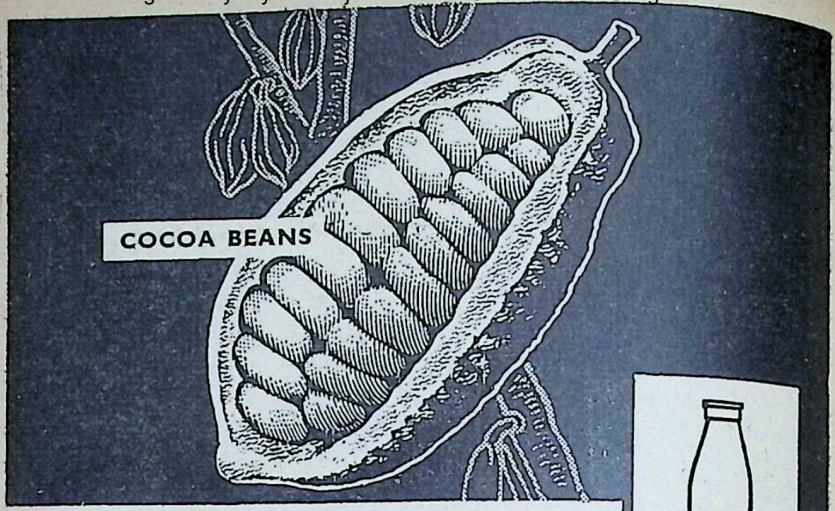

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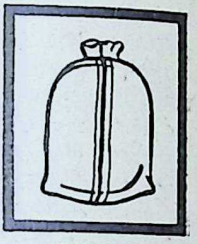
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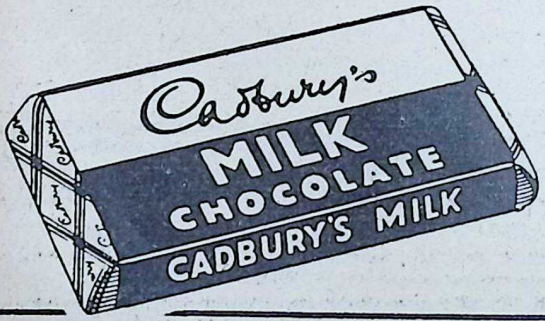

CADBURY MEANS QUALITY!

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"Reviving" Religion by Biochemical Means!

DANGERS OF THE OCCULT WORLD

● RISHABHCHAND ●

....Moved by a false sense of egalitarian humanism, the modern intellectual tries to level down, like Prometheus, the aristocracy of the soul into the squalid democracy of the earth.....

HUXLEY himself, citing what an old friend of his had told him about his mad wife, says that during one of her lucid intervals, she was ecstatic over "the unspeakable beauty of the patterns her husband had made in his brown tweed jacket, every time he moved his arms. But *this paradise of cleaned perception!*[1], of pure one-sided contemplation(!) was not to endure. The blissful intermissions became rarer, became briefer, until there was no more of them ; there was only horror."[2] Continuing, he says: "Most takers of mescalin experience only the heavenly part of schizophrenia. The drug brings hell and purgatory only to those who have had a case of jaundice, or who suffer from periodic depressions or a chronic anxiety."[3]

How many men, in the modern world of universal insecurity and chronic fears, are free from depressions and anxiety? If the "almost harmless" drug is discovered and made available "at a nominal cost", as Huxley fondly hopes, and for which he "fervently" wishes the Russians "every success in their pharmacological venture", will not countless men and women, encouraged by no less a person than Huxley's recommendation and inspired by his personal example,[4] but irrespective of the condition of their physical and mental health, take the biochemical space-ship and land in the occult worlds? And will not many of them, ignorant, gullible men and women, tumble headlong into horrors and "infernal" experiences, which

1. Italics and the marks of exclamation are mine.

2. & 3. *The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley.

4. Huxley had himself taken mescalin as an experiment, and he has described in detail his experiences in his book, *The Doors of Perception.*

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Huxley himself admits, might be "extremely distressing"?

Speaking of delusional insanity or paranoia, William James observes that it may be called a diabolical mysticism, "a sort of religious mysticism turned upside down." "The same sense of ineffable importance in the smallest events, the same texts and words coming with new meanings, the same voices and visions and leadings and missions, the same controlling by extraneous powers; only the emotion is pessimistic: instead of consolations we have desolations; the meanings are dreadful; and the powers are *enemies to life*... That region (transmarginal) contains every kind of matter: 'seraph and snake' abide there side by side."[5] Here, indeed, we have an inferential but fairly accurate account of the powers and influences of the region James refers to; but he betrays his ignorance of the actual conditions there when he advocates a pragmatic and empirical approach to it, and speaks of 'selecting and subordinating and substituting' its experiences 'just as is our custom in this ordinary naturalistic world'. He did not know that, unless one is a trained occultist and perfect in self-control, there is no possibility of selecting, subordinating and substituting the experiences there in the calm and cold light of human reason. The region is too mazy, too mysterious, too full of enchantments and temptations and horrors and snares to permit of such a quiet, deliberate, rational, empirical method of investigation.

It would be more rational not to indulge in wild conjectures, let alone dogmatic generalisations, about the worlds of which one has no first-hand knowledge and experience. What Huxley has chosen to describe as "a lucid interval" of his friend's wife was not at all lucid—it was a part of the delusional insanity from which she was suffering, only a less turbid, less chaotic part of it, which spans the gulf between our normal mental consciousness and the dense and sombre depths of some of the transmarginal regions. The "clean perception" and "pure one-sided contemplation", which Huxley associates with paradise and over which he grows infectiously ecstatic, was no less a delusion for all that. But all delusion of this type is nothing but subconscious vital imagination run riot; and, since one cannot imagine anything which does not exist somewhere and in some form, this too has a substratum of truth in it—its error or delusiveness consists in fantastic combination and wild exaggeration.

It will not be out of place to state here that, according to the occult science, madness or insanity is not a mere mental derangement, it is a possession. If it sometimes yields to psychopathy or some kind of medical treatment, it may mean one of these three things: either (1) it was not madness at all, but a slight cerebral disturbance or disorder, or (2) a temporary seizure or momentary possession, or (3) the treatment succeeded in creating in the patient such mental state and around him such environmental conditions as to render the continuance of the possession impossible—the spirit left the patient just as it leaves in disgust a house it has long haunted

5. *The Varieties Of Religious Experience* by William James.

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when it is cleaned, done up and made ready for occupation. It cannot stay in a hateful atmosphere of cleanliness, clarity, order and harmony, still less in a sunny atmosphere of faith and trust in God. Usually it is some kind of inner conflict and disorder, dark hypochondria, rabid megalomania, chronic struggle and suffering, sexual perversion or some hereditary or natal predisposition that attracts the lower spirits.

I shall now quote some sentences from Sri Aurobindo's letters to his disciples to show what dangerous attacks the *sadhaks* have sometimes to face and overcome on their way to spiritual realisation. If the dangers are so great even for the *sadhaks*, what must be the fate of those ordinary men and women who enter into the occult worlds unarmed and unprotected?

"....Overwhelmed by the first rush and sense of power of a supernormal condition, they get dazzled with a little light which seems to them a tremendous illumination or a touch of force which they mistake for the full Divine Force or at least a very great Yoga Shakti; they accept some intermediate Power (not always a Power of the Divine) as the Supreme and an intermediate consciousness as the supreme realisation. Very readily they come to think that they are in full cosmic consciousness when it is only some front or small part of it or some larger Mind, Life-Power or subtle physical ranges with which they have entered into dynamic connection.... There are worse dangers in this intermediate zone of experience. For the planes to which the *sadhak* has now opened his consciousness....send a host of ideas, impulses, suggestions, formations of all kinds, often the most opposite to each other.... Overpowered by this sense of certitude, vividness, appearance of profusion and richness, the mind of the *sadhak* enters into a great confusion.... Or there is the opposite danger that he may become the instrument of some apparently brilliant but ignorant formation; for these intermediate planes are full of little gods or strong Daityas or smaller beings who want to create, to materialise something or to enforce a mental and vital formation in the earth life and are eager to use or influence or even possess the thought and will of the *sadhak* and make him their instrument for the purpose. This is quite apart from the well-known danger of actually hostile beings whose sole purpose is to create confusion, falsehood, corruption of the *sadhana* and disastrous unspiritual error."

●●●

Another point which Huxley seems to have overlooked is that of *adhikara* or qualification for spiritual life. Nobody in his senses would ever allow a person who knows nothing of music to play upon his piano or guitar. No artist would ever let a man who knows nothing of drawing daub upon his canvas with his colours and brushes. Why should, then, one who has neither any spiritual aspiration nor any qualification for it be allowed to dally with spirituality?

In the *Gita* Sri Krishna forbids the imparting of higher knowledge to those who are not ready for it. The same spirit of wise and salutary secrecy permeates the Vedas and the Upani-

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shads. In *Kathopanishad*, Yama tests Nachiketa's fitness in various ways before consenting to give him the supreme knowledge of immortality. In *Taittiriya Upanishad*, Varuna puts off his son, Bhrigu, four times with instructions to kindle the fire of his soul by aspiration, self-discipline and meditation before imparting to him the knowledge of Brahman. In Raja Yoga, Yama and Niyama, which are the preliminary rules of discipline and purification, are held as the indispensable pre-requisite for practising the Yoga. And Raja Yoga never tires of warning the aspirants against the seductions and temptations of the occult worlds. It refers to the elixir of life[6] and says that those who take it enter into the mansion of the Asuras (demons) and may acquire supernormal powers like agelessness and deathlessness, but they can never progress in spiritual life—not for them the freedom of the soul or union with the Divine. In the Buddhist scripture, *Visuddhi Marga*, elixir-prescribing physicians have been denounced as furnishers of the objects of sense.

In spiritual alchemy the first law was that "one must first tame the Green Lion before giving him wings". In the *Ordinal of Alchemy* by Thomas Norton, it is written: "God shall provide that none shall find it except the man of a pure and virtuous life." Again: "This book shows to the initiated knowledge but intensifies the ignorance of the vulgar."

In all countries—India, Chaldea, Egypt, Greece—it was the custom for the Guru to test the sincerity, earnestness, and, above all, physical and psychological fitness of the spiritual aspirant before accepting him as his disciple.

In the last six words of the second sentence, quoted above from the *Ordinal of Alchemy*, we have the kernel of the whole matter. Knowledge, whether it is spiritual or occult, given to a person who is not fit for it, can only intensify his normal ignorance by causing in him an upsetting and a confusion of the very norms of thought and motives of action, guiding his life. The evolutionary lines of his nature are disrupted, making him lose his bearings altogether. A higher knowledge, like a powerful medicine, can do incalculable harm to one who has not evolved strength and purity enough to assimilate it. However intellectual or even philosophical a person may be, if he ever comes into contact with, or under the direct influence or suggestion of, anything occult, be it a region or a being, without any previous preparation by spiritual aspiration, detachment and self-control, he is sure to lose his habitual clarity of perception, and enter into a confusion of perspectives and values. He may even come to repudiate the very values of which he has been an ardent champion, and declare their opposites to be the only real and desirable objects in life. And the pity of it is that he will not be aware of his confusion and *volte face*. He will continue in his confusion and regard it as a "new large organisation and order," his false and deceptive light as a new illumination, which can deliver the world.

I shall now give one illustration to

6. Ref. *Rasayana Tantra*.

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show how very dangerous it is to enter into an occult world without previous preparation and adequate knowledge, to find oneself suddenly transported into a new consciousness and a new dimension of being. Sri Ramakrishna's nephew and personal attendant, Hriday, had long been pressing him to pray to the Mother, Kali, so that he, too, like Sri Ramakrishna, might have some spiritual experiences. For a long time Sri Ramakrishna did not heed his importunities. But one day, after he had entreated his uncle again, Hriday found himself suddenly flung into the universal consciousness. The experience was too overwhelming for him, and it threw him off his balance. He began to rave like a mad man. And Sri Ramakrishna had to take away the experience. Describing the effects of that terrible experience, Hriday said afterwards: "No sooner had I sat down here for meditation than someone threw, as it were, a plateful of charcoal over my body. I am suffering from an unbearable burning pain." Sri Ramakrishna rebuked him saying: "Have I not told you that it is not time for you to have such visions? Have I not told you again and again that you will achieve everything by serving me?"

But the modern democratic mind of man, basing itself upon a fictitious equality and uniformity of all men, and blind to their individual *karmic* and evolutionary differences, has completely lost sight of the spiritual truth of *adhikara* and *varna*. Moved by a false sense of egalitarian humanism, it is frantically levelling down all higher values, all towering qualities of man, all high-soaring thoughts that seek, like Prometheus, to bring down the divine fire and the aristocracy of the soul into the squalid democracy of the earth, so that man may live as machine, reduced to the dead uniformity of the soulless robot.

Even those who ardently denounce materialism and the mechanisation of life in the modern world, do not remain long exempt from their corrupting influence. Even the writer of the *Perennial Philosophy* has practically to disown his own philosophy, deny its perennial value[7] and preach with an almost evangelical fervour: "....Chemistry and physiology are capable nowadays of practically anything. If the psychologists and sociologists will define the ideal, the neurologists and pharmacologists can be relied upon to discover the means whereby that ideal can be realised...."[8] Huxley has come to believe that in the near future it will be possible to "produce superior individuals by biochemical means". He has come to be convinced that "in the past, very few people had had the spontaneous experience of a pre-mystical or a fully mystical nature; still fewer had been willing to undergo the psychological disciplines which prepare an insulated individual for this kind of self-transcendence. The powerful but nearly costless mind-changers of the future will change all this. Instead of being rare, pre-mystical and mystical experiences will become common. What was

7. I shall give a few examples of this denial in the concluding part of this series.

8. *The Doors of Perception* by Aldous Huxley.

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once the spiritual privilege of the few will be made available to the many."[9]

If the basic points of Huxley's contention are conceded, this biochemical revolution in religion and spirituality will, indeed, be an unprecedented triumph of the modern democratic spirit—a new brand of mystical-materialist democracy, producing a race of "superior men" who will grovel together in the mescalinised dust of the earth in an exalted state of "chemical self-transcendence," and perceive in each particle of the dust the majesty and magnificence of the heaven-kissing mountains.

But Nature who revels in endless diversity, because she is so firmly poised in universal unity, will not allow her children to march towards disintegration along the road of chemically induced uniformity and mass self-transcendence. She will not allow any cavalier flouting of the laws of evolution. She will not allow, besides, any biochemical drugs to usurp the place of God's "gratuitous grace."

9. Huxley's article, *Drugs That Shape Men's Minds,* in the American journal.

CRISIS OF CHARACTER—(*Contd.*)

quick was reflected in all activities and in all directions. Not even the lawyers and the medical practitioners were free from this malaise. They went wrong equally together with the industrialists, businessmen and others, and there was deterioration of national and industrial character all round.

I have suggested various ways and means of remedying this state of affairs. The evil is however all-pervading and the whole situation is aggravated owing to lack of moral and religious background in the community at large. The State has become secular, but secularism does not mean irreligiosity. The influence of religion in building up the morality and character of man cannot be discounted and if moral and religious instruction be imparted from the very childhood right up to the schools and colleges and by proper inculcation of the moral principles even thereafter, the proper background for the building up of character will be created and the goal which we have set ourselves to achieve attained. To that end, apart from imparting moral and religious instructions in schools and colleges, movements like the Anuvrat movement of Sri Acharya Tulsi, the taking of a vow to relinquish even one vice sponsored by Swami Sukdevanandji of the Charitra Nirmala Yatra Special and the Moral Rearmament Scheme of Dr. Buchman would go a long way towards remedying this evil. No doubt, the need of a proper religious and moral background at home cannot be negatived at all, but over and above that, the above remedies would be really helpful and should be resorted to with all zeal and vigour.

Let us hope that by adopting all the above means our national and individual character will be rehabilitated and we shall achieve the pinnacle of glory, enjoyed at one time by our country.

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Snow-white and the Seven Dwarfs

ONCE UPON A TIME... a king had a daughter who was so fair that she was called Snow-white.

The queen died and the king soon married another wife who was so proud that she went to a magic mirror and said, "Tell me, who is the fairest in the land?" "Little Snow-white" said the mirror.

The angry queen called her servant and asked him to kill Snow-white. But he took her to a forest and left her there.

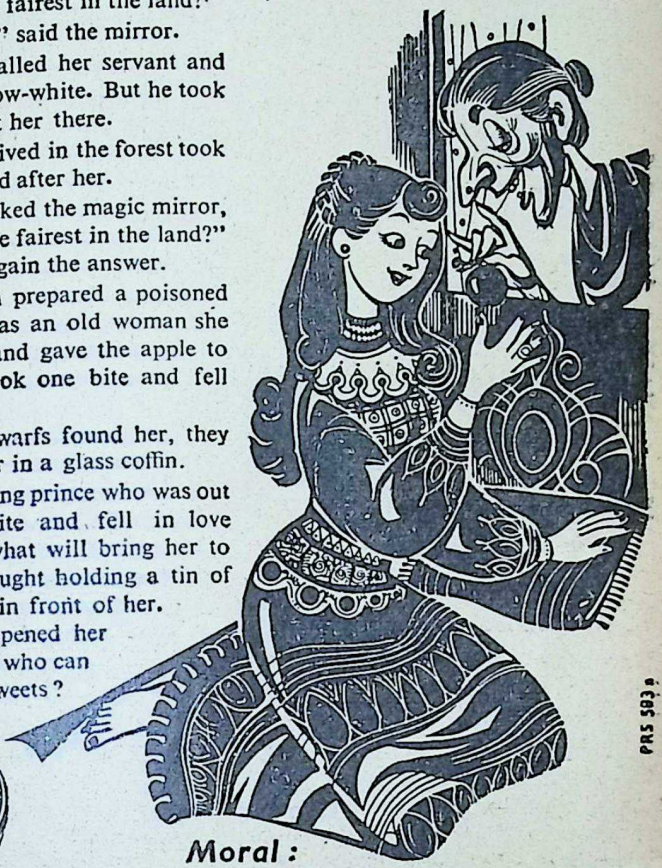
Seven dwarfs who lived in the forest took pity on her and looked after her.

Again the queen asked the magic mirror, "Tell me, who is the fairest in the land?" "Snow-white" was again the answer.

The enraged queen prepared a poisoned apple and disguised as an old woman she went into the forest and gave the apple to Snow-white, who took one bite and fell down dead.

Later, when the dwarfs found her, they lifted her and laid her in a glass coffin.

After a time, a young prince who was out riding saw Snow-white and fell in love with her. "I know what will bring her to life," the prince thought holding a tin of PARRY'S Sweets in front of her. Snow-white slowly opened her eyes and got up. For who can resist PARRY'S Sweets?



PRS 583a

Moral :

There's always someone you love who loves Parry's Sweets

PARRY'S Sweets are so delicious, so pure, so wholesome. You can buy them loose, or in beautiful printed fancy tins at prices ranging from Re. 1.75 to Rs. 5.

Made by: PARRYS CONFECTIONERY LIMITED, Madras.

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Excavation is a fascinating subject. Far removed from public gaze, it provides the basic material on which whole cultures are built. In this article the author gives a bird's-eye view of the entire gamut of its operations.

DIGGING RUINS OF THE PAST

J. S. Nigam

IT may be asked at the outset, where is the need for digging the high mounds of the earth when there are recorded histories of the people, their deeds, etc. in secular and religious annals. The answer is such records as we have, have many missing links and digging is resorted to unearth unrecorded history in an effort to fill up those lacunae.

Excavation, like prospecting for minerals, is a specialised art and it has its own methods which it is the purpose of this article to describe. The first question that arises is how to find a historical site which may yield records. Here are some lines along which the problem has to be tackled.

(a) *Literary Evidence*: The *Vedas*, the *Mahabharata* and other classical works including accounts of foreign travellers, mention the names of important places that flourished in the past. Most of them have now been identified. For instance, the *Rig-Veda* mentions Har-U-piya which has been identified as the Harappa. Other Harappan sites have also been mentioned in the *Rig-Veda*.

The discovery of Mohenjodaro and Harappa, however, was accidental. Stuart Piggott in *Prehistoric India* has described how while laying out the rails for the East Indian Railway in Sind and the Punjab this site was accidentally discovered. Ultimately Harappa was uncovered as a historical site by General Cunningham in 1856. Later Prof. R. D. Banerji in 1922 found Mohenjodaro. These and other Harappan sites have been and are being excavated, viz., Rupar, Rangpur, Lothal, and Alamghipur.

The Epics also mention great cities and centres of culture of their times. Several of them have been identified, e.g. Hastinapur, Ahichchhatra, Kanauj, Ujjain, Rajgriha, Malah-rashtra Ayodhya or Saketa and many more; Buddhist literature mentions Bodh Gaya, Isipatana (Sarnath), Kapilavastu, Kushinagar, the Sixteen Republics, "Sodash-Maha-janpadas" which it is believed represent the political

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visions of North India and a part of e Deccan before the time of the Bud-a. The Jain literature *Kalpa Sutra* entions that Mahavira spent the ny seasons at Champa, Mithila, avasti, Vaisali and Rajgriha. All ese ancient sites have since been entified.

(b) *Secular literature*: Among e works of secular nature mention ay be made of Kautilya's *Artha-shtra*, Panini's and Katyayana's gram-atical works. Patanjali's *Mahabha-ya*, and the historical drama *Mala-gnimitra* of Kalidasa, further ention names of some ancient habi-tions.

India from time to time had been sited by a number of foreigners both om West and East. The Greek writers pre-Alexandrian time Skylax, Hekateus, Herodotus and Ctesias have given some references to the places in India. Hekateus mentions Indoi for Indus, Gandhari for the people of Gandhara. The Greeks have mentioned Bindusara and Pataliputra, the capital ity of Magadhan empire, as Amittra-hates and Palibothra respectively. Mention of Megasthenes, the ambas-dor of Seleucus Nicator, to the court Chandragupta Maurya may also be made whose *Indica* has contributed much in making up the early history our country.

The Chinese pilgrims Fa-hien (5th entury A.D.) Hiuen Tsang (7th entury A.D.) and I-tsing came to dia and had given a vivid descrip-ion of the places they visited.

(c) *Archaeological Explorations*: Before proceeding further, it may not be out of place to know what Archa-eology is. The word Archaeology is derived from the Greek words *Archaios* = Ancient and *Loges* = discourse, meaning the science which deduces a knowledge of past times from the study of their existing remains.

The ancient sites can be divided into two categories, viz. (i) sites with no surface indications and (ii) sites with surface indications.

Sites with no surface indications: There are different methods of explor-ing sites over which no trace of habita-tion is found now. These sites are most-ly prehistoric, but there are several sites of the historical times which have been completely buried under sand or dust. Fort walls of ancient Rome and cities in western part of Iran and Meso-potamia may be cited as examples. In India too, many cities in Rajasthan have disappeared and it may safely be surmised that they too suffered the same fate. Extensive explorations are being conducted in Rajasthan to discover the buried sites by the Department of Archaeology of the Government of India. For discovering or exploring such buried settlements of historical or archaeological importance generally the following methods are applied.

(a) *Aerial Photography*: Taking the photographs of the archaeological sites from the air is a new device and has recently been introduced by western archaeologists. When an archaeological site is photographed from the air the picture thus obtained reveals differences in tones. "These tone differences are due to two causes, viz., differences in the reflecting power of surfaces on the ground, and actual differences in the colour of growing crops and grass or the bare soil." The time for taking such exposures is either at the rising

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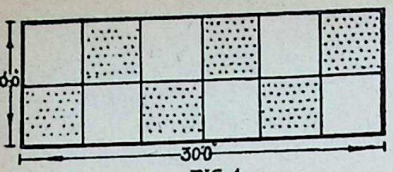

FIG.-1

of the sun or at its setting, because it is only at these times the differences of tones will be sharper. In the bright light the picture will be flat and the tone differences cannot be caught.

(b) *Probing*: This is a simple method. The probing is done with an instrument made of steel which is pointed at the end and about 40 inches long, circular in section with a diameter of half an inch. At the top a 'T'-shaped wooden handle is provided to hold it firmly. It is thrust in the ground to a depth of nearly 1 foot and then pushed round and round to enlarge the hole. Then it is thrust in again and again with all the force of the user. With a little practice the difference between casual obstruction and bedrock can easily be detected.

(c) *Bosing*: A less laborious way of achieving the same end may be used where solid rock lies close beneath the surface. Under this method the surface of the ground is struck with a heavy rammer. The sound thus produced has to be closely heard. On the natural deposits the sound is dull thud, but on the filled-up ditches or pits the sound is a muffled one, *'thoomp'*. The sound is best observed by a co-worker who stands at a short distance from the man who rams, and if possible, off the direction of the wind. The rammer is made of tin, cylindrical in form with a handle. A heavy pick-axe may also be used as a boser.

(d) *Boring*: Like probing and bosing, an ancient site can be explored by boring which is considered indispensable as a preliminary to excavation. There is a lot of controversy among the archaeologists about this method of exploration. However, it has its own merits and demerits. It is more on chance than on any other factor that it brings out good results. It was first suggested by Fisher who had worked it out with great care and had obtained good results.

The method consisted of removing the earth by successive horizontal layers by digging a pit on the ground up to the virgin soil (natural soil). But since one pit is not sufficient for exploring, a number of them are to be dug to achieve some definite conclusions.

In India the four methods of exploration described above have not been applied so far. Of course, at Sirkap (Taxila) and Sisupalgarh the excavated area with its surroundings was photographed from the air. And now Saragwala may be added to these. At Hastinapur boring was resorted to in the Khadar area to crosscheck the results of the excavations at the site.

Sites with Surface Indications:

The following exploratory methods are applied to the sites having surface indications: (a) Ceramic Survey, and (b) Trial Diggings.

Most of the ancient sites have some surface indications viz., potsherds, terracottas, coins, beads and other antiquities, brick-bats and even structural remains.

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(a) *Ceramic Survey*: The potsherds which are picked up from the surface of the ground are not only the evidence of the habitations but furnish the valuable clues to the date or dates at which that site was occupied. In India not much importance was given to the pottery. But now the pottery constitutes one of the most reliable sources of dating where no other datable material is available. This presupposes on the part of the explorer a thorough knowledge of the ceramics. The knowledge will be not less indispensable in the course of excavations. The explorer must bear in mind that he should pick up all the potsherds of the individual ware and type, not leaving most of them with the view that they may not be useful. This is because if important potsherds are left unpicked taking them to be useless, the purpose of the exploration is not fulfilled. The sorting is to be done after the collection has thoroughly been made by some experienced person.

Similarly other material besides pottery obtained in the exploration not only helps to ascertain antiquity of the sites but also to get knowledge about the history and culture of the people who occupied it, from time to time.

(b) *Trial Digging*: This can be done in the way the site may present. The rain-gully provides a sloping section. It can be trimmed and straightened to look like the section of an excavated trench. If need be, the area may be dug a little inside to get a clear section. This method was applied by Sri A. Ghosh while he was exploring Rajgriha. The trimming or digging has to be done up to the natural soil in order to have the complete sequence of cultures the site may have.

Like results can be obtained by digging a number of exploratory trenches over several places on the site which in the opinion of the excavators is expected to yield good results. The digging in such trenches will either show that the ground contains no remains of the past time, or reveal the different cultural periods. The trenches should be in such an area which should in no way spoil the site for a large-scale excavation if it is desired to be taken up after the exploration or some time later. The following points may be borne in mind which are helpful for the explorer:

(a) that the trench should be about 10 ft. wide, the length depending on the need.

(b) that the exploratory trenches should be of chess-board pattern. (In figure 1 the dotted squares are unexcavated areas.)

II

It has been mentioned earlier that to obtain the ancient buried relics the archaeologists have to dig. Now the question arises, why the things get buried. In case of graves, the reason is obvious that a pit is dug below the ground and the dead are buried under it. But how buildings and cities get buried may appear to be very strange.

I have heard at several places people saying that the whole of a town turned turtle due to a curse of some Rishi or earthquake. A little thinking and observation will solve the mystery. In our houses if a room is left unswept for a few days, a thick deposit of dust is found over the floor and all the fur-

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niture. The dust is carried by the wind and gets deposited. The dust goes on accumulating for centuries. This is how the remains get buried.

The other reason for the formation of the mound is that the earliest people who settled over the virgin soil, built their huts or houses and lived there for several hundred years. Later they left the place, maybe for some reason. During their stay the level of the surrounding land had been rising for the first reason cited above. After the desertion, the buildings collapsed and the fallen material became a heap. Then nature plays its role, vegetation grows and dries every year, dust depositing on them all the time. Thus the debris are covered and the heap grows, in spite of the fact that rain washes a part of it.

After some time other people come and settle over that site. Thus the place is occupied and deserted by several folks and goes on gaining height and the remains of the earlier settlers continue to be buried in succession.

This is how mounds are formed. In India normally the mounds are from 15 to 60 ft. high. In European countries and America the mounds are not very high. The average height is not more than 10 ft.

Excavations

Now comes the work of digging. Excavation does not mean that a party of people with picks and spades attack a site and thoroughly drag out whatever is available. This was done, of course, during the infancy of archaeology; it was then more a picnic than an excavation.

Modern excavations however are done very carefully by highly trained and experienced people. It is a very laborious task and very interesting to the person who is really interested in excavation. If an excavator is not interested in the job, he will feel completely bored. From the point of view of the responsibility and the valuable work which is entrusted to him, such a person will jeopardize the purpose of the excavation.

It may also be pointed out that excavation is a costly undertaking, and it is undertaken, keeping in view a particular problem of history. If many sites of one culture are found in close vicinity, the purpose will be served by excavating the major site.

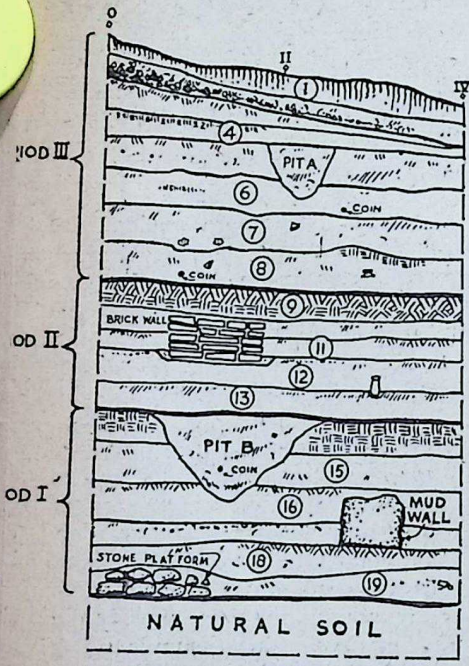

FIG-2

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An excavation team must have the following members: The excavator, the pottery expert, the surveyor, the photographer and good artist or artists.

The following methods are applied for excavations: At the outset the area is selected. Usually the highest place is tackled because the area has more accumulation. The trench is laid in accordance with any of the undermentioned systems: the grid system, the uninterrupted grid system, the point system, the box system and a long trench system across the mound. In India the last two systems are applied.

Box or horizontal system: The term horizontal excavation is applied to the method of digging which is adopted with the object of exposing the successive layers in the square or all the squares into which the site may be divided. The process involved is to expose the strata by excavating horizontally one layer after another and removing it completely to the entire area of the square. At present this method is in application at the Nagarjunakonda Excavation Project in Guntur District, also at Saragwala (Lothal) excavations. This method is generally applied to reveal the extent of the habitation or town-planning.

Vertical system: A trench is laid, its width may not be less than 10 ft. and not more than 18 ft. The length may be any number of feet according to the need. The whole area under excavation is divided into sectors leaving baulks in between. The process is the same as in the horizontal digging. The baulks can be removed when necessary for drawing a complete section or a photograph to be taken of the excavated trench. This system is preferred because it is less expensive and saves time. Thus the trench gives a cultural sequence of the material objects of the people who had settled at a particular place and time, except of course the complete plans of the structural remains. In India most of the sites are being dug in this way.

To start with, a trench is laid out and the digging commences. Several numbered pegs are fixed on both the sides of the trench for recording the finds. The trench, if long, is divided into several sectors for the convenience of the excavator to have an effective control over the dig. If the digging is to be done at the slopes, then it is dug in several terraces. The sector is divided into four parts and the dig in one quadrangle serves as an index to the other parts to be dug. And thus the mistakes or unobserved data can be corrected and observed.

The fundamental point that has to be borne in mind is that one layer has to be dug at a time. When one layer is being dug the excavator has to record the composition of the layer, colour, width, its contents, e.g. the pottery which is produced in bulk has to be picked up and kept in a basket properly labelled. Great emphasis has to be laid on the label being tied to the pottery basket and the excavator should not depend on others than himself for this work. Because ,once the label of the basket containing pottery is lost or changed, it would mean that the digging of those two layers is a waste and such pottery has to be discarded.

Much importance is given to the pottery. Often it is taken to be the alphabet of archaeology. It is very important for dating the proto-historic cultures. Its value increases because it is universally used by the rich and the

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poor alike; it is not subject to decay as compared to metallic objects.

Other finds which a layer may yield are the coins, terracottas, sculptures and many other things, which may include bones, both human and animal, charred wood or coal, soil samples, etc.

Coins are considered by far the most important since the dates can be fixed on the basis of the coins. Nowadays a scientific method known as Carbon 14 test is employed to date the finds. It has proved to be approximately correct. Similarly in scientifically advanced Western countries a method called Palaeo-magnetism is used to date the ancient relics. A proper record of the locus has to be made in case of all the finds.

Two layers should never be dug together. If the need be to dig at two places in the nearby area, a baulk should be kept, and the excavator has to be very careful that the materials coming from the two digs or layers may not get mixed. After one layer has been dug, the excavator should scrape the floor of the trench to detect any pit or mud structure. Because if a pit has been cut at any stage of the habitation as is usual, it must have been cut by the habitants of a particular layer and a particular deposit above it must be sealing it. The scraping of the floor with the excavation knife would reveal the difference in feel of the deposit of the layer from the pit.

Usually the filled material of the pit is loose as compared to the compactness of the layer. A pit must necessarily be detected and dug separately. Otherwise, the pottery and other finds from the pit will get mixed up with the material of the layers into which it has been cut. Such mixture creates a lot of headache for the archaeologists.

The case of structures is the reverse of the pits (Fig. 2). The former has a start from the bottom and the latter from the top. So these two are excavated in a different manner. The discovery of mud building presents a difficult task. The way in which the pits are detected applies in the case of the mud structures also. In this instance the mud building may be felt to be more compact than the soil of the layer. The burnt bricks or the stone buildings are easily discovered. The most important thing that has to be borne in mind is that the structure is built on a particular layer. It may be standing free or with a foundation. In either case the first course of the structure can easily be made out that it must be on the top of a layer. When the building has fallen into disuse a few layers get deposited on both the sides, which constitute the contemporary deposits of the structure. The deposits on two sides of the structure need not be similar in composition and behaviour. Then a layer is there which seals the whole of the building.

The excavation is the destruction of the evidence. So to make good use of it, full records of the observations in the form of very descriptive notes even of the minutest occurrences must be made by way of writing, drawings, and photographs. The records should be complete and comprehensive to the extent that whenever required the whole picture may be reconstructed theoretically.

Excavations and explorations in India are mostly being taken up by the Government departments. A few educational institutions have also moved up in this direction.

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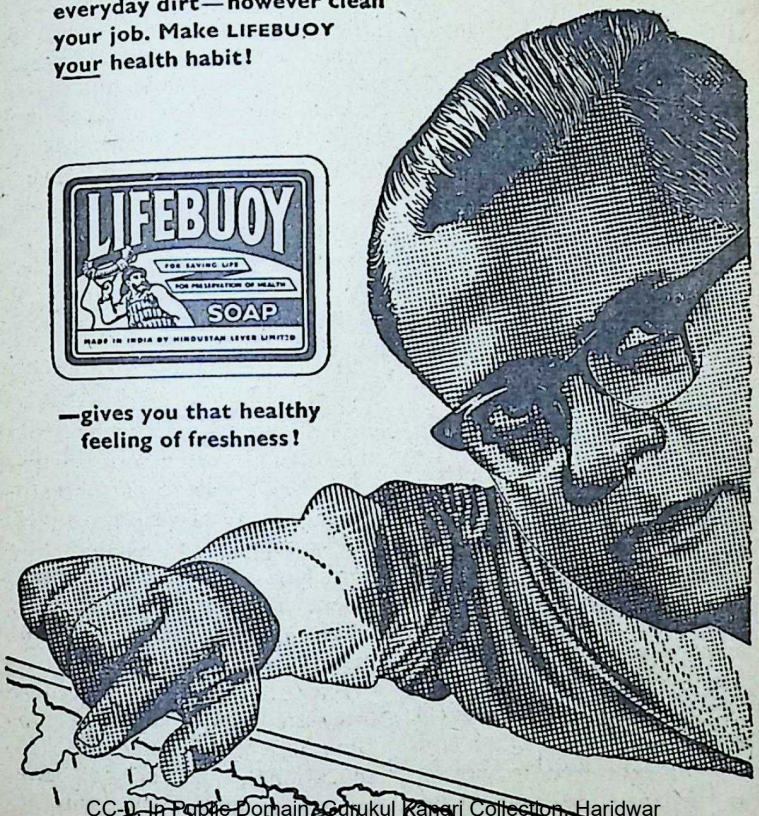

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

735

Kante Ranganayakulu, Hyderabad.

Q: *What is the salvation for a man who has burnt both the ends of the candle and could not achieve his ideals in life?*

A: (a) What is the meaning of burning both the ends of the candle? If he has done so, he is dead if not physically, at least morally. And no one is morally dead, unless he has no fighting grit left. (b) No man can achieve his ideals, if he is a visionary and entertains ideals that are unrelated to the practical shape of things which faces him. (c) Real salvation lies in sublimating your attitude towards the practical affairs of life and deal with them with faith in God.

736

Sri H. Gopinath, Bellary.

Q: *Will humanity avert another world war in this atomic age?*

A: Man wants to live, and therefore, will not launch another World War. But there is no limit to man's greed and fear, and insanity may follow.

737

Sri D. R. Reddi, Tirupati.

Q: *What is the significance of free will?*

A: It means that your Karma determines the conditions under which you have to live, but that being gifted by fundamental aspirations towards Truth, Beauty, Love, Calmness, and Light, you can strengthen and change the working of causal law.

738

Sri S. H. Govinda Raja Setty, Tiptur.

Q: *How to become an amiable man in this world?*

A: Try to conquer greed, anger, malice, hatred and fear.

739

Sri B. N. Murthy, Kosgi, Kurnool Dt.

Q: *I think political equality without economic equality is of no use. Do you think so?*

A: Political equality is an indispensable step to achieving economic equality. There cannot be economic equality without political equality.

740

Sri K. V. Ramanna Murthy, Visakhapatnam.

Q: *I have read a passage of Swami Vivekananda which says: "Through foot-ball alone, one can attain Mukti." Will you kindly explain what this quotation actually means?*

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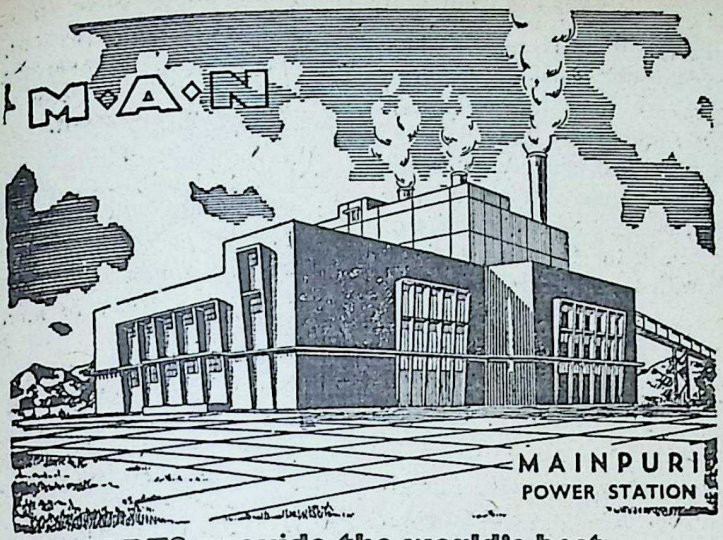

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A: Give me the reference, please.

741

Sri L. Pulloji Rao, Tirupati.

Q: Character and Destiny—which of these do you think is more powerful in shaping the man's life?

A: Karma, not destiny, creates the conditions under which a man works; character is the quality of the man, in the light of which he deals with those conditions.

742

Sri H. Sankaranarayana Iyer, Trivandrum.

Q: I read in an issue of the Bhavan's Journal *a quotation from Gandhiji stating that "My Rama, the Rama of our prayers, is not the historical Rama, the son of Dasaratha, the King of Ayodhya, etc." How can we reconcile this statement with the prayer song of Gandhiji's Ramanama in which Rama is evidently the son of Dasaratha, the husband of Sita?*

A: Gandhiji used the word Rama to mean God in the impersonal sense. In Tulsidas's *Ramayana*, the poet describes Dasaratha's son as God Himself, and thus the Ramanama gives inspiration to the man who needs invoke an *avatar* as well as to the man whose devotion has developed a loving sense of the Formless God. Gandhiji freely used the prayers which had an appeal for men in different stages of development.

743

Sri K. Subbaraya, Sagar.

Q: Is it not possible to restore the ancient Gurukula *system of education in India?*

A: It is not possible to revive the ancient *Gurukul* system. But the system can be modernised in the light of our problems and intellectual advancement.

744

Sri K. S. Kartikeyan, Ittigegud.

Q: People talk of controlling a disembodied spirit and make it perform strange things. Does it mean that there is a spirit in man besides his soul?

A: (1) In my opinion what are called 'spirits' are not the spirits of departed men. They represent some power, which somehow expresses itself through sensitive men and women, whom we call 'mediums'. (2) There is no spirit in a man besides his soul.

745

Sri U. Babanna Bhat, Shimoga.

Q: Recently, you have joined the Swatantra Party and taken the all-India leadership through the party channels. Are we, the readers of the Bhavan's Journal, *to expect you to enter the political field?*

A: I have never left the political field. At the same time I have never ceased to serve literature, culture and spirituality. The *Bhavan's Journal* stands for culture in its widest sense, and is not a political journal. Most of my writings published are not written as a political worker, but as a student of life and literature who, according to his humble light, is trying to help in the reintegration of the fundamental values of our culture.

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K. M. MUNSHI'S

TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers :

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHI (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri):—Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a slose associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

BHEEM:—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa, a young Brahman boy, was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada, learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England after his Law studies. He was accompanied by his wife Alice and their son Karan. The Indian way of life got on the nerves of Alice. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took him and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. Sheela too accompanied them to his house though against the wishes of her husband. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and that further enkindled his hatred of the rich and well-placed. He got initiated into Communism.

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16. HANSKUNVERBA

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THE following day Uday went to the High Court for the first time. He found himself in a state surprising nervousness. On enter- the massive stone building, he felt though he was entering the capa- us stomach of a python. In the lift, saw the well-known leader of the r, Sir Chaturlal. Uday wished him ood morning" and he in response de a scarcely perceptible bow.

He went into the Bar library and nd dozens of Advocates, some nding, some seated, some moving out, some in the process of chang- into their professional clothes, ne cracking jokes with one another d some lolling easy or semi- sy chairs with gs stretched out. round one table saw some eight ten solicitors ossiping loudly. Uday's spirits mpened a lit- e, and he won- ered how he ould fare mongst them all. He went to the librarian, paid is fees and en- olled himself as member of the brary. He rent- d a drawer in hich he placed is out-door lothes and put n appropriate lothes for the Court. He introduced himself to another newcomer like himself and then proceeded to the Courts to have a view of the judges. In the corridor, he saw Radharaman coming and he smilingly wished him "Good morning." Radharaman made no response, possibly because he was preoccupied; but Uday felt slighted. Uday was sworn in before a Judge and then he went into each Court for ten minutes or so, just to see what was happening. Thereafter he came back to the library and sat at a table where he found a few young Advocates gossiping. Uday was feeling depressed. His hopes of a triumphant entry into the High Court ap-

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ared to be melting away. He was o worried about Alice sitting alone the hotel, unhappy because of the angeness about everything around r.

Uday suddenly remembered that he d to accompany Majiba at 3 o'clock pay a courtesy call on the Maha- a of Manigadh. Maharaja Ganga- hji was his father's cousin and was nd of Uday and his family. The aharaja had always treated Majiba his young sister. At one time he had en suggested that, as he was with- t any issue, he might adopt Uday. e somewhat westernised Uday, wever, preferred to pursue an inde- ndent career rather than become a ler and suggested that the Maharaja ght adopt his younger brother heem instead. A decision had almost en taken to adopt Bheem when ddenly the Maharaja married again, nd the proposal was dropped. At the oment the Maharaja who had been ling for some time had come to ombay for treatment and was stay- g in a rented bungalow on the Pedder oad. Uday had heard many tales of e new Maharani Hanskunverba and s curiosity had been aroused.

One other matter caused a great al of concern to Uday and this was regard to his sister Rajba. She was ry dear to him. At the age of six- en, she was already a person of ex- eme beauty ; but what was more, she ad grown into a very cultured young oman. While he was in England, she rote to him, every week, letters hich were amusing or poetical ac- ording to her mood at the time of riting. But her behaviour during the wo days that he had been in Bombay had frightened Uday. It was obvious that she had become very weak and her eyes looked unduly large in her emaciated body. Uday learnt that his uncle Bhupat had decided to betroth her to Captain Samar Sinh, a noble- man in the Court of the Maharaja of Premkot. Uday had come across him a number of times in England. He was a clever young man and was well known as a good cricketer and a skil- ful Polo player. He had built up a big circle of friends, sons of important people, by entertaining them gener- ously with his father's money. He was also fond of the company of women and had the reputation of a gallant person. Samar had returned to India three months ago, as the Maharaja of Premkot was on his deathbed and he had no son. Considerable intrigue was afoot among his courtiers and noble- men for deciding upon a successor. Samar was doing everything possible to get himself accepted as the heir.

Majiba and Bhupat were happy that they were getting such a person as the husband of Rajba and hoped that Uday too would share their hap- piness. Uday, however, had no great respect for the life that the ruling prin- ces led. In the company of lawyers he had achieved a certain balanced attitude and felt that Samar Sinh was not quite the right person for his sis- ter Rajba. Nevertheless, he was help- less. Majiba and his uncle had settled everything and Rajba had come along with Majiba to Bombay because Sa- mar Sinh was anxious to see her. If Samar Sinh succeeded in getting adopted as the heir-apparent of Prem- kot, he would receive offers from many ruling families. Uday could not

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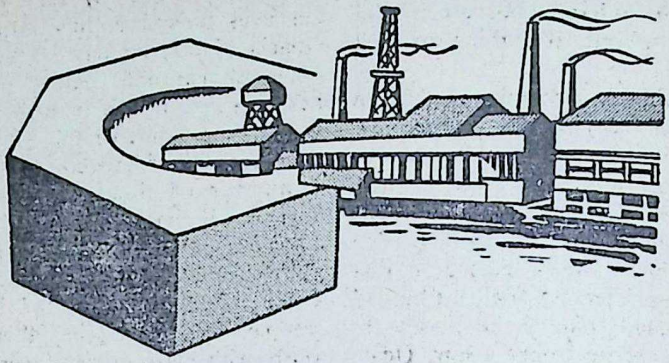

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refore understand why he was so on on marrying Rajba who could er all trace her ancestry only to a bleman's family.

At 2 o'clock Bhupat Sinh came to ch Uday, then they picked up Alice d went to the Raj Mahal to have ch with Captain Samar Sinh. Sar Sinh greeted Uday in the Rajput y and started talking to him in a st friendly manner. Alice was ated as if she were a Maharani. also expressed his wish that his ectionate 'Jai Mahadev' be conyed to Majiba. Uday knew what a st master of western manners Sar was, and was extremely surprisd to find that he was no less an ext in Rajput ways. For a moment day felt that perhaps he had been ajust in his estimate of Samar and at Rajba would be happy with him. hupat Sinh invited Samar Sinh to ne with him the following day. amar Sinh accepted the invitation ith great show of warmth, and then day took him to the High Court nd introduced him to the well-known wyer, Sir Chaturlal. Later, the two ent to meet the Maharaja of Premot at his Peddar Road residence.

Bhupat, Majiba, Alice, Rajba and heem had already arrived and Uday ccompanied them to the bedroom of he Maharaja. The latter had been nore than a brother to Uday's father, while he looked upon Majiba as a ster and had great faith in her wisom. Bhupat Sinh too was his great riend. All of them bowed low as they greeted him with folded hands. The Maharaja stretched out his emaciated and and placed it successively on the heads of Uday and Bheem.

Uday then told him briefly about himself. While he was narrating his story, Uday's attention was irresistibly drawn towards the young Maharani Saheba, nineteen or twenty years of age, fully conscious of her youth. Her whole appearance showed that pleasure was her principal pursuit in life. It would be difficult to describe her as beautiful, but there was an irresistible charm about her expressive face and her attractive eyes. One moment she would be massaging her husband's feet, another moment rearranging his pillows, and a little later slowly moving her hand on his forehead as if she were a modest creature. She sat for a long time, her head bent low, but her eyes active and roaming all around. Her smile had almost an electrical effect on the onlooker, while her speech was ingratiatingly sweet. Uday was greatly impressed by the Maharani.

Rajba had written much to him regarding her. Four years ago, while the Maharaja was returning from *shikar* one evening, the sky was overcast with clouds and he stopped to rest in the cottage of a Rajput Forest Guard. The Jamadar and his wife were hospitable and made the ruler comfortable. Their fifteen-year-old daughter Hansa served food to him; and the Maharaja was captivated by her beauty and charm. In the morning, the Maharaja asked the Forest Guard to come and see him at Manigadh. The Rajput came of a good family and the Maharaja asked him if he was prepared to give his daughter Hansa in marriage. The Maharaja no doubt hoped that if the young woman gave him a son, his own progeny

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would continue to rule over the State. Thus the Forest Guard's daughter Hansa came to be the Maharani Hanskunverba of Manigadh and thanks to her charm, her devotion and her fondness for pleasure, Gangasinhji, who was past his middle age, acquired, as it were, a fresh lease of life. Three months earlier, it had been announced that the Maharani was *enceinte,* a piece of news which made her husband almost delirious with joy.

Majiba and Rajba appeared to dislike Hanskunverba, but Uday argued that their dislike was due to family pride. When he and Majiba took leave of the Maharaja, the Maharani accompanied them to the door to see them off. Uday watched intensely her manners, her gait and her general behaviour. There was such artistic sweetness in her conversation that Uday was simply stunned and completely won over. When they all came out, they found Samar Sinh waiting for them.

"Majiba, when are you going to announce the engagement of Rajba to the Captain?" asked Hanskunverba as she glanced at Samar Sinh. Uday saw that Rajba's eyes had shifted from the Maharani to Captain Samar Sinh. He could not understand the particular gleam which came into her eyes and then saw her trembling all over. Uday was greatly puzzled. In the meantime, Majiba, in reply to Hanskunverba's question, could only say that she was thinking about it. The Maharani took Majiba to a corner and said, "Majiba, if I were in your place, I would have announced the betrothal long ago. It looks as if the Captain's luck will turn in a few days. This is indeed great good fortune."

"Yes, Ba Saheb, I am aware of all this," replied Majiba and then they all took leave of the Maharani.

Thereafter Uday went back to the Court to meet Radharaman, while Bhupat Sinh returned to his own office. Majiba was extremely happy to think that her daughter was about to get a good husband, but Rajba remained sunk in deep thought.

"Rajba, did you like the young man?"

"Oh! So you had brought us together to see each other," remarked Rajba. For a moment she looked all around her as if she had awakened from a dream. Then she smiled humorously and remarked, "I did not know, Majiba, that you were also so cunning."

"Look, my daughter, this is a matter of great good fortune. There is every chance of your becoming the Maharani of Premkot."

"Oh! Then you shall see my splendour ; I shall move about only on the back of an elephant and look different. I shall not let you come near my palace."

"My daughter," smilingly rejoined Majiba, "once you are happy, what need would there be for me to come?"

The two then went to the Taj Mahal and took Karan with them to Bhupat Sinh's house.

On his way back to the High Court, Uday's thoughts were engrossed by the beauty of Hanskunverba and by the charm of her manners. This did not, however, come in the way of his being present promptly at 5-30 in front of Radharaman's chamber: he was extremely keen on getting on in his profession. After a while, Radharaman came out, he was talking to some soli-

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itors and he had his gown in his hand. Uday wished him "Good afternoon." Radharaman stopped for a while and remarked, "Solanki, these people have come for a private discussion. I shall not be able to see you."

Uday replied, "That is all right, sir; I shall wait until you are free."

"Just as you like," said Radharaman as he went into his chamber, the solicitors following him.

After some three-quarters of an hour Radharaman came out and seeing Uday still there, remarked, "Solanki, you are still waiting. Come along; I shall take you to Chaturlal's chamber."

"Which is your Inn?" asked Radharaman.

"Gray's Inn," replied Uday.

"Did you work in any one's chamber?'

"Yes, in Sir Arthur Bedford's."

Radharaman asked him various other questions and then remarked, "I hope you realise that it is not so easy to be a successful lawyer."

"I know that."

"And you will benefit only to the extent that you can make yourself useful to me?"

"That is precisely why I have come here."

By this time they had both arrived at Sir Chaturlal's chamber, and there they found Captain Samar Sinh waiting with a solicitor. Samar Sinh was a little crest-fallen on seeing Uday, but he soon gained control over himself and smiled at Uday and shook hands with Radharaman.

"Very well, Solanki, I am now busy. Come tomorrow. I shall give you a brief to read," said Radharaman to Uday and then went into Sir Chaturlal's chamber along with Samar Sinh. Uday was astonished at Samar Sinh's presence in Chaturlal's chamber. His suspicion of him was again roused. Samar must be intriguing to obtain the rulership of Premkot. Would he make his sister happy if he did, in fact, become the ruler of Premkot? But then, why not? Will Samar marry her? If he becomes a ruler, would he not bring a princess from a ruling family as his wife and give up Rajba?

Such thoughts kept chasing each other in his mind as he arrived at his uncle Bhupat Sinh's house. He found everyone in great good humour; even Alice's sadness had disappeared. "Where are Rajba and Karan?" enquired Uday.

"One has been overcome by the idea of marriage while the other is wanting to be God's son. Both are in the prayer room."

Uday heard Rajba singing and so he got up and went into the prayer room. In one corner, Karan was standing with one leg crossed in imitation of the idol of Sri Krishna and was arranging his hands as if they held the Murli of Sri Krishna. Rajba seemed completely changed. She had put on a white cotton saree, had applied sandal paste on her forehead, tied anklets with little bells round her feet, and with her hair loose, she was singing, keeping time with her feet.

What shall I do, oh, Ruler of Mewar,
since my love is of the previous
birth?
What shall I do, oh, Ruler of Mewar,
if my mind is tempted?
I have a double bracelet which sym-
bolises my vow of chastity.
How can I forget my husband, my
husband from birth to birth, oh,
Ruler of Mewar?

Uday was deeply impressed by his sister's beauty, the sweetness of her singing and by her intellect. He felt proud of her and the moment the song

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was over, he said, "Rajba, you are really amazing!"

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Rajba turned towards him and burst out laughing: "Where did you come from?" "Rajba," said Uday with some pride, "you are indeed fit to be a Maharani." "Maharani?" queried Rajba.

"Of course, that Samar Sinh's Maharani. Oh, what a fine moustache he has! His charm is that of a veritable Don Juan."

"His Maharani, what?" replied Rajba, her eyes full of mischief.

"You silly woman, you are already enamoured of him!"

Rajba again burst out laughing and with her Kartal (a small musical instrument) began singing with an elaborate movement of her hands.

"I have become mad because of an illness but no one knows what my illness is. Meera's illness could only be cured if Sri Krishna were to come as her doctor. Oh! My illness has made me mad but no one knows what my illness is." She stopped singing suddenly and beat time with the Kartal right in front of Uday's face.

Uday would have liked to have embraced his sister most affectionately but he checked himself. This was after all India and his sister was a grown-up woman. He picked up Karan and asked Rajba to come along with him to take their meals.

"I am fasting today," said Rajba, as she turned towards the idol of the God and started singing again, moving round and round in front of the idol. "How shall I forget my husband, my husband from birth to birth, oh, Ruler of Mewar?"

[To be continued]

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The Marriage Parleys

IN support of his thesis that women are the most unreliable, Indradatta related this anecdote to his princely friend Ratnamandana.

In a deep forest, there was a huge banyan tree which had innumerable branches and whose foliage practically shut out the sun's rays from reaching the ground below. Naturally travellers used to take shelter in the cool shade of this tree and relax.

...What shall we say, King? Fate is indeed cruel...

In a cavity of this grandfather tree lived a rat couple. The female rat was in the family way. When the time for her delivery came, the male rat prepared a cosy bed for her by spreading the tender leaves of the tree and providing other conveniences. A girl rat was born who was bonny and who soon delighted her parents with her pranks.

One day the father rat had gone out when another hefty male rat happened to pass by that banyan tree. Finding that the female rat was alone, the newcomer entered the cavity of the tree and started making love to the female rat. The female rat at first pretended to respond to his sentiment by wagging her tail and all that. But when the newcomer came near, the female rat scratched him with her paws and pushed him out of doors when the intruder fell down on the ground and fainted.

Soon, however, the new rat regained consciousness and completely forgetting the insult, climbed up the tree and entering the cavity started again making love to the lady rat.

At that time an eagle sortieing in the sky let fall a piece of dried-up leather which it had carried in its claws and that skin-piece fell on the extreme end of a branch of this banyan tree. The female rat which saw the falling of this leather said to the in-

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truder: "I can well understand your feeling for me; but I can accept you only when you prove your ability. Now look, that piece of leather is a thing which I would love to have. Can you get it for me?"

The intruder rat at the height of his passion said: "Of course, I shall. What would I not accomplish for your love?"

So saying, the male rat hurried to the end of the branch which broke under its weight and down went he hurtling through space. As ill-luck would have it, a party of wayfarers were warming themselves round a campfire right beneath into which the hurtling rat fell and so was burnt.

Seeing his fate, the female rat from the cavity chuckled: "Fool! It never entered his head that by following the forbidden path one seeks one's own destruction!"

Moralising on this anecdote, Indradatta said: "Prince! Don't you see that you can never expect a good turn from women?"

On hearing the story Ratnamandana replied: "Friend! Don't you remember that it was you who brought the news that the Princess loved me deeply? Now, why do you relate this inappropriate story and cause me mental pain? And tell me, on whom should I have faith, if at all?"

INDRADATTA: Prince, it is quite true that the Princess loved you. What I mean to say now is that it is quite unnecessary to exercise your mind too much about it: no good will come out of it. I shall meet your royal father, and arrange for your early marriage with the girl who has stolen your heart."

Accordingly Indradatta set about, as a result of which King Nanda sent royal emissaries to King Sampati asking for his daughter's hand in marriage to his son. King Sampati on hearing it felt immensely happy but at the same time the evil prophecy too came to his mind which made him sad. Feeling that it would be a sin to hide his knowledge of what was in store for his daughter, Sampati related the sad prediction, hearing which the emissaries felt very sad and promised to convey it to their King on their return.

To the eager Nanda the emissaries said: "What shall we say, King? Fate is indeed cruel. Sampati is quite willing to give his daughter to our Prince, but she is under a curse."

To the shocked King, they narrated how at the time of her birth the astrologers had predicted that on the ninth day of her marriage her husband would be killed by a Brahmarakshas.

King Nanda felt like the blind man regaining his sight and losing it the next moment. "What a cruel fate? How possibly can I invite this calamity on my son, however much I wish for his happiness?"

Prince Ratnamandana who had been a silent spectator so far, replied: "Father! Please forgive me if I say that I am fully prepared for the eventuality for love of Pushpagandhi. Should you, however, think differently, even Devendra's daughter will not be acceptable to me. Please therefore give up all other thoughts and instead of wasting time on them, arrange for my marriage with Pushpagandhi. Even a few days' married life with her will be more than compen-

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tion. Happen what may! Leave it fate."

King Nanda who realised the rength of his son's love for Samti's daughter relented and calling e learned Brahmins of the palace nd narrating the circumstances, said: Great men! From now on please perorm non-stop recitation of Japa and arry out all other Vedic injunctions hat will avert all disasters to my amily and ensure only happy auguies!"

The Brahmins replied: "King! We lly appreciate your efforts. Having egard to the exemplary character of our son, we are confident of wardng off all evils and may God be pleasd to bless your efforts. Now, celebrate the marriage of your son without any fear."

NANDA: Sirs! How is it that you are so confident? If a sick man asks for unapproved food, would the physician give it? What you say is like asking a third man to enter the sea stating that the sea is but knee-deep. I think your hasty words only confirm the saying that Brahmans are only fit for eating."

Chandra Sarma, the spokesman of the Brahmans, replied: "No, you are wrong, King. The word of a Vipra will never go wrong. Lord Janardana will carry out His behests through the words of Vipras and hence the saying *Vipra Vakyo Janardanah*. There is no difference between God's words and a true Vipra's words. The Vipra is embodied God. Don't you know of the story of how the blessings of a Vipra saved a man from certain death?"

To the attentive King, Chandra Sarma related the following story:

[*To be continued*]

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the tortoise prince

ON the fourth night* it was the turn of the younger Princess to meet her husband in the bedroom.

So, dressing appropriately for the occasion, she entered the chamber which was decorated like a miniature *deva-loka*. The sweet scents, the dull light and the exhilarating music were most provocative and if the Princess was walking in a dreamland, she was fully justified in her thoughts.

She had none of those compunctions she evinced on the first occasion, for had she not already become acquainted with *him?* Almost excitedly she neared the couch on which the mischievous-looking Chaturya lay poised on the prop of his left hand in deep contemplation, and without the other being aware of it, flung herself into his arms passionately.

"God created women, I believe, in haste and that is why they have no patience. Here I am, the legally married husband, destined to live with you for life, and you apparently do not believe it. Can't I have breathing time before I start life in right earnest?" observed Chaturya half in joke, half in embarrassment.

"O! My lord has not yet had time for breathing? Strange indeed! Now what should his dutiful wife do? May she be commanded!" replied she.

"Do not take my words seriously, Princess! All that I want you to do now is to listen to a story that is sure to interest you profoundly."

"With pleasure," replied she.

The two settled themselves comfortably on the sofa, and then Chaturya related this fascinating story:

Long long ago, a King by name Venkata Raja ruled over Mallikarjuna. Finding that even after a long time his wife did not bear him any children, he took another wife. You know the fate of the first wife when a man marries a second! But this King merely kept his first wife in a separate palace and engaged suitable attendants to wait on her. But it was the second wife who had to send her the daily rations of food and other eatables.

With her allowance, the elder Queen not only maintained herself but fed her maid-servant and the mare she used to ride.

God's laws are immutable and when

* We have omitted to give the story of the third night because it is identical with one that appeared in our Vikramaditya Series.

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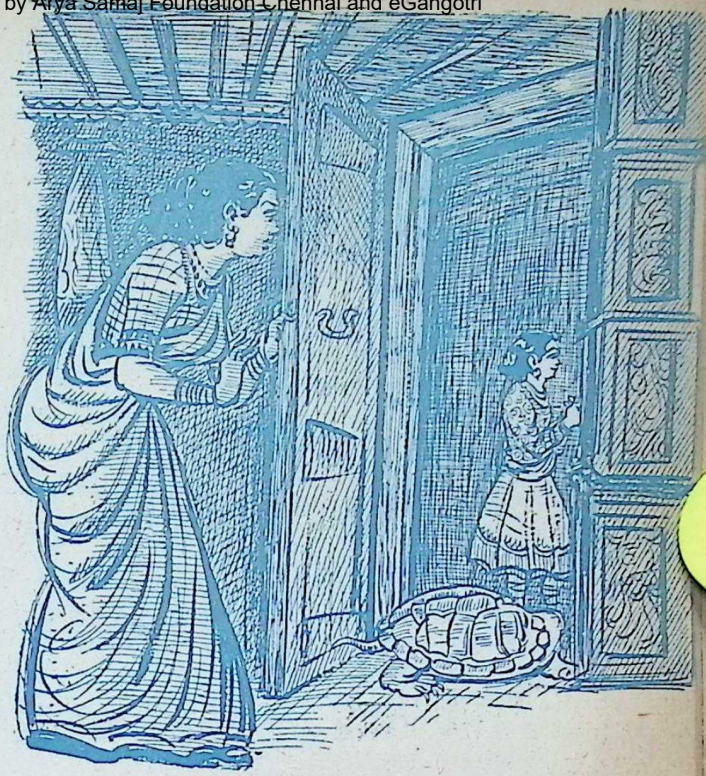
King found to his
rin that his second
too did not oblige
with children, he
ed that getting
ren was neither
ce nor design but
esult of Karma or
lessing of God. So,
ut his kingdom in-
he hands of his
ter and repaired
e forest to propi-
Lord Siva. After
and arduous pen-
the Lord appear-
efore him and gave
a mango-fruit on
g which his queens
d conceive.

aising the Lord for
mercy, the King re-
ed to his capital,
handing the divine
t to his second wife,
: "Dear! God gave
this fruit. If you eat
you will bear di-
children!"



...from out of it a human figure emerged....

he young Queen who heard this
transported to heaven with delight
lest her husband should remember
first wife, despatched him expedi-
sly on other errands.

oon after the King had departed to
durbar, the second wife took out
mango-fruit, gleefully squeezed its
e into a golden bowl, swallowed it
out leaving a particle behind and
w the nut out of her window into
street.

t so happened that the maid-servant
o usually collected the daily rations
the first Queen had come that day
too at that time and happened to lis-
ten unobserved to the conversation the
King had with the younger Queen.

Learning all about the divine fruit,
the maid hid herself in a dark corner
to see what happened further.

Finally, when the younger Queen
threw the nut away, the maid discreetly
slid out, and taking the castaway nut,
ran to her mistress and reported to
her all that she heard, handing over
to her the divine nut.

The elder Queen's bosom heaved as
she too decided to partake of the di-
vine blessing.

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Breaking open the nut, she ate the kernel inside it and gave the rest to her maid, asking her also to feed her faithful mare with a part of it.

As a result of eating the divine fruit, all those who ate it got children. The younger Rani gave birth to two divine-looking sons while the elder Rani gave birth to a tortoise and the mare a marvel filly.

King Venkata who was only aware of the birth of the two sons to the second Queen, celebrated the event appropriately.

At the proper age he sent the two princes to school and taught them all the royal arts and sciences, and they grew to be wonderful boys who soon started taking part in state affairs.

The senior Queen, on the other hand, contented herself with the thought that we reap as we sow, that she was luck only to bear a tortoise!

The love which a mother bears her children can only be likened to th love of the Creator towards creatio Both have no preferences. Does a wo man love her son less because he i ugly or malformed? No ; perhaps sh loves him more for the deformity.

Even so the elder Queen loved he tortoise-son with all her heart, born a he was out of her own flesh and blood She fed him out of her breasts a proper hours, made a cosy bed fo him by her side, covered him with soft sheets and made him enjoy all the com forts she could command. Thus the tortoise too grew up.

For some days past the elder Queen was finding that the food she had kept for the next day had been vanishing.

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day therefore she called her and asked: "Do you by any throw away the food I store up the next day? Or...."

o, Queen, do you think I would ?" replied the woman, frightened. inking that there must be some urglar round about who does it, Queen decided to keep awake that and catch him.

about midnight, she perceived a rbance in the bed of her tortoise- As she looked more carefully, she the tortoise casting aside its shell and from out of it a human figure emerge, looking glorious like the Sun-god and proceeding noiselessly in the direction of the kitchen, entering it and eating the food left over by her for the morrow.

The Queen who had shadowed him on tip-toe could with the greatest difficulty contain her happiness, but when she controlled her surging emotion, her brain worked quickly, as a result of which she took away the shell left behind and burnt it.

When the Prince after his nocturnal sojourn came back to enter his shell, he found it missing and before he looked up, the Queen-mother embraced him in sheer joy and said: "Darling! Why should you thus hide yourself in that shell? It was I who destroyed the shell. Are you angry? Won't you gladden my heart by remaining as you are?"

The Prince replied: "Mother, what a foolish thing have you done? I wanted to remain *incognito* for some more time. Now what is the use of crying over spilt milk? You have done what ought not to have been done. Now listen. Smear inky soot all over my body and keep me concealed in a box for some more time."

The mother half-heartedly agreed to do so wondering at the ways of sons.

In the meantime Lord Siva who granted to King Venkata the divine child-bearing fruit, called Sage Narada and said: "Sage! I have a commission for you. The elder Queen of Mallikarjuna has a son who does not know even the three R's, not having had the opportunity of learning. So you had better go to him and teach him all the

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four Vedas, *sastras,* sciences and the arts, and Manu. Initiate him into *Panchakshara-mantra* so that he can have the prophetic vision. Do you hear? Do not make any trouble, eh?"

"Would I ever?" replied Narada blandly.

Sage Narada accordingly sought the tortoise-Prince inside the box, and entering it, taught him all that Lord Siva had bade him.

One day King Venkata called his two sons (of the younger Queen) and said: "My children! I am happy to see you grown up and well-versed and well-behaved. I believe you will agree with me that the greatest duty of a son is to make his father's heart happy. Isn't it?"

"Yes, father!" replied they and continued, "If you let us know your desire, we are ready here and now to see t its fulfilment."

"Well, my children! I have a long ing. It is this. I know you will not laug at me when I say it. To the north the Himalayas. On its tallest peak a girl who is peerless in her beauty. want to marry her. Will you bring he to me?" said the King.

The princes bowed and replied "Yes, father. It will be our sacred dut to bring that girl to you in a month Please give us permission to proceed thither right now."

The King blessed his sons as they left on their mission.

The tortoise-Prince who came to know of this assignment of his father by his prevision, became worried. Gifted as he had been most powerfully, it was possible for him to measure up the difficulty of the job.

It was well-nigh impossible of human endeavour. He knew it was quite impossible for his brothers.

Realizing that under the circumstances it was his duty to help his brothers achieve his father's desire, he told his mother all about it and sought her permission to follow his brothers so as to be of assistance to them.

"I bless you, my son!" said the elder Queen as she bade him adieu.

The tortoise-Prince, painted jet black all over, and wearing tattered clothes, followed the two brothers in their quest.

As he straddled behind them, the two brothers thought that he was some forest-dweller.

[*To be continued*]

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[*From the Introduction by* **Dr. S. Radhakrishnan**]

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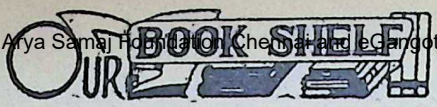

INDIAN TRAVEL DIARY OF A PHILOSOPHER. By Count Hermann Keyserling. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. Pp. 227. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS splendid volume under review is the record of the reflections of the German thinker Keyserling. From an early age the Count showed great interest in philosophy. He has published a number of volumes pertaining to philosophical themes. He founded the "School of Wisdom" in Darmstadt in 1920. The present volume is a good part of his famous book *Travel Diary of a Philosopher* comprising the Indian part of his travels. The description is graphic and the thoughts and reflections are profoundly moving and elevating.

The diary gives an account of sixteen important places, i.e. Rameshwaram, Madura, Tanjore, Conjeevaram, Banaras, Gaya, Calcutta, etc. The chapter on Banaras, the celebrated *Kasi*, is an admirable account and it covers eighty pages. What is of special value in the writings of Keyserling is his love of the ancient wisdom of India, the noble thoughts of India's sages and scriptures, and the sanctity of its places of pilgrimage. The account of *Manikarnika* Ghat is too deep for words. Keyserling is one of those Western savants that saw the light in India. When Romain Rolland remarked, "*There are a certain number of us in Europe for whom the civilisation of Europe is no longer enough,*" Keyserling adds, "Europe no longer makes me react. This world (the European world) is too familiar to give new shapes to my being. It is too limited. The whole Europe nowadays is of one mind only. I wish to escape to spaces where my life must needs be transformed if it is to survive."

Keyserling's understanding of Indian thought is authentic and deep. He has caught the deep and abiding value of Indian thought. This is brought out best in his comparison of orthodox Christian religion and Hinduism. He observes "*The orthodox Christian in his presumption, which makes him believe that dogma in itself embodies salvation, wants to convert every one who has a different faith, and in the meantime he despises them. I have never met a Hindu who did not believe absolutely in some form of dogma, but on the other hand, I have not met one who wanted to convert anybody, or who despised anyone because of his superstition.*"

Readers of the Travel Diary of Keyserling can also look into the two volumes delightfully written by J. H. Dave about fifty important places of pilgrimage under the title *Immortal India* (Vol. I and II).

A lover of India should read these volumes, and his perusal should be a rewarding religious experience.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

BHAGAWAN BUDDHA. By R. R. Diwakar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 200. Price: Rs. 2.

HUMAN mind has always preferred to tell wonder stories of the great Apostles, but the present book is the most *rational* study of the life and teachings of Bhagawan Buddha—the Apostle of Peace. More than 2,500 years ago Buddha held the hand of the ailing humanity to feel the pulse. Curiously enough his diagnosis continues to be accurate and his prescription effective: Life is full of suffering, there are twelve causes of suffering, the suffering can be stopped by eliminating the causes, the "Eight-fold path" removes the causes and leads to the cessation of suffering. Can we dismiss this as dogmatic and superstitious or mere spiritual-quackery and witch-craft? The answer is emphatic "No," and Diwakarji points this. Our times need

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essage of Buddha because he ap-
ed the problems of life in a ra-
realistic, empirical and scientific
er. He asked us to *realize* and
believe.
rible are our creations—Ballistic
es, Rockets, H-Bombs. To-day
ve hugged to our bosom a mons-
lier than the atomic Frankenstein.
arji is aware of this. "Only the
of peace and humanity preached
ddha can get the better of pas-
raging in the human heart and
the tragedy—whatever Buddha
ht, taught and did is of vital con-
o-day, both for man's inner pro-
as well as for a happy and har-
us social life among the peoples
world."
s little volume is part biography,
history, part philosophy and part
on. Appendix I tells us of the at-
s of Buddhism to make Hinduism
, and also examines the causes
e decline of Buddhism in India.
pace Buddhism covers Ceylon,
a, Siam, Cambodia etc. The
d of Buddhism outside India is the
ct of Appendix II. Several illus-
ons including "a map showing the
s hallowed by the feet of Buddha"
added greatly to the value of the

e author, Ranganath Ramachandra
kar, is on the right side of sixties.
ommands a brilliant, limpid and
ant style. This handy volume—
model of its kind—will be found
ulating by lay readers and refresh-
ing by students of Buddhism. This is a book for every intelligent man's library.

—*Prof. Dayal Sharan.*

STAY WITH GOD. By Francis Brabazon. Published by Garuda Books, P.O. Box 6, Woombye (Queensland), Australia. Copies available in India from Adi K. Irani, King's Road, Ahmednagar. Pp. 168. Price: Rs. 10 (including packing and postage).

THE volume under review is a delightful account of the life and message of Meher Baba in free verse by a learned and talented devotee. Meher Baba is with us to-day, in Pimpri near Ahmednagar. He has a large following in India and America. We have more than one American publication about his teachings. The details of his life are interesting. He was a spiritual-minded college student in Poona, and when the time was ripe, he met a spiritual-minded lady who after her *tapasya* in Himalayas settled down on the roads of Poona. She kissed Meher Baba and since that moment, Baba had illumination. He had spiritual and logical instructions from Sri Sai Baba of Shiridi, and Upasani Maharaj of Sakori.

Meher Baba's philosophy is the happy blending of Advaita of Shankara and the doctrine of surrender to the Lord through the worship of the *guru.* Baba declared that various separatist feelings are the results of illusion and

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that the one alone is Real. The realisation of the fundamental oneness of Reality automatically results in universal Love for all. Baba's teachings do not insist on rituals and ceremonies. He exclaims "that he is no juggler". The appeal is to *Jnana-marga*. He keeps silent most of the time and holds on occasions conferences to answer the doubts of his disciples. He gathers the physical form of his disciples into his arms to bless them. He asks them to love all and believe in Him. He is hailed by some of his American disciples as an Avatara.

The author institutes a comparison between the teachings of all the great world-teachers and those of the Baba. The volume is splendidly printed and it carries very useful notes on important topics and personalities. The book is a competent account of the life and teachings of Baba against the background of Indian thought.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao.*

NEO-UPANISHADIC PHILOSOPHY. By K. V. Gajendragadkar. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Chowpatty, Bombay-7. pp. 164. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS small volume has been written, the author says, under the guidance of his professor and spiritual teacher, the late Dr. R. D. Ranade. It will be interesting to quote here a few sentences from Philosophy Association Bulletin, No. XIX, University of Allahabad, about Prof. Ranade. "Like the saint Raikva of the Upanishads he almost lived in the car. His walk and meditation both were performed in the car. He changed his clothes every hour—at least thrice in the University. It was said that he did not take any solid food for the last thirty years of his life. He lived excellently on morning and evening tea. He was free like a child or a Jeevanmukta. His life was strangely a regular dynamics and dynamic regularity. His daily programme appeared like a Bergsonian duree. He lived eternally in a state of mystic ecstasy." Gurudev Ranade was a great Indian mystic with few parallels.

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The impression one gets after reading the present book is that if Gurudev Ranade had been his teacher, the author, Prof. K. V. Gajendragadkar, is a worthy pupil.

The present book is a study of 108 Upanishads as given in *Muktikoupanishad*. What is meant by the term "Upanishad"? It means "sitting down near" the teacher to receive secret instruction or *"rahasyam"*. Sankara says, "Knowledge of Brahman is called Upanishad..." It shall be folly to think that there is nothing creative or original in Neo-Upanishads. In the present book the author has given us the fruits of his long research subject-wise: Symbology, Cosmology, Embryology, Physiology, Psychology, Metaphysics, Ethics, Occultism and Mysticism.

The literature that is available on Upanishads has been written in a style somewhat deterrent even to a student of philosophy. But the present book is the best pocket introduction to the study of Neo-Upanishadic philosophy that has ever been published. The book has been written in a simple but brilliant style. It stimulates us to plumb the wisdom of the ancient lore.

—*Prof. Dayal Sharan*

FROM LOG CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE. By R. K. Dalal. Published by R. K. Dalal, Pallav, Garden Colony, Andheri, Bombay-41. Pp. 84. For free distribution.

THE author remembers the story of James Garfield's life which he had read as a schoolboy. It left a deep imprint on his mind. He wishes to rouse the same unforgettable impressions in our boys and girls. He is trying to transmit the tremendous influence of that story which has been haunting him ever since. In giving a rehash of the interesting and edifying anecdotes that compose a great life, Sri Dalal is actuated by a noble motive.

The author tells us of boy Garfield's deep love and reverence for his mother

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who had planted in the tender head of her little boy the seeds of good thoughts from the Bible. The thrills of adventure fascinated boy Garfield, and he devoured tales of adventure while at school; as a teen-ager he longed for the sea, and in the course of his work as a sailor he fell into water fourteen times in two or three months and returned home, a physical wreck.

How exciting to learn that young Garfield worked as a carpenter, assisted farmers in harvesting, or served as a teacher, in order to earn extra money for his expenses of boarding and education! For higher education at Hiram Institute, he did the job of a bell-ringer and a sweeper. Such was his passion for learning! In every job, high or low, he showed unimpeachable integrity and a rare sense of justice. He would part with his last coin to help the poor and live on austere milk and bread diet. No adversity could stop him from graduating and qualifying for the bar. No obstacle was any obstacle to him.

As a teacher he was at his best and so a preacher. That satisfied his dear mother. Turbulent schoolboys soon became his friends and came under his unique spell. Young Garfield would go round to the houses of pupils and dine with their parents. During such visits he lent his intensely human touch with all its warmth, which produced a magic effect. In social circles and debating societies he made his mark as an orator and in public affairs he figured prominently as a mollifying agent by sheer love of truth and justice. Such great human qualities drew admiration and respect from the people, and even against his wishes, he was placed on the highest chair in the State.

To read this book is to yield to the hypnotic influence of what is fascinating story-telling. We watch the rise of a boy deep in poverty, encased in a log-cabin, to the sublime heights of a man in moral grandeur and to the lofty station of the President of the United States of America.

It is certainly a noble idea to distribute copies of this book free among school children in India. Even if one out of every hundred get inspired, the task of the author will be fulfilled. It will be good to remove the printer's lapses before distribution.

—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL LIFE AND RELATIONS (Vol. II). By M. K. Gandhi. Compiled and Edited by V. B. Kher. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. November, 1959. pp. 380. Price not mentioned.

THIS book is a compilation of Gandhiji's writings and speeches on Economic and Industrial Life and Relations. A review of the first volume appeared in this Journal dated November 15, 1959.

In Volume II there is added matter on the virtues of the Spinning Wheel and the Village Industries Movement, and here at one place and at a glance we may have Gandhiji's thoughts on

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the socio-economic and industrial problems of the Machine Age.

The editing calls for ability and industry to marshal an unwieldy mass of material and has been done in a very presentable manner. Volume I (including four sections) deals with the fundamental principles of Gandhian philosophy, illuminating social economy and industrialism.

The present volume has seven well-cut sections on Industrialism and Machinery, Pattern for Organization of Production, Village Industries Movement, etc. It gives promise of a third volume which will include seven more sections to cover the entire field of thought on that all-important theme now engaging the attention of the authors of five-year plans.

Gandhiji, it is clear, associated moral fall with material affluence, but it is not that he aimed at the destruction of machinery. What he wanted was that man must *not* be a slave to the machine and be controlled by it, inviting spiritual death.

A publication thrice welcome.

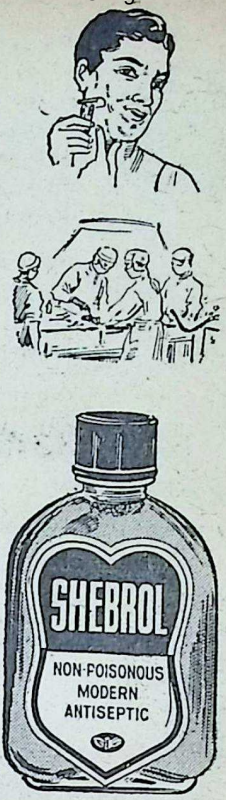
—*Dr. A. K. Das Gupta.*

HINDI

DEEPANJALI (in Hindi). Composed by Indira Devi and Dilip Kumar Roy. Published by Indira Niloy, Hari Krishna Mandir, Poona-5. pp. 192. Price: Rs. 3.50.

THE above book is a selection of Bhajans composed between 11-7-'57 and 17-12-'59. They are not merely compositions, but express the true feelings of the heart. Of course one may not find them correct from the language or metre point of view; but if poetry be the outcome of spontaneous emotions of the heart, the poems in the selection are of great value. It appears that Mira Bai has come down again in the form of Indira Devi. These devotional songs are addressed to Sri Krishna and God. Songs are fit to be sung at Kirtan or at a religious gathering and have the power to take the hearer to the world of devotion.

—*Prof. C. S. Pande.*



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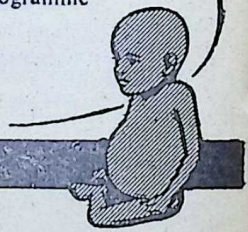

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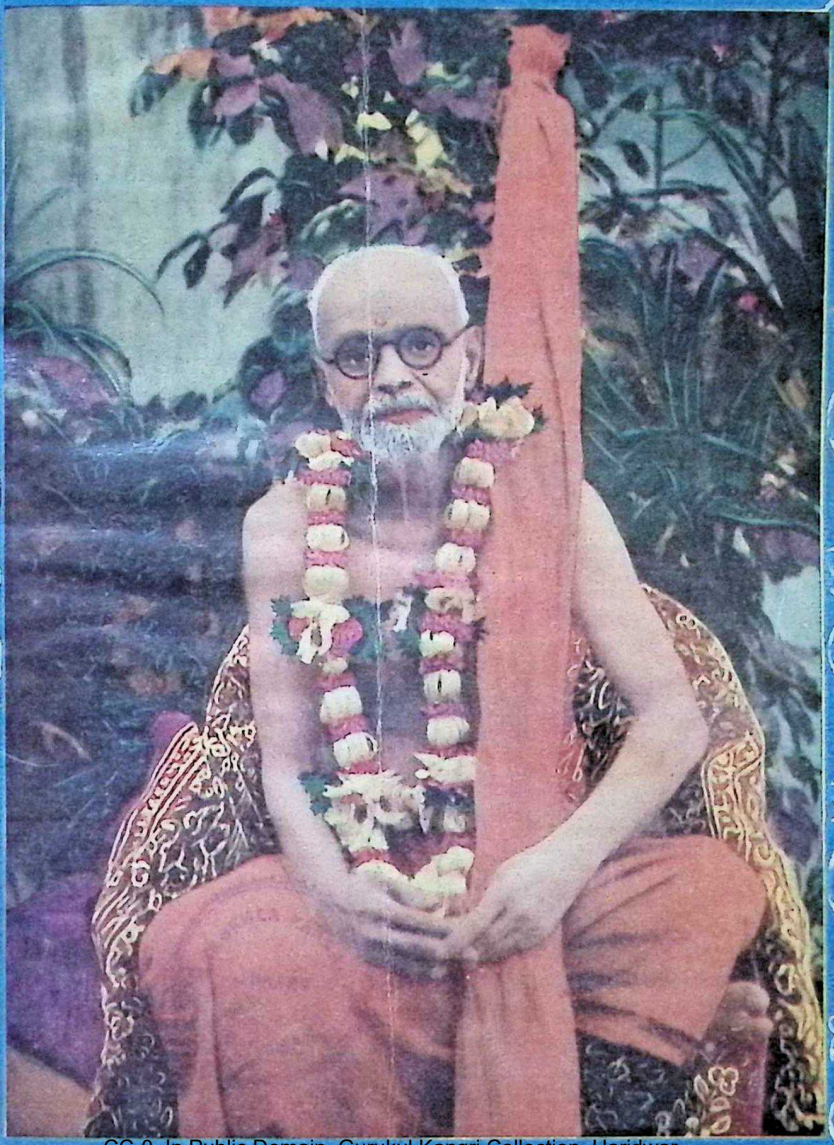

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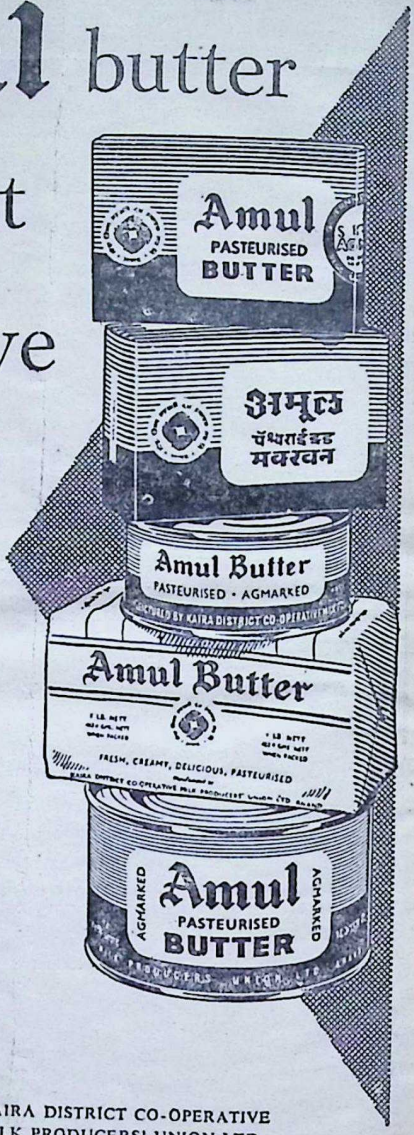

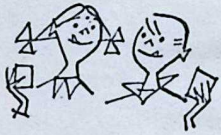

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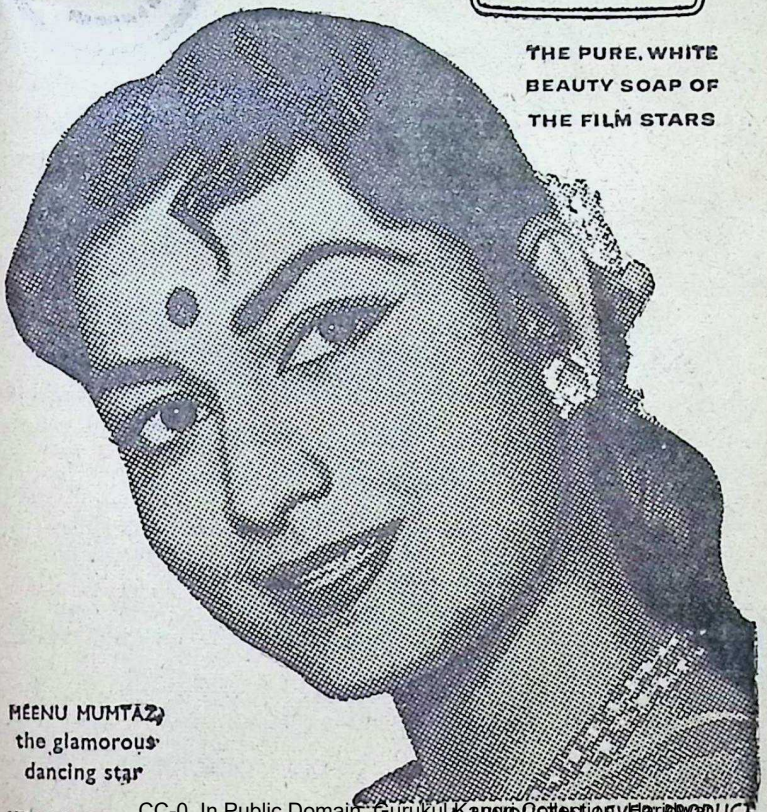

MEENU MUMTAZ, the glamorous dancing star

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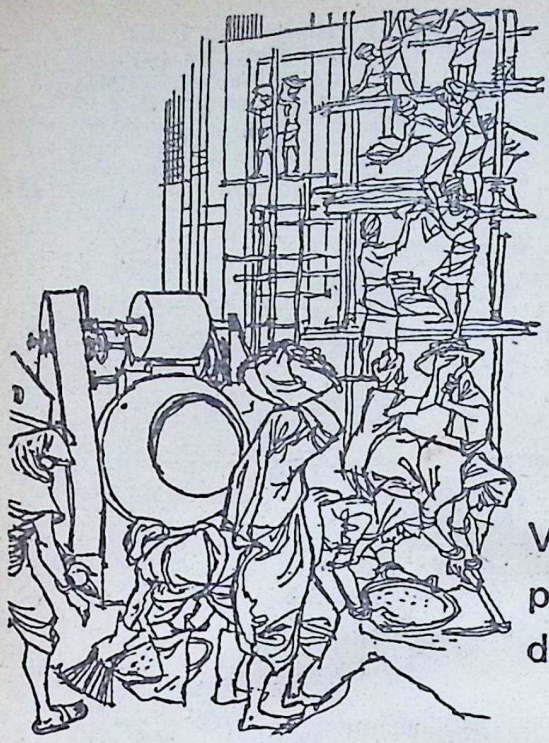

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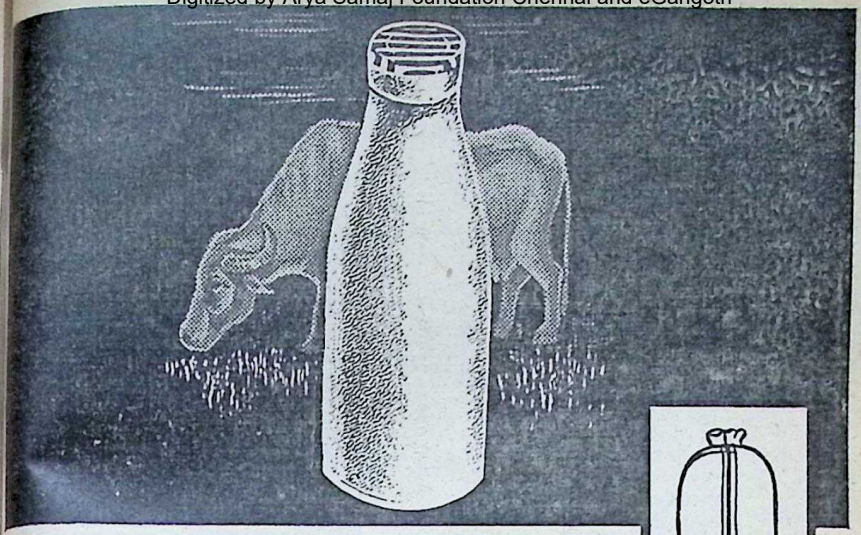

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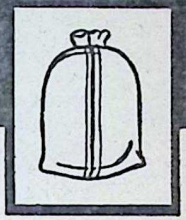

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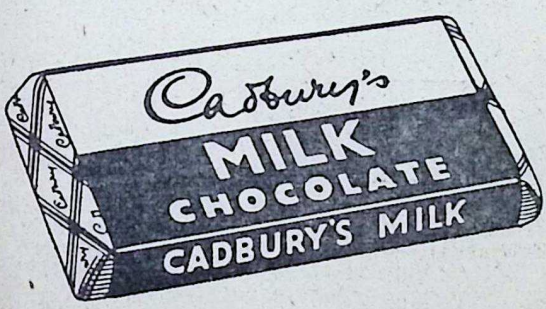

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Costumes, whether they are for occasions or for daily wear, vary all over the world. Climatic conditions, natural materials available, religious demands and individual ingenuity are some of the factors that determine the dress of a people.

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One of the styles in which the beautiful South Indian women wear their sarees is this dexterously worn saree typifying the "Ayyangar Style" preferred by orthodox Vaishnavite women. These colourful sarees are usually eight yards in length.

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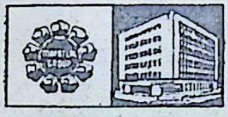

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Fortnightly, Devoted To Life, Literature and Culture

Vol. VI **MARCH 20, 1960** **No. 17**

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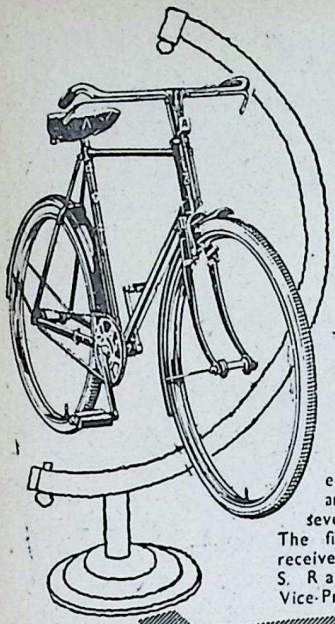

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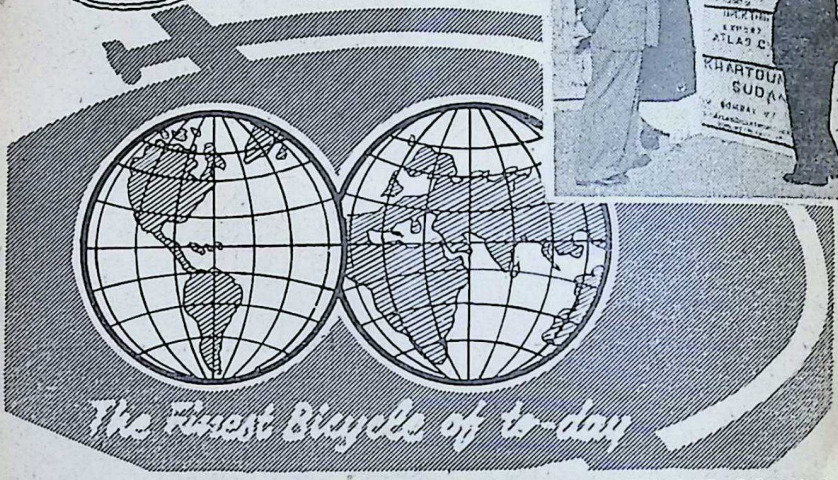

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side.
—*Rigveda*, I-89-i

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THE GREAT GURU

शंकरकृतप्रतिष्ठे गोवर्धननाम्नि शारदापीठे ।
आहितकान्तीनमलानात्मविदग्र्यन्नममि गुरुवर्यान् ॥

I prostrate before the great Guru who was the foremost of the knowers of Atman, who was pure and who was shining on the Sharada Pitha by the name Govardhan which was established by the great Adi Shankaracharya.

[*See Cover Picture*]

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 201

★ JOURNEY TO HEAVEN ★ A HEAVEN WITH WOMEN ★ AND WITHOUT WOMEN

Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan,
Bombay.

MARCH 20, 1960

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

DURING the course of a varied life, I have travelled over not only many places on earth, but in heaven too—in heaven, not in imagination but through words spoken in a Court of law, for fees paid. I will tell you of this interesting journey of mine.

●●●

In the middle of the 18th century lived Ramananda Swami, a learned sadhu of the Ramanuja sect. When he grew influential, he claimed to have been miraculously initiated by the great Acharya himself though he had died hundreds of years ago. The sect which he founded was called Uddhava Sampradaya, for it was claimed that Ramananda was Uddhava himself, the best friend of Sri Krishna, born again.

Ramananda, on one of his visits to Vrindavan, initiated a Brahman from Chhapaiya in U.P. and later his son as sadhus. In his peregrinations, he also visited Gujarat several times and initiated several disciples as sadhus.

The young man from Chhapaiya, whom Ramananda initiated, was of noble presence, eloquent tongue and high moral purpose. He was, therefore, installed as the successor some time before the Guru died in 1802 A.D. The young sadhu, who came to be known as Swaminarayan, soon collected followers and founded a sect which went by the name of *Sat Sang*, and which may roughly be translated into English by the words 'Godly fellowship'.

By 1810 A.D., Swaminarayan, by sheer apostolic zeal, created a moral revolution among his followers. In effect, his was a moral revolt against the ugly practices which had crept into some sects of Vaishnavism of the day. In Gujarat and Saurashtra, where he mostly carried on his activities, he soon commanded a large following. He induced dacoits to give

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dacoity and some ruling chiefs of urashtra to give up wine and gamb-ng. Under his inspiration the men nd women who followed him took a strictly moral life.

In an age of rigid caste system, waminarayan had the catholicity to vite non-Hindus and untouchables his fold. He arranged his followers to a hierarchy with himself at the ead and the lay Satsangis at the ottom. In the intermediate ranks ere celibate noviciates—called Brah-acharis if they were Brahmans by irth, and Palas if they were non-rahmans. However, both a Brahma-hari and a Pala, if duly qualified, ere promoted to the higher rank of adhus. Thus he opened the path of adhuhood to all his disciples irrespec-ve of birth. This was a revolutionary hange for the first two decades of he 19th century.

Swaminarayan's following grew; o did grow his fame; so did his tature as a religious leader. He sur-ounded himself with royal pomp. He ore a coat and a turban of gold rocade; rode horses; went about urrounded by a retinue which often ncluded some ruling chiefs on horse-ack; and when on his visit to the British Resident, rode on an elephant ith all the insignia of royalty. But he as austere in personal life. Among his ollowers he enforced both equality nd simplicity. And to moral lapses, e was unforgiving.

Soon his status underwent a change. He was reverentially referred to as hriji Maharaj. He claimed to be Sri Krishna Himself visiting the earth nce again to spread *dharma*. He at-racted large donations and founded

Swaminarayan Maharaj

temples in many important places in India, particularly in Gujarat and Saurashtra. He had a court of his own. Scholars, poets and chiefs accompanied him wherever he went. The laity showed him allegiance as to a divinity.

His great attraction lay in his capacity to inspire high moral conduct among his followers. His eloquent discourses, which were collected by his pupils into *Vachanamrita* or *The Nectar of Speech*, soon became one of the subsidiary scriptures of the sect.

In 1826, Swaminarayan summarised his teachings in a book called *Shikshapatri, the Code of Discipline*, written in Gujarati and later translated into Sanskrit. It is one of the best ethico-spiritual codes which has come down to us from the early decades of the 19th century and which remained an inspiring source of conduct in Guja-

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rat and Saurashtra before Arya Samaj first, and Gandhiji's teachings later, displaced its authority.

In 1826, Swaminarayan also made his testament. He divided the whole of India into two dioceses—the northern, with its headquarters at Ahmedabad, and the southern, with its headquarters at Vadtal in the Kaira district. With a view to stabilising his sect, he installed two of his nephews as the respective heads of the two dioceses. They were to be Acharyas, with power to initiate Satsangis in general and sadhus in particular. Wisely this religious leader saw that if sadhus had to be ascetic preachers, they should be kept away from power and patronage.

Both the dioceses became rich. Besides large temples at the headquarters, each diocese had temples in large towns where the image of Sri Krishna was worshipped in one form or the other. It had also *Harimandirs*—small temples—in many villages, where itinerary sadhus of the sect found hospitality and delivered religious discourses.

○○○

In my early days, I had the privilege of being the friend of Kishorilal Mashruvala, who later came to be one of the leading non-political associates of Gandhiji. Though preparing for the Solicitors' examination, he was, when I first knew him, a devout follower of Swaminarayan and gave the literature of the sect for me to read. From that day, I began to revere Swaminarayan. He was the first of the modern religious leaders who, without being influenced by the West, had seen the need of purifying the social and religious practices of the Hindus which they had inherited from the medieval times. I also remember having written an article on Swaminarayan in some magazine.

Years rolled by. The obscure law student became a flourishing lawyer. In 1935 he was engaged by the Acharya of the Vadtal diocese, whose succession was challenged by a rival, in a suit on the Original Side of the Bombay High Court. It was a long drawn-out case, which ultimately my client, Acharya Anandprasadji, won. This was how my contact with the Vadtal diocese of the Swaminarayan sect began.

○○○

For some years a deep fissure had been widening in the sect. One of the most prominent of Swaminarayan's disciples was a sadhu by name Gunatitanand. Though illiterate, he rose to a high position in the hierarchy of the sect, and for several decades remained in charge of the Junagadh temple.

Gunatitanand was headstrong, and being away from the headquarters he developed some unorthodox tendencies. He worshipped Swaminarayan, his Guru, as God Himself, and would have nothing to do with Sri Krishna.

The reasons for this attitude appear to be his devotion to Shriji Maharaj and his aversion to the fair sex. He could never forget that Sri Krishna was associated with Radha and Laxmi, and Sri Ramachandra with Sita. With characteristic rustic bluntness, he always referred to these divine consorts as *doshiyuns*, a contemptuous term applied to old women in the villages of Gujarat. Thus Guna-

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tanand, though one of the leaders of :e cult, carved a new doctrine out of :e old one.

Two of Gunatitanand's followers, raga and Jaga, who belonged to some ow caste, were considered guilty of eresy by the upper hierarchy of the adhus. However quite a few followed em—they had the reputation of being aints—in preference to the sadhus f Vadtal. The discourses of Gunatitaand, couched in picturesquely ustic idioms—sometimes of excepional vulgarity—attained a quasi-criptural authority with his followers.

About the beginning of the 20th entury, a brilliant young boy became he noviciate of the sect and perhaps nder the influence of Jaga and Praga, accepted Gunatitanand's doctrines. As a result, whenever, as a noviciate, he was given the pictures of Sri Krishna and Radha to meditate upon, he rejected the *doshiyuns* by blotting out Radha from the picture. This young man, who had been given the name of Yajna-purush-das, had an ascetic turn of mind, and was learned in the Shastras. He was a brilliant speaker and possessed the gift of carrying conviction.

Soon Yajna-purush-das, by his unorthodox outlook, attracted the hostile attention of the sadhus of the sect. To them Sri Krishna and Radha were the principal divinities. Swaminarayan was Sri Krishna come again to earth. And the sadhus of the cult, being *muktas* or *aksharas*—that is, freed from the bondage of birth and death—had upon death the privilege to live for ever at the feet of Sri Krishna in *akshardham*, the 'Abode of the Imperishable' in Goloka, the highest heaven for those who worship Sri Krishna. For a follower of Swaminarayan, as to most Hindus, to deny Him as the supreme Godhead was a gross heresy. To Yajna-purush-das, on the other hand, this was the cardinal doctrine.

The conflict in doctrines, though derived from the same teachings, was as complete as could be.

In 1906, Yajna-purush-das, generally referred to as Shastriji, was excommunicated from the sect by the Acharya. But he was a man of faith. Even when I met him in his old age he had an impressive personality influenced by deep faith. He undoubtedly possessed supra-sensory powers including what is called *apport*. He therefore went on preaching his doctrines and soon gathered a substantial following. He established his own order of sadhus; organised them on the lines prescribed by the Master, and made his headquarters at Bochasana in the Kaira district. Soon rival temples were raised to Swaminarayan.

The sadhus of Shastriji's cult, however, while on preaching tours, held their discourses in the *Harimandirs* belonging to the Vadtal diocese. This led to a curious development. In the morning, the orthodox sadhus of the Vadtal diocese would come to a village temple, worship the pictures of Krishna, Radha and Swaminarayan. Then they would preach in the name of the Master and tell the gathering that he was Sri Krishna born again; that his devotees, on death, would go to Goloka where the *gopas* and the *gopis*, Krishna's companions, lived and where in the central *akshardham*,

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Radha and Laxmi kept company with the Lord.

In the evening, Shastriji's sadhus would come to the same temple, worship the pictures of Swaminarayan and Gunatitanand; as also talk of the former being the sole and supreme Godhead, refer to Sri Krishna with contempt, and promise to lead the faithful to *akshardham*, far away from Goloka, where no *doshiyuns* could stray.

Both groups of sadhus swore by the same Master, both relied on *Shikshapatri* and his other teachings, but spoke of entirely different divinities and conflicting ways of reaching two distinct heavens.

In consequence, villages were split into warring sections. To avoid confusion, my client, the Acharya of the Vadtal diocese, filed a test case in 1936 to restrain Yajna-purush-dasji and his principal disciples from preaching their doctrines in some of the *Harimandirs* in the diocese.

●●●

The suit came up for trial in the Court of the Sub-Judge of Borsad, a taluka town of Kaira. Voluminous evidence was led on to both sides on scriptures, texts, rituals and practices. Hundreds of documents were produced. Dozens of witnesses were examined to the delight or chagrin of a crowded Court. The cross-examination sometimes bordered on the burlesque.

Expert evidences on the rival doctrines were led on both sides. Our star witness was Harjiwan Shastri, a scholar learned in the scriptures of the sect. He knew Sanskrit very well, but spoke Gujarati with the inimitable accent of the villager of the Kaira district. He was very shrewd and had keen sense of humour; his sallies often sent the crowd attending the Court into fits of uproarious laughter.

I would try to give you some idea of what the cross-examination of Shastri was like by reconstructing a part from memory.

The late Balubhai T. Desai, then a leading criminal lawyer in Bombay, conducted the cross-examination for the Defendant.

DESAI: You say that *akshardham* (the Abode of the Imperishable) is in Goloka. Why do you say so?

SHASTRI: How can Shastras tell a falsehood? Read for yourself (*quotes the text*).

DESAI: How do you know that *akshardham* is in Goloka?

SHASTRI: How can there be a mistake about it? Even a blind man can find it out. First, you have to cross the river Viraja. The *gopis* bathe in it, and the sandalwood paste which had been applied all over their bodies make the waters fragrant. Here is the text (*quotes the text*).

DESAI: Then?

SHASTRI: Then what? You meet the *gopas* and the *gopis* who worshipped the Lord in Vrindavan.

DESAI: But what about *akshardham?*

SHASTRI: Then you reach *akshardham* where Lord Sri Krishna keeps company with Radhikaji and Laxmiji.

DESAI: I put it to you that *akshardham* is not in Goloka?

SHASTRI: You are wrong, Sir. *Akshardham* is in Goloka. It is just like this: There is the London City.

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the London City, there is the Buckingham Palace. In the Buckingham Palace, sits the King. Likewise, here is Goloka; within it is situated *Akshardham*; in it sits the Lord.

DESAI: Then, who is sitting with the Lord in *akshardham?*

SHASTRI: All the *aksharas*—those who are freed from the bondage of birth and death.

DESAI: What do they do there?

SHASTRI: What does Dadukaka do when he goes to the Legislative Assembly? (Dadubhai Desai was then member of the Legislative Assembly for Kaira). The *aksharas* do the same.

DESAI: I put it to you that *akshardham* is entirely separate from Goloka.

SHASTRI: How can it be true? All else.

DESAI: I put it to you that only celibate sadhus who follow Swaminarayan become *aksharas* and go and live in *akshardham*. They never go to Goloka.

SHASTRI: You cannot go to *akshardham* without crossing the river Viraja and without going into Goloka.

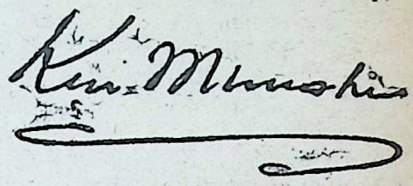
DESAI: I put it to you that only the worshippers of Sri Krishna go to Goloka and they never reach *akshardham*.

SHASTRI: It is not true, Sir. Shriji Maharaj himself is Sri Krishna and he lives in *akshardham*.

So the topography of Goloka became very material to the journey I was to undertake.

I will resume the narrative of this case in my next Kulapati's Letter.

Yours sincerely,



DECLARATION OF TRUE SLAVE OF GOD

God's servant is something;
God's slave is greater.

—Sri Aurobindo.

I belong to no nation, no civilization, no society, no race, but to the Divine.

I give obedience to no master, no ruler, no law, no social convention, but to the Divine.

To Him I have surrendered all, will, life and self; for Him I am ready to give all my blood, drop by drop, if such is His will, with complete joy; and nothing in His service can be sacrifice, for all is perfect delight.

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THOUGHTS from VALMIKI

God is but truth and all Dharmas follow truth. Everything comes out of truth and there is nothing higher than truth. Gifts, sacrifice, penance and Vedas are all based on truth. Therefore you must ever follow truth.

*

All your actions should be directed towards Dharma, prosperity and happiness—together and not exclusively. And whatever you do must conform to the laws of Dharma.

*

Forbearance is an ornament both to men and women. Forbearance alone is dana, satya, yagna, fame, etc. Indeed the structure of the whole world is based on this edifice.

*

After cutting down a mango tree by an axe, you cannot plant a neem tree in its place and expect to reap the tasty mango-fruit from it, even if you water the neem with milk.

*

Be strong in woe and humble in weal. Do not lose balance either in pain or in pleasure. Do not befriend one too much nor show unfriendliness to any. Both are serious faults and therefore seek the golden mean.

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THE GREAT REUNION

After sending Hanuman ahead of them to Ayodhya, Sri Rama proceeds on his journey. On the way, he comes down to meet Bharadwaja and gives his blessings to Guha, the boatman.

Hearing from Hanuman the news of the Lord's arrival, the whole city of Ayodhya is out to receive him.

अवधपुरी प्रभु आवत जानी।
भई सकल सोभा कै खानी॥
बहइ सुहावन त्रिबिध समीरा।
भइ सरजू अति निर्मल नीरा॥

Having come to know of the Lord's advent, the city of Ayodhya became a mine of beauty. A delightful breeze breathed soft, cool and fragrant. The Sarayu rolled down crystal clear waters.

हरषित गुर परिजन अनुज भूसुर बृंद समेत।
चले भरत मन प्रेम अति सन्मुख कृपानिकेत॥
बहुतक चढ़ीं अटारिन्ह निरखहिं गगन बिमान।
देखि मधुर सुर हरषित करहिं सुमंगल गान॥
राका ससि रघुपति पुर सिंधु देखि हरषान।
बढ़्यो कोलाहल करत जनु नारि तरंग समान।

Along with his preceptor (Vasishtha) and kinsmen, his younger brother (Satrughna) and a host of Brahmans, with a heart overflowing with affection, Bharata joyfully set forth to receive the All-merciful. Many women, from the top of their attics, looked above for the aerial car in the sky. As soon as they saw it, they gleefully began to sing festal songs in melodious strains. Just as the sight of the full moon brings joy to the ocean and swells it, the city of Ayodhya too joyfully rushed with a tumultuous noise to meet the Lord of the Raghus, the women of the city moving to and fro like so many waves.

इहाँ भानुकुल कमल दिवाकर।
कपिन्ह देखावत नगर मनोहर॥

At the other end Sri Rama, who as the sun to the lotus, brought delight to the solar race was busy showing the beautiful city to the *vanaras*.

सुनु कपीस अंगद लंकेसा।
पावन पुरी रुचिर यह देसा॥
जद्यपि सब बैकुंठ बखाना।
बद पुरान बिदित जगु जाना॥
अवधपुरी सम प्रिय नहिं सोऊ।
यह प्रसंग जानइ कोउ कोऊ॥

"Listen, O lord of the *vanaras* (Sugriva) Angada and Vibhishana (lord of Lanka), sacred is this city and beautiful this land. Although all have extolled Vaikuntha which is familiar to the Vedas and the Puranas and known throughout the world, the city of Ayodhya is dear to me; only very few know this secret.

जन्मभूमि मम पुरी सुहावनि।
उत्तर दिसि बह सरजू पावनि॥
जा मज्जन ते बिनहिं प्रयासा।
मम समीप नर पावहिं बासा॥
अति प्रिय मोहि इहा के बासी।
मम धामदा पुरी सुख रासी॥

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This beautiful city is My birth-ce; to the north of it flows the holy ayu, by bathing in which men at-a place near Me without any ficulty. The dwellers here are very ar to Me; the city is not only full of ss itself but bestows a residence in divine Abode."

हरषे सब कपि सुनि प्रभु बानी।
धन्य अवध जो राम बखानी॥

At these words of the Lord, the *aras* were all delighted, and said, lessed indeed is Ayodhya that has oked praise from Sri Rama Him-f!"

बत देखि लोग सब कृपासिंधु भगवान।
र निकट प्रभु प्रेरेउ उतरेउ भूमि बिमान।।
रि कहेउ प्रभु पुष्पकहि तुम्ह कुबेर पहिं जाहु
त राम चलेउ सो हरषु बिरहु अति ताहु॥

Seeing the people coming out to eet Him, the all-merciful Lord ged on the aerial car to halt near e city and so it came down to the ound. On alighting from the car, the rd said to the Pushpaka, "You now turn to Kubera." Having obtained ama's permission the aerial car de-rted, full of joy and deep agony at rting.

आए भरत संग सब लोगा।
कृस तन श्रीरघुबीर बियोगा॥

Along with Bharata came all the her people, emaciated in body be-use of the separation from the Hero Raghu's line.

बामदेव बसिष्ट मुनिनायक।
देखे प्रभु महि धरि धनु सायक॥
धाइ धरे गुर चरन सरोरुह।
अनुज सहित अति पुलक तनोरुह॥

When the Lord saw the great sages Vamadeva, Vasishtha and others, He dropped His bow and arrows on the ground and ran with His brother (Lakshmana) to clasp His Guru's lotus feet, with every hair on their body erect.

भेंटि कुसल बझी मुनिराया।
हमरें कुसल तुम्हारिहिं दाया॥

Vasishtha (the chief of the sages) embraced them (in return) and enquired after their welfare. Sri Rama replied, "It is in your grace alone that our welfare lies."

सकल द्विजन्ह मिलि नायउ माथा।
धर्म धुरंधर रघुकुलनाथा॥

The Lord of Raghu's race, the champion of Dharma, now met all the other Brahmans and bowed His head to them.

गहे भरत पुनि प्रभु पद पंकज।
नमत जिन्हहि सुर मुनि संकर अज॥

Then Bharata clasped the Lord's lotus feet, which are worshipped by gods and sages, even Sankara and Brahma not excepted.

परे भूमि नहिं उठत उठाए।
बर करि कृपासिंधु उर लाए॥
स्यामल गात रोम भए ठाढ़े।
नव राजीव नयन जल बाढ़े॥

He lay prostrate on the ground and would not rise even though he was being lifted up, till at last the All-merciful forcibly took and pressed him to His bosom. Every hair on His swarthy form stood erect and tears flowed from His lotus eyes.

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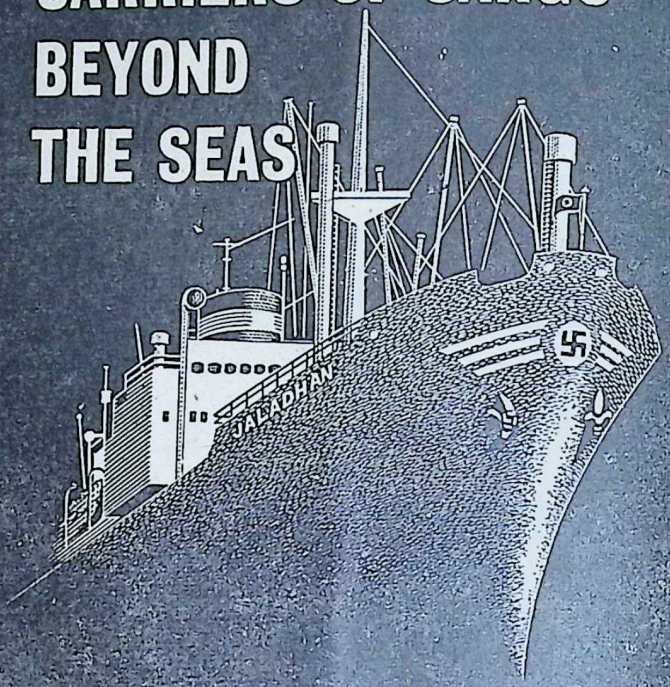

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. . . It is not the life of knowledge, not even of all the sciences that creates happiness and wisdom but a single branch of knowledge—the science of good and evil . . . .

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SOCIAL RESPONSIBILITY OF HIGHER EDUCATION

Govind Ballabh Pant

EDUCATION is first and foremost a social process. Its aims and objectives are intimately bound up with the needs and ideals of the society it is to serve. An education out of tune with the needs of the society will be atrophied by its lack of purpose.

Education in relation to society has a dual role ; it should help to provide the ideals of a new order and train the men and women who will bring the practices of the community nearer those ideals.

For an under-developed country, such as India, which is engaged in the reconstruction of its social order and in the development of a higher potential in its economic and human resources, education is of vital importance. Change, growth, progress—these are consequences of pioneership, and it is the function of education to give us the pioneers we need.

The structure of modern society as shaped by the Industrial and Technological Revolution of the last three hundred years depends for its maintenance on a high degree of knowledge and a wide diffusion of it. The needs for skill and knowledge are even more urgent in under-developed countries, but we must remember that it is only a reorientation in human attitudes which makes fruitful use of these skills possible.

For a society in the process of change, there is, besides the requirements of skill and knowledge, the need for men of vision who can give to action a high quality and tone, and who are receptive to new ideas and experiences.

University education covers not only a crucial period in the life of the individual scholar but also transmits through key points into the economic and social organization of the nation influences which can be of decisive importance. The forces at work in our country, as it steps out from a period of stagnation into the stage of progress are not merely economic ; they affect the very texture of life, the structure of values.

The Universities thus have to meet a situation different from anything known in the past. Education is now

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a national undertaking, designed to serve the ideals that the nation has placed before itself.

Paramount is the ideal of a classless society, a social democracy, where all citizens have equality of opportunity. This is the central and governing purpose of our Constitution and the Plans of economic and social betterment.

It is necessary that the implications of this social ideal should be clearly understood in relation to the purposes of higher education.

The number of those seeking admission in Universities and Colleges is increasing and will go on increasing. It has strained the capacity of these institutions to the utmost, and suggestions are made that in order to reduce the number, higher education should be limited to those who have the ability and aptitude to benefit from it.

Stated in general terms, the suggestion may be unexceptional but it has to be recognised that the problem of numbers would not even then be solved. As elementary and secondary education expands, the number of students in Universities and Colleges is bound to grow.

While it is true that a proportion of students who are taking higher education could have done better elsewhere, we must bear in mind the large number who have the ability and aptitude but who, because of their economic position, cannot take higher education.

A policy of national education will have to provide to such students the facilities to which their abilities entitle them. It is a colossal waste of national asset if talent fails to find its full scope.

So, the problem of numbers will be with us for quite some time, and it would be wise to give thought to the measures necessary to cope with them in a way which will ensure maximum effectiveness of the educational benefits rather than reject the need for a change in organization in the hope that the increase will be brought down.

Apart from the numbers, there is another and more fundamental problem. It reflects the relationship of education and society in a different aspect. The ideal of equal opportunity for all and the national economic and social programmes to translate it into practice are rapidly dissolving the stratification of a stagnant society.

It is not the privilege of birth but talent that determines what a man shall be.

In the past when access to University education was available only to those few who could afford it, the students belonged predominantly to one class of society only and consequently had a similar background of home and other environmental influences.

This has now changed, and the change will become even more pronounced as the ideal of equal opportunity is realised.

The students are now drawn from all classes and represent a wide diversity of background, abilities and outlook.

The educational approach to the problems and perplexities of this body of students will have to be different from the one that might have been adequate a generation ago.

That is a challenge that a seat of higher learning has to meet.

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The failure of a University to fulfil its responsibilities would come in the way of uninterrupted progress towards a brighter future.

A University has four main functions to fulfil. It most effectively serves the nation and society when these elements are held in harmonious balance.

First, is the cultivation and advancement of learning; second, cultivation of those qualities which will prepare the scholars for the intellectual, social and moral leadership of the community; third, the conservation and enrichment of the cultural heritage and tradition, and fourth, preparing the scholars to realise their occupational and professional ambitions.

These functions cohere closely, on the one hand, with the needs of the society in terms of its requirements of enlightened social living, diffusion of knowledge and occupational skill, and, on the other hand, with the demands of individual personality for the development of body, mind and character.

A harmonious development of these is essential for the realisation of the true aims of higher education.

The distinction of an educated mind is its capacity to learn throughout life. The four years of stay in a University is too short for anyone to obtain an insight in a subject. The University can only kindle the initial impulse, and show, as on a small-scale map, the wide areas awaiting the mind's explorations. Once the mind has felt the excitement of ideas, it will move forward lighting its own way. The aim is not so much to impart information

Govind Ballabh Pant

and data but to draw out the energies of the mind.

What is important is not the datum of science but the scientific spirit, not the list of dates and events in history, but the intelligent apprehension of the course of human spirit as revealed in different ages and environments.

The mind of the young student at the age when he enters the University is uniquely susceptible to development through the energising influence of ideas. Let the mind awaken to the power of self-development and the rest will follow.

Together with the capacity to feel and appreciate the power and beauty of ideas, there has to be development of judgement, discernment, critical analysis. It no doubt matures slowly, but the seed has to be sown when the mind is growing and receptive.

Every age has its own pseudo-ideas

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but in modern times their velocity has increased and one has only to read some of the newspapers and popular magazines to see how pervasive their influence can be. The essence of democracy lies in the making of choices by the exercise of informed and dispassionate judgement. The higher the average level, the more vital the functioning of democracy.

Cultivation of judgment is, therefore, inseparable from education for democratic living.

A truly educated person has not only the habit of good behaviour, which everyone is expected to have, but the habit of good behaviour founded on an intellectual basis. The basis is provided by discernment and judgment.

Intellect, inspiring as it is, is nevertheless not the whole life. Knowledge as such is not enough. It has to be transmuted into action, and stamp itself on character. Building up of character is the fulfilment of education.

One of the wisest of men said, "It is not the life of knowledge, not even if it included all the sciences, that creates happiness and well-being, but a single branch of knowledge—the science of good and evil. If you exclude all this from the other branches, medicine will be equally able to give us health, shoemaking shoes, and weaving clothes. Seamanship will still save life at sea and strategy win battles. But without the knowledge of good and evil, the use and excellence of these sciences will be found to have failed us."

The life of a society or an individual cannot be creative and vigorous unless there is a body of strongly held convictions.

A University should give to the scholar a constant companionship with the vision of greatness, in art, science or the professions.

Nothing second rate in thought or action can stand if the scholar's lips and eyes have been touched with the fire of noble examples.

The vulgarisation of student life which at times is so painfully evident shows how men who are not trained in the right atmosphere are liable to go astray.

The vision of greatness is to be translated into a continuous striving towards perfection in whatever you undertake.

Every study, every act, has its excellence. That is its virtue, its distinction.

This excellence, or the absence of it, is a stamp on your work. It proclaims you to the world. In its best sense it is the finest acquirement of the educated mind.

The artisan with a feeling for excellence prefers to give his best rather than the second rate ; the scholar with a sense of excellence is repelled by the shoddy ; the scientist imposes on himself exacting standards.

Action and thought, living and learning—they are inseparable and go together. It is the touch of life that turns a fact into truth.

In the art of social living which is as much the responsibility of a University to cultivate as intellectual development, this principle is of overriding importance.

A knowledge of society cannot be obtained except by living in that society and making its experiences one's own. Education in social responsibility is

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e fulfilment of the duty which the tion entrusts in endowing a Univer-ty.

Not all who receive higher educa-on will be eminent philosophers, cientists or scholars, but all can be-ome better citizens and impart to ociety the higher quality which comes nly from wide human sympathy and e spirit of tolerance.

Tolerance is the true courtesy of the ducated mind. Citizenship like mora-ty cannot be taught. It is conduct, not nformation, action, not knowledge.

Young persons without any back-round of actual experience cannot, xcept with great difficulty, really nderstand the working of political nd economic systems. Education in ocial responsibility can best be given y the students exercising the qualities f citizenship in their daily life in the ampus and by constant contacts with he larger life of the community.

These excellences of mind, character nd skill cannot be attained except hrough hard work and discipline.

Discipline is the very essence of edu-ation. It is the sign of harmoniously eveloped personality.

The exhibitions of student-indis-cipline which have occurred in some Universities cannot but cause the gra-vest concern. The University life has been paralysed by irresponsibility and even hooliganism.

It however needs to be affirmed by public opinion that a University is a place of learning, of social, moral and spiritual development and that a member of the University community as a student derives his title to con-tinue as such only by his participation in that function of the University.

If the University life is healthy, its libraries, lecture rooms, laboratories and playgrounds will be crowded and not places of power in the students' union or the governing bodies.

There should be no room for in-trigue. According to the age-old tradi-tions of our country, there has to be, on the one side, complete dedication to the welfare of the student commu-nity, and, on the other, faithful obser-vance of the orders and precepts of the University Authority combined with respect for the teachers.

Let no one who does not love a University lay hand on it: that is a wise injunction which applies equally to students as well as to others.

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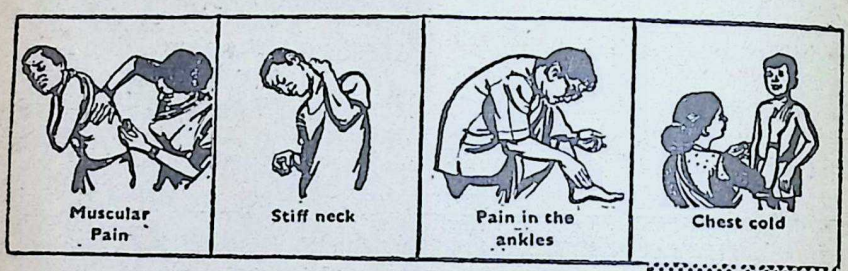

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The Goddess Of Joy And Beauty

IT was past the time for Vrindavan to retire, yet men and women sat on their verandas or in open squares of the village under the wondrous light of the full moon, talking only of one thing: Kamsa had sent Akrura, the Chief of the Vrishnis, to invite Nanda, with Krishna and Balaram and all his kinsmen to come to Mathura, of course, with their annual tribute. There was going to be a *Dhanuryajna*—a Bow-Sacrifice—to celebrate his victorious return, and they were all to join the festivities.

Festivities in Mathura had always been a great attraction for the village folk. But a special invitation from the hated prince was a surprise and that too, for their two boys whom they loved so well. They were also invited to take part in the feats of strength and skill; Kamsa wanted them to. There was something more to it, they felt, than could be sensed on the surface.

Rumour also had it that Akrura, on his arrival, had closeted himself with Nanda, Krishna and Balaram, and when Nanda came out of the room, his face was clouded by anxiety and his eyes by a strange fear. Cheerlessly the Chief had ordered the carts to be got ready before dawn, and had issued instructions to collect the grain and kine for the tribute to be paid to the Prince. And Mother Yashoda was found in tears. All instructions had been promptly carried out, but every heart was heavy with anxiety and no one could sleep, though it was nearing midnight.

Suddenly the moonlit night was cleft by a sound—the sound of the flute, so familiar, so sweet, and so loved. Yes, he was summoning the girls to a *rasa*.

Vrindavan sprang to its feet. Their beloved was calling. Every heart-string quivered to the melody of his

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flute. The womenfolk—not only the young, but this time even the middle-aged and the old—rushed towards the bank of the Yamuna. There was no time for putting on ornaments. Nor for completing the toilette. They came out, some with hair dishevelled, some without the *kumkum* mark, some trying to wear the sari, and sped to the spot where Krishna was calling them.

Yes, he *was* calling—and he was going tomorrow morning before the dawn broke.

Radha had heard of Krishna's impending departure and was eating her heart out on her lonely bed, when she heard the flute. The next moment she sprang up, snatched her anklets from the corner where they lay, and with flying hair rushed out of the house. Her Kahn was calling—calling to her.

They came, young and old, running, their bosoms heaving as the flute continued to draw them by its melodious enchantment. The menfolk, usually indifferent to *rasa*, stood up bewildered and followed their womenfolk. And when they saw him standing on the bank, in his familiar pose, one leg crossed over the other, they clapped their hands and started shouting '*thai, thai, thai, thai.*'

Ankleted feet jingled, drums throbbed, hands were joined with hands. And the young boys and girls formed one big circle and a smaller one within it, to go round Krishna. Radha left the crowd and stood by his side, her little breasts heaving with pride and joy, her lips parted in an ineffable smile, her eyes fixed on her Kahn's face in rapturous devotion.

Then Krishna put the flute in his waistband and, with Radha, joined the *rasa*. They sang and they danced. The crowd in excitement shouted *thai, thai, thai,* clapping their hands to the rhythm of the dancing feet.

The dancers whirled fast in circles, each one changing place with the other. They took out little sticks from their waistbands, one in each hand, and beat time with them, once striking one's sticks together and again striking one of them against the neighbour's in rapid alternation. And the crowd in infectious excitement clapped hands

...Today's is the night of nights...

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and shouted *'thai, thai, thai,' 'thai, thai, thai'*.

The sky and the earth whirled. The moon stood still in the heaven smiling amorously. River Yamuna sang in limpid melody. And the gods looked down with joy, showering flowery moon-beams.

In a frenzy of excitement several *gopis* swooned, some *gopis* broke out of the circle utterly tired. The charm of *rasa* was broken. All of them rolled on the ground, out of breath and laughing.

Before they could open their eyes they heard the sound of the flute coming not from where they lay, but from a spot a little away where began a path leading to the forest. A black shadow sprang up from among them, and they saw it running to the spot. And the two forms disappeared in the forest.

Every one felt what it meant. Some hearts were shot through by jealous pangs. But no one moved, nor even appeared to take notice of the lovers. The beauty of a wonderful love kept them mutely reverential.

●●●

'Radha, I know you are tired. You can't walk. Let me lift you up', said Krishna.

Blood rushed to Radha's cheeks in exquisite anticipation. Yet the sense of propriety restrained her from giving consent. 'I can walk.'

'No. You can't. I want to take you far,' said Krishna, and lifted her into his arms.

Radha felt a tingling sensation all over her body. There was a joyous ache in her fluttering heart. She nestled in his arms, her tousled head resting on his shoulders.

The waving leaves of trees overhead formed varied patterns of light and shade on the path as with firm steps Krishna went into the forest, and in that flickering light she saw his flaming eyes as they looked into her own. She was thrilled in every fibre, and felt a similar thrill in the arms which held her.

'Radha,' said Krishna.

'Kahn,' replied Radha.

'Today's is the night of nights,' said Krishna.

'Yes, it was a wonderful *rasa*,' replied Radha.

'And so are you, Radha—perhaps more wonderful.' He bent his head, and his lips closed on hers. Closing her eyes in ecstasy, she clung to him with a sense of delicious surrender.

Silently she clung to him. She heard her heart beating against his. He stalked on, the dried leaves of the trees crunching beneath his steady feet.

'Kahn, will you ever remain like this?' asked Radha.

'Like this—always—for ever, till the sun and the moon endure,' replied Krishna.

'You won't forget me?' asked Radha.

'How can I? You are my goddess of joy', replied Krishna.

Now they were in the open, far away from their friends, the moon lighting up the heavens, the river shimmering in the bright moonlight.

He laid her on the soft, mossy ground under the shade of a *peepul* tree and sat down by her side. She lay still clinging to his neck, unable to part, feeling a mighty ache in her body and heart, in all her being.

With irrepressible ardour he leaned

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on her and closed his lips on hers. The lips would not part till soul mingled with soul and they were one.

He felt her cheeks. His hand moved on her breasts. It slid down softly with tender passion, discovering every curve of her graceful fresh body.

And a great wave raised them to seek unity which for a moment was inexpressible bliss.

○○○

A few moments gone and Radha sat up, tying up her dishevelled hair.

'Kahn, when will we be married? I can't bear to stay away from you.'

Krishna smiled in her eyes. 'We would always be with each other. And we are married today by *gandharva* rites—bone of each other's bones, breath of each other's breath.'

'Don't talk nonsense. How can we marry by *gandharva* rites?' asked Radha.

'We were married a few moments before. Isn't it?' asked Krishna.

'But you are not of royal blood,' said Radha.

Krishna laughed and kissed her on the eyelids. 'Radha! Suppose I was of royal blood?' he asked mockingly.

'You are always my prince, my Kahn. You are my Govind—the prince of cowherds and I want you to remain so for ever.'

'Radha, listen. I am not a cowherd. I am a prince—and you are a princess,' he said seriously.

She was taken aback and searched his face to discover what he had said was the truth.

'Don't stare at me like this, Radha. You know I am going to Mathura tomorrow and I may not come back—for some days,' said Krishna.

'No, no. You will come back, come back to me,' said Radha.

'Radha, I brought you here to tell you a secret which few know. However, the world will know it soon enough. Yadu's race has been in bondage for years and years. And Sage Narada has foretold that mine shall be the hand to break it.' His voice was now low and solemn.

Radha looked at him almost in fright, and clung to him. 'Kahn, what do you say? Tell me what you mean.'

'Listen. It was prophesied by Sage Narada that the eighth son of Princess Devaki, born of Prince Vasudeva, would redeem the Yadu's race and destroy the wicked Kamsa.'

'Yes. I have heard something about it.'

'I am that eighth son of Devaki,' said Krishna.

'You..... you,.....' she moved away, as if terrified.

'Yes. Father Vasudeva brought me to Gokul the day I was born and left me with Father Nanda. Balaram is also the son of the Best of Shooras by mother Devaki; he is not the son of Rohini.'

'Vasudeva—our noble Prince!' muttered Radha, her eyes opening wide in surprise..... 'You.....'

'Yes. I am his son; so is Balaram. It seems we were brought here so that we might escape Kamsa's wrath.'

Radha looked on as if dazed, unable to grasp the full significance of what she was being told.

'Now he.....' said Krishna.

'Kamsa?' asked Radha.

'Yes. He is holding a Bow-Sacrifice and wants us to attend it. Possibly he

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wants to have us killed,' said Krishna quietly.

'He is the wicked one. He sure will kill you,' exclaimed Radha.

'I am sure he wants to do it. But I know no harm will come to me.'

'Oh, what will you do if he wants to kill you?'

'He cannot. They all say that I have come to save *Dharma*; and within me is the faith that that is why I am born. And I shall defend *Dharma* and redeem Yadu's race from this wicked bondage.'

She opened her mouth and then closed it, clung to Krishna with a heart-breaking sob and asked in a whisper: 'Is there nothing which can stop you from going?'

For a moment Krishna was silent. Then he said: 'Nothing. Absolutely nothing. I have to go to Mathura; it is my *Dharma*. I have often felt this way: Why can't I destroy wickedness, and tyranny, and fear? But all these days I shoved aside the yearning. But I now know I have to do it.'

'Then what about me?' she sobbed, hiding her face, all suffused with tears, on his breast. 'What shall I do, with you gone. No, no, Kahn, don't go. And something is sure to happen to you. Kamsa is bloodthirsty.'

'Radha! Don't have any fears for me. Kamsa will be destroyed, and our people walk in freedom and in *Dharma*. And you will never be alone. My duty done, I will return—or rather I will call you to Mathura. You shall ever be the joy of my life, as you always have been.' And he pressed her to his heart.

Both lapsed into silence. Then Radha looked up and, as if speaking to herself, began: 'Kahn! You will go to Mathura and will win—I know. I always thought you were a god. And they will make you a king. You will be mighty—I know. People will fall at your feet and worship you. You will move among princes as the conqueror and saviour,' said Radha.

'And you shall be my queen—my life's inseparable companion.'

Radha looked at the ground thoughtfully for a few moments and then shook her head. 'No, Kahn. I am a poor cowherd maid. I am not fit to be a princess. In the crowd of princesses who will worship you and will be ready to die for you, I will be just a crude, foolish village girl.'

'No, no,' said Krishna. 'You shall be their crest jewel.'

'No,' Radha shook her head and said, looking wistfully at the river. 'Then you will no longer be *my* Kahn ..... You will be a mighty Prince. You will wear a diadem on your head, wield arms, go to wars ..... move among mighty heroes, cruel, harsh, bloodthirsty.....No, no. I will be a burden—I will then no more be the joy of your heart—no more your twin self—no more your partner in the *rasa*.....'

Krishna was silent.

'Kahn, ... forgive me if I give you pain,' she continued, her voice now becoming quiet and firm. 'I cannot come with you to Mathura. My Kahn, who lives in my eyes, has wild flowers in his ears, and a bamboo staff in his hands. He leads the cows to pasture. He plays the flute. He is joyous and bold—with an eternal smile on his lips. I can't bear to see you a prince..... I can't come to Mathura.'

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She sobbed and clung to Krishna almost convulsively.

'Kahn, listen to me,' continued Radha as if speaking the truth. 'I know you will never return to Vrindavan; even if you do, you will not be the Kahn I have loved and lived for. Let me continue to live here and serve Father and Mother.' She suppressed a sob and then continued as if speaking in a dream.

'Day after day, I shall wander, as I do now, on the banks of our beloved Yamuna, and wait for your footfall in patient agony. I will pass by the groves in which we spent such happy times; they will always talk to me of you and give me the flowers for you to wear'.

She again paused a little and then added: 'If I ever come to Mathura, I will never find *you* in the Yadava prince Krishna. Living here I will always be with you. I will see you among the trees and creepers which you loved so well. I will hear your voice in the notes of the birds. The dust over which you have trodden so far will tell me of your springing steps and the breezes whistling in the trees will bring me your message—maybe, they will sing to me of you as you are now, Kahn,' said Radha.

Both were silent for a while. Then Krishna, with far-off eyes, looked at the sky. He saw what life was in store for him, and cleared his throat and spoke. 'Radha, you are right. I would wish very much that you should come to Mathura, but I can see that I will no longer be what I am now. And you, the joy of my heart, will never be the lovely flower that you are. You are born to be kissed by the rising sun and to spread the fragrance of joy.'

Krishna paused for a while and continued: 'And if you come away, Radha, Vrindavan will no longer be what it is. With you here, it will be a shrine; you will be its goddess of joy and love. Thinking of you here, I will always come to new life, and so will men and women, till the worlds endure.'

Krishna lifted Radha in his arms again, and she clung to him like a child, sobbing all the while.

'And, Kahn mine, I have given you everything. But give me one last favour. When you go, leave your flute with me. And you are a prince. I am a cowherd girl. No one should point a finger of shame at me...,' said Radha.

'I understand. Let us go to Guru Sandipani. We will marry before the sacred fire,' said Krishna. 'And the flute and you are one—it should be with you.' *[To be continued]*

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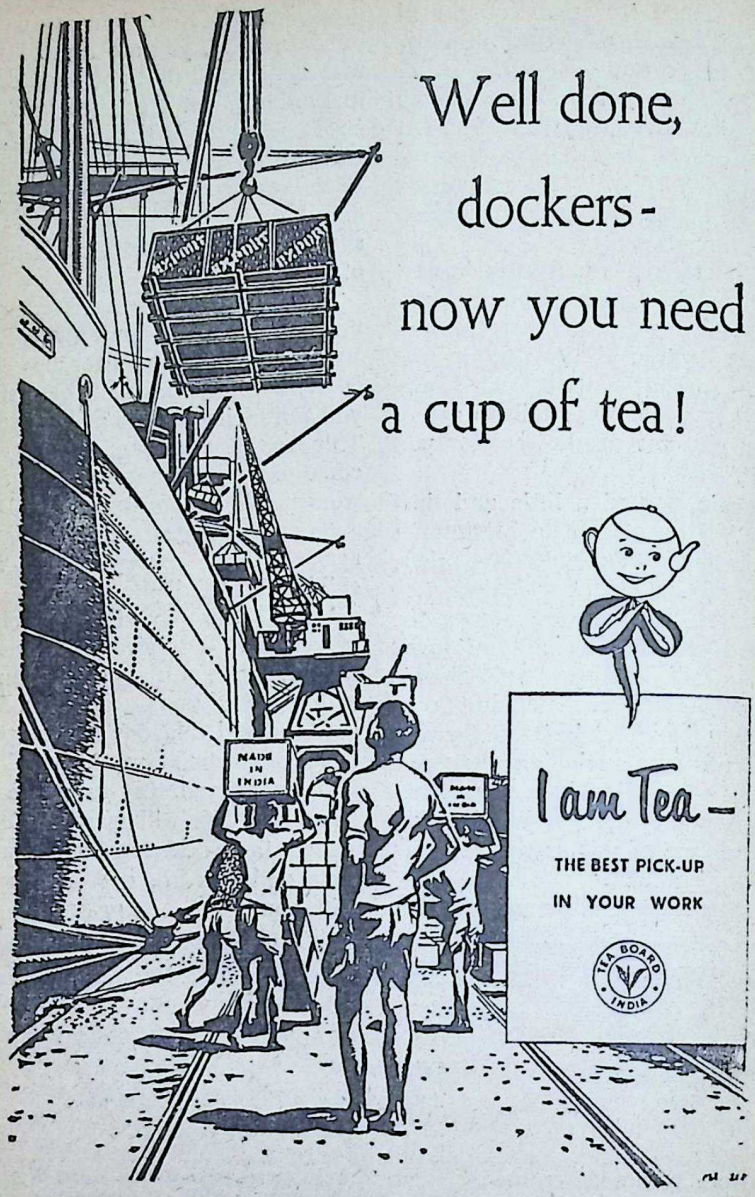

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Late Dr. G. S. Sardesai

Doyen of Maratha Historians

Dr. A. D. Pusalker

THE passing away of Dr. Govind Sakharam Sardesai, the doyen of Maratha historians and a sincere devotee of Clio, on the 29th November, 1959, at Kamshet, has created a void in Indian scholarship.

Dr. Sardesai was born on the 17th May, 1865, at Hasol in Ratnagiri District of Bombay State. He belonged to a Karhada Brahmana family of Mavalankar-Sardesai. Though his grandfather and other ancestors served under the Chhatrapatis and the Pratinidhis of Vishalgad and Amatyas of Bavda, his father had to take to agriculture.

Young Sardesai received his English education in the Ratnagiri High School from which he matriculated in 1884. He later joined the Fergusson College, Poona, and graduated from the Elphinstone College, Bombay, in 1888.

Sardesai entered the service of the Baroda State in the Palace Department and was Reader to the Maharaja and Tutor to the princes and princesses, rising later to be the Headmaster of the Princes' High School. He was taken on personal staff as Keeper of Household Accounts after 25 years, and retired in 1925 after 37 years of service.

While in the Baroda service, Sardesai had opportunities of paying five visits to Europe with the Maharaja between 1892 and 1911. After retirement Sardesai settled at Kamshet and spent the rest of his life at his ashram there devoting himself entirely to historical research and giving guidance and inspiration to fellow-workers in the field.

He began his apprenticeship of history by the Marathi translation of Seeley's *Expansion of England*. His *Riyasats* grew out of the notes he prepared from standard English works on the subject for teaching the princes

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after he found that there was no adequate history of India. The scheme worked so far as the Muslim and British periods were concerned; but Sardesai discovered that there were no works in English dealing with the source material of the Maratha history.

A huge mass of sources for the reconstruction of the Maratha history had been collected by pioneers in the field like Rajwade, Sane, Khare and Parasnis, and Sardesai decided to utilise all this material for his *Marathi Riyasat*. It took him nearly 30 years to complete the nine volumes of his *Marathi Riyasat*,—a monument of patience and industry. The work was later issued in two revised editions, and an English rendering in three volumes (*New History of the Marathas*) was released in 1950. The cream of Sardesai's study of Maratha history is represented by *Main Currents of Maratha History*, originally delivered as a series of lectures at the Patna University.

One important aspect of Sardesai's life was his close association with Sir Jadunath Sarkar, the doyen of Indian historians, which, starting in 1904, continued till the death of Sir Jadunath in 1958, and proved of immense value not only to both individually but also advanced the cause of Indian history.

The selections from the correspondence that passed between the two great historians published as Part I of *Sir Jadunath Sarkar Commemoration Volume*, form the record of the progress of historical studies during the last fifty years containing a critical appraisal of several original sources and writers of history and valuable suggestions on several intricate problems facing workers in the field. These selections, in the words of Dr. Sardesai himself, "form a guide to future workers...dealing with the various problems of research, the difficulties that were surmounted and overcome."

An important achievement of Sardesai, which Sir Jadunath compared with "the huge *corpus* of documents on Roman history published under the guidance of Momsen" was the publication of 45 volumes of *Selections from the Peshwa Daftar* (in Marathi), which involved the examination, classification and selection of over 35,000 bundles of old documents. It took Sardesai five years of hard toil to complete this job, and no one was more conscious of the defects in the work than Sardesai himself who, (in his own words) "revised the whole series, correcting dates, misreadings, etc. with meticulous care and prepared a fresh edition for a reprint adding cross-references and notes." This revised work for all 45 volumes is lying with the Director of Archives, Government of Bombay.

Besides Peshwa records, the Poona Daftar contained old files of the English records of the Residents at the Peshwa's Court, which Sir Jadunath and Sardesai offered to edit for the Government on a purely honorary basis. On the acceptance of the offer by the Government of Bombay, 15 *volumes of Poona Residency Correspondence* have been published as the result of the efforts of these two giants.

Passing through opposition and bitter criticism, Sardesai had, at long

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ast, the satisfaction of seeing his work recognised. The Government made him Rao Bahadur in 1936, and the Indian History Congress elected him the General President of the Jaipur Session in 1951. The University of Poona conferred the LL.D. degree in 1957, and the Government of India decorated him with Padma Vibhushan in 1958.

In his Presidential Address at the Jaipur Session of the Indian History Congress, Dr. Sardesai said: "I can think of no better message to the younger students of history than this: 'Take up the work that comes to your hand and do it with all your heart regardless of what others say. Don't wait for perfection, for time does not stand still. The opportunity once rejected may not come again!' This has been my experience." He later made a specific reference to the *Peshwa Daftar* in this context. This advice deserves to be followed by all research workers.

We can do no better than quote Sir Jadunath with regard to Sardesai's method of work and mental outlook. "As he reads any book, he writes down marginal comments and cross-references and marks corrections of names, dates, etc. in it. Then he adds his own index or expands the author's where it is too scanty. Letters, criticisms and press cuttings are filed carefully. All these form a priceless repertory of corrections and references in relation to the original materials of Maratha history....But of even higher influence on his work than such excellent habits has been his mental outlook....He has developed a pan-Indian viewpoint in discussing all questions of the past and present....he has been ruthless in scrapping up the obsolete and the erroneous in what he had once written and the first to welcome new truth from whatever corner it might come. Eternal vigilance in self-criticism has been the saving salt of his writings."

Dr. Sardesai was a Founder Member of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan and took keen interest in the various activities of the Bhavan. He has contributed a valuable chapter on Shivaji to the *History and Culture of the Indian People,* Vol. VIII, soon to be issued by the Bhavan.

Dr. Sardesai worked for over 60 years in the cause of history. He served as a guiding star to many young historians and his hermitage at Kamshet was the scene of many historical gatherings. Individual scholars could freely approach him and gain knowledge. As aptly stated by Sir Jadunath: "The revolution that has taken place in the writing of Maratha history since the beginning of the twentieth century through the discovery and publication of Modi manuscript records and the use of contemporary French,- Persian and Portuguese sources, will stand as the abiding monument to Sardesai and his collaborators, long after the dust of vulgar controversy has been laid, for they alone have made it possible by their lifelong labours at their own expense."

Sardesai's priceless collection of books, articles and manuscripts, enriched by his invaluable notes and corrections, is now placed in the Deccan College, Poona, as a donation from the great historian for the benefit of students of Maratha history.

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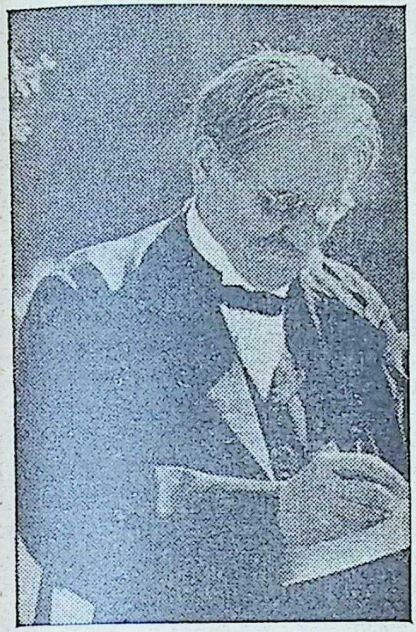
THE EVOLUTION OF ETHICS

Albert Schweitzer*

nobel laureate



IN a very general sense, ethics is the name we give to our concern for good behaviour. We feel an obligation to consider not only our own personal well- being but also that of others and of human society as a whole, and it is in the extension of this notion of solidarity with others that the first evolution of ethics is to be seen.

As man starts reflecting upon himself and his behaviour toward others, he gradually realizes that all men are his brothers and neighbours. Slowly he reaches a point where he sees the circle of his responsibilities enlarged to comprise all human beings with whom he is in contact.

In the history of man, this idea of responsibility toward others has been wholly or partially formulated in various cultures at various times. It was reached by the Chinese thinkers: Lao-tse, born in 604 B.C.; Kung Fu-tse (Confucius), 551-479 B.C.; Meng-tse, 372-289 B.C.; Tchouang-tse, fourth century B.C. It was also proclaimed by the Israelite prophets of the eighth century B.C.: Amos, Hosea and Isaiah. As proclaimed by Jesus and Saint Paul, the idea that man obligates himself to all human beings became an integral part of the Christian system of ethics.

For the great thinkers of India, too, whether they belonged to Brahmanism, Buddhism or Hinduism, the idea of the brotherhood of man was included in their metaphysical notion of existence, but they had difficulty giving it the proper importance in their ethics because they could not abolish the barriers erected between men in

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* Dr. Albert Schweitzer, one of the greatest thinkers of the present-day world, read this essay before the French Academy of Moral and Political Science. It was subsequently translated into English by Mrs. Carleton Smith and was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly.*—[*Courtesy:* 1959 Atlantic Monthly Company.]

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India by the different castes sanctioned by tradition.

Zarathustra, who lived in about the seventh century B.C., was also prevented from reaching the notion of the full brotherhood of man because he had to differentiate between those who believed in Ormuzd, the god of Light and Good, and the nonbelievers who remained in the power of devils. This forced the believers to fight for the coming of the reign of Ormuzd and to consider the nonbelievers as enemies and treat them as such. To understand this, one must remember that the believers were Bactrian tribes who had become sedentary and aspired to live as honest and peaceful families, while the nonbelievers were nomadic tribes who dwelt in the desert and lived from pillage.

Plato and Aristotle and the other thinkers of the classic period of Greek philosophy limited their consideration to the Greek freeman, who did not have to earn his subsistence. All those who did not belong to this aristocracy were dismissed as men of inferior quality in whom there was no need to be concerned.

It was not until the second epoch of Greek thought, when the simultaneous blossoming of Stoicism and Epicureanism occurred, that the idea of the equality of men and of the sympathy which attaches us to all human beings was recognized by these two schools. The most remarkable protagonist of this new conception was the Stoic Panaetius, who lived in the second century B.C. He was the prophet of humanism, and even though the idea of the brotherhood of man never became popular in antiquity, the very fact that philosophy had proclaimed it as a concept dictated by reason was of great importance for its future.

However, this concept has never enjoyed the full authority which it deserves. Down to our time, it has ceaselessly been compromised by the stressing of differences—differences of race, of religious beliefs, and of nationalities—which turn our fellow man into a stranger to whom we owe nothing but indifference, if not contempt.

As we trace the evolution of ethics, we are aware of the influence exerted by the various concepts of the material world. There are the affirmative concepts which insist that interest must be taken in material matters and in the existence we lead on this earth. Others, on the contrary, advocate a negative attitude, urging that we detach ourselves from whatever has to do with the world, including our own existence on earth. Affirmation conforms with our natural feeling. Negation contradicts it. Affirmation invites us to be at home in this world and to throw ourselves voluntarily into action; negation requires that we live in the world as strangers and that we choose a passive role. By its very nature, ethics is affiliated with affirmation. One must be active if one is to serve the ideal of Good. An affirmative concept of the world produces

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. . . . It is finally the exigency of compassion with all beings which makes ethics as complete as it should be. . . .

favourable climate for the development of ethics, while negation, on the contrary, hampers it. Negation of the world was professed by the thinkers of India and by the Christians of antiquity and of the Middle Ages; affirmation by the Chinese thinkers, the Israelite prophets, Zarathustra, and the European thinkers of the Renaissance and of the modern day.

In the thinkers of India, this negative concept of the world was the result of their conviction that true existence is immaterial, immutable, and external and that the worldly existence is fictitious, deceitful, and transient. The world that we consider as real was for them but a mirage of the immaterial world in time and space. By taking interest in this phantasmagoria and in the part he plays in it, they argued, man made a mistake. The only behaviour compatible with the true knowledge of the nature of existence is nonactivity.

To a degree, nonactivity does have ethical characteristics. By detaching himself from worldly matters, man renounces the egotism that material interests and mere covetousness arouse in him. Furthermore, an essential aspect of nonactivity is nonviolence.

The thinkers of Brahmanism, of Samkhya, of Jainism, as well as of Buddhism, exalt nonviolence, which they call *ahimsa*; indeed, they consider it as the sublime principle. However, it is imperfect and incomplete because it concedes to man the egotism to be preoccupied entirely with his salvation. It does not command him in the name of compassion but in the name of metaphysical theories. It demands merely abstention from evil, rather than the positive activity inspired by the notion of Good.

Only a system of ethics affiliated with the affirmation of the world can be natural and complete. Buddha, who rises against the cold Brahmanic doctrine by preaching pity, cannot completely resist the temptation to forgo the principle of nonactivity. He gives in, more than once, unable to keep himself from accomplishing acts of charity or from recommending them to his disciples. Under the cover of ethics the affirmation of the world carries on, in India, a persistent struggle against the principle of nonactivity. In Hinduism, which is a religious movement against the exigencies of Brahmanism, affirmation is recognized as the equal of nonactivity. The reconciliation of the two is set forth in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Man can believe that he is authorized to take part in the material world only as a spectator. But likewise he has the right to believe that he is called to play an active part. Activity, then, is justified by the spirit which guides it. The man who practises it with the intention of accomplishing the will of God is as right as he who raises the question of nonactivity. Nowadays, the thinkers of India make great concessions to the principle of activity, claiming that it is found in the Upanishads. This is true. The explanation is that the Aryans of India in ancient times, as we learn it from the Veda,

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....A fundamental idea of Good consists in preserving life, in favouring it, in wanting to raise it to its highest value....

had an existence penetrated with naive *joie de vivre*. The Brahmanic doctrine of negation of the world appears side by side with the concept of affirmation only in the Upanishads, the sacred texts of the first thousand years B.C.

Christianity in the early times and in the Middle Ages professed negation of the world without, however, reaching the extremes of nonactivity. Its denial of the world was of a different nature from that of the thinkers of India: to the early Christians the world was not a phantasmagoria, it was an imperfect world destined to be transformed into the perfect world of the kingdom of God. The idea of the kingdom of God was created by the Israelite prophets of the eighth century B.C.

In announcing the imminence of the transformation of the material world into the kingdom of God, Jesus exhorted men to seek the perfection required for participation in the new world. He asked man to detach himself from this world, the better to be preoccupied by the practice of Good. He allowed man to detach himself from material things, but not from his duties toward other men. In Jesus' ethics, activity kept all its rights and all its obligations. This is where Christianity differs from Buddha's religion, with which it shares the idea of compassion. Because it is animated by the spirit of activity, Christian ethics has a certain affinity with the affirmation of the world.

The transformation of the world into the kingdom of God was what the early Christians were looking for immediately, but it never occurred. During antiquity and the Middle Ages, Christianity remained in a situation of having to lose hope in this world, without the compensating hope, which had sustained the early Christians, of seeing the new world at hand. In the Middle Ages there was no enthusiastic affirmation of the world; actually this did not take place until the Renaissance. Christianity identified itself with this new enthusiastic affirmation of the world during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Renaissance ethics—apart from the ideal of perfecting oneself, which came from Jesus—attempted subsequently to create new and better material and spiritual conditions for the existence of human society. From then on, Christian ethics found a goal for its activity and so reached its full bloom. From the union of the Christian and the Renaissance enthusiasm for the world is born the civilization in which we live and which we have to maintain and improve.

In the first century of the Christian era, thinkers of Stoicism—Seneca, Epictetus, and the emperor Marcus Aurelius—following the steps of Panaetius, the creator of the idea of humanism, came to consider Love as the virtue of virtues. Their system of ethics is about the same as that of the great Chinese thinkers. They have in common not only the principle of Love, but also the conviction that it pro-

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....The term Reverence for Life is larger and at the same time dimmer than the term Love. But it bears within itself the same potentialities....

ceeds from reason and is thoroughly reasonable.

During the first and second centuries of the Christian era, the Greco-Roman philosophy seemed to profess the same ethical ideal as that of Christianity. The possibility of agreement between the ancient and Christian worlds existed, but it did not happen. Ethical Stoicism did not become popular. Moreover, it accused Christianity of being a superstition because Christianity claimed that a divine revelation had taken place in Jesus Christ, and was awaiting the miraculous coming of a new world. Christianity, on the other hand, scorned philosophy as a guiding wisdom for this world. What separated Christianity and Stoicism was the fact that the Greco-Roman philosophy adhered to the idea of the affirmation of the world, whereas Christianity adhered to the idea of its negation. No agreement was possible.

Agreement did occur, but only after centuries. When Christianity became more familiar with the enthusiastic affirmation of the world, which the Renaissance had bequeathed to European thought, it at the same time became acquainted with ethical Stoicism and noted with surprise that Jesus' principle of Love had also been stated as a rational truth. Thus it was deduced that the fundamental ideas of religion were revealed truths, confirmed afterwards by reason. Among the thinkers who felt that they belonged to both Christianity and Stoicism were Erasmus and Hugo Grotius.

Under the influence of Christianity, philosophy's ethics acquired an enthusiasm that it had not possessed earlier. Under the influence of philosophy, Christian ethics, on the other hand, started reflecting upon what it owed itself and upon what it should accomplish in this world. Thus was born a spirit which did not allow the ethics of Love any longer to tolerate injustice, cruelties, and superstitions. Torture was abolished, the scourge of the witchcraft trials ceased. Inhuman laws gave way to others more human. A reform without precedent in the previous history of humanity had begun and was accomplished in the first enthusiasm of the discovery that the principle of Love is also taught by reason.

To demonstrate the rationality of altruism, philosophers of the eighteenth century, among whom are Hartley, Baron Holbach, Helvetius, and Bentham, thought it was enough to show that love of others had a utility value. The Chinese thinkers and the representatives of ethical Stoicism admitted the utility value, but also insisted on other values. According to the eighteenth-century thinkers, altruism would be a well-understood egotism, taking into account the fact that the well-being of the individual and of society can be guaranteed only by the self-sacrifice which men make for their fellow men.

Kant and David Hume refuted this

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....The essentially philosophical notion of Good has the advantage of being more complete than the notion of Love.

Love comprises only our obligations toward other beings, but not toward ourselves....

superficial thesis. Kant, in order to defend the dignity of ethics, went so far as to pretend that its utility ought not to be taken into consideration. Obvious as it is, it must not be admitted as a motive of ethics. Ethics, according to the doctrine of the categorical imperative, rules absolutely. It is our conscience which reveals to us what is Good and what is evil. We have but to obey the moral law that we carry within ourselves to gain the certitude that we not only belong to the world as it appears to us in time and space, but that we are at the same time citizens of the spiritual world.

Hume, in order to refute the utilitarian thesis, proceeded in an empirical way. He analyzed the motives of ethics and came to the conclusion that ethics is primarily a matter of feeling. Nature, he argued, endowed us with the faculty of sympathy, which permits and obliges us to feel the joy, apprehensions, and sufferings of others as if they were our own. We are, after an image employed by Hume, like strings vibrating in unison with others. It is this sympathy which leads us to devotion toward others and to the desire to contribute to their well-being and to the well-being of society.

After Hume, philosophy—if we set aside the enterprise of Nietzsche—did not dare seriously to doubt the fact that ethics is primarily a matter of compassion.

But, if this is the case, is ethics capable of defining and setting a limit to the obligations of self-sacrifice, and thereby placing egoism and altruism in accord, as was attempted by the utilitarian theories?

Hume is not much preoccupied by this question. The philosophers who followed him likewise did not think it necessary to take into consideration the consequences of the principle of self-sacrifice through compassion. It is as if they had the presentiment that these consequences might prove to be a little disturbing.

They are indeed. The ethic of self-sacrifice by compassion no longer has the characteristic of a law. It no longer comprises any clearly established and clearly formulated commandments. It is thoroughly subjective, because it leaves to each one the responsibility of deciding how much he will sacrifice himself.

And not only does it cease to give precise commandments: it is no longer satisfied, as the law must be, by the limitations of the possible. It constantly forces us to attempt the impossible, to carry devotion to others so far as to endanger our own existence. In the horrible times we have lived through, there were many of these perilous situations and many persons who sacrificed themselves for others. Even in daily life, the ethic of self-sacrifice asks from each of us that we abdicate selfish interests and renounce advantages for the sake of others.

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....Only a universal ethics which obliges us to be occupied with all beings puts us in a complete relation with the universe and the will manifested in it....

Alas, we too often succeed in silencing our conscience, the guardian of our feeling of responsibility.

How many are the struggles in which the ethic of self-sacrifice abandons us to ourselves! It is seldom that the heads of firms give a job, through compassion, to the man who needs it most, rather than to the man who is most qualified. But evil unto them who think themselves authorized, by such experiences, *never* to take into account the principle of compassion.

A final consequence is to be drawn from the principle of self-sacrifice: it does not allow us to be preoccupied only by human beings, but obliges us to have the same behaviour toward all living beings whose fate may be influenced by us. They also are our fellows, for they, too, aspire to happiness. They know fear and suffering, and they dread annihilation.

The man who has kept intact his sensibility finds it quite natural to have pity on all living beings. Why does not philosophy at long last recognize that our behaviour toward all life should be an integral part of the ethics which it teaches?

The reason is very simple. Philosophy fears, and rightly so, that this huge enlargement of the circle of our responsibilities will take away from ethics the small hope which it still has to formulate reasonable and satisfactory commandments.

In fact, if we are preoccupied by the fate of all living beings with whom we come in contact, we face conflicts more numerous and more disturbing than those of devotion toward human beings. We are constantly in situations which compel us to harm other creatures or affect their lives. The farmer cannot let all his animals survive. He can keep only those he can feed and the breeding of which assures him necessary income. In many instances, there is the obligation of sacrificing some lives to save others. Whoever shelters a crippled bird finds it necessary to kill insects to feed him. In so doing, he makes an arbitrary decision. By what right does he sacrifice a multitude of lives in order to save a single life? He must also make an arbitrary choice when he exterminates animals which he thinks are harmful, in order to protect others.

It is then incumbent upon each of us to judge whether we must harm or kill, and thus become, by necessity, guilty. We should seek forgiveness by never missing an occasion to rescue living creatures.

What an advance it would be if men started to reflect upon the kindness due all creatures and refrained from harming them by carelessness! We must intensify the struggle against inhuman traditions and feelings remaining in our time if our civilization is to keep any respect for itself. Among inhuman customs which our civilization should no longer tolerate, I must name two: bullfights with their inevitable death, and hunting for sport.

It is finally the exigency of com-

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passion with all beings which makes ethics as complete as it should be.

There is another great change in the evolution of ethics: today it cannot expect help from a concept of the world which justifies what it teaches.

In the past, ethics seemed convinced that it was only requiring a behaviour in harmony with the knowledge of the true nature of the world. On this conviction are based not only the religions, but also the rationalist philosophy of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

But it happens that the concept of the world that ethics called upon was the result of the optimistic interpretation of this very world which ethics gave and is still giving. It loaned to the universal will qualities and intentions which gave satisfaction to its own way of feeling and judging.

But in the course of the nineteenth century, research which seeks only objective truth was obliged to face the evidence that ethics had nothing to expect from an ever-closer knowledge of the world. The progress of science consisted in a more precise ascertainment of the processes of nature. It allowed us to use the energies of the universe. But, at the same time, it obliged us to renounce an understanding of the intentions of the universe. The world offers us the disconcerting spectacle of the will to live in conflict with itself. One life maintains itself at the cost of another. The world is horror within magnificence, absurdity within intelligibility, suffering within joy.

How can the ethic of self-sacrifice maintain itself without being justified by an adequate concept of the world? It seems doomed to sink into scepticism. This, however, will not be its fate.

In the beginning, ethics needed to call upon a concept of the world which gave it satisfaction. Having reached the knowledge that the fundamental principle is devotion to others, it becomes fully aware of itself, and thereby self-sufficient.

We are now able to understand its origins and its foundation by meditating upon the world and upon ourselves. We lack a complete and satisfactory knowledge of the world. We are reduced to merely ascertaining that everything in it is living, as we ourselves are, and that all life is a mystery. Our true knowledge of the world consists in being penetrated by the mystery of existence and of life. This mystery becomes ever more mysterious by the progress of scientific research. To be penetrated by the mystery of life corresponds to what is called in the language of the mystic "learned ignorance."

The fundamental idea in our conscience, to which we come back each time we want to reach comprehension of ourselves and of our situation in the world, is: I am life wanting to live, surrounded by life wanting to live. Meditating upon life, I feel the obligation to respect any will-to-live around me as equal to mine and as having a mysterious value.

A fundamental idea of Good then consists in preserving life, in favouring it, in wanting to raise it to its highest value, and evil consists in annihilating life, injuring it, and impeding its growth.

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The principle of this veneration of life corresponds to the one of Love, which has been discovered by religion and philosophy seeking an understanding of the fundamental notion of Good.

The term Reverence for Life is larger and at the same time dimmer than the term Love. But it bears within itself the same potentialities. The essentially philosophical notion of Good has the advantage of being more complete than the notion of Love. Love comprises only our obligations toward other beings, but not toward ourselves. It is, for instance, impossible to deduce from it the notion of veracity, the primary quality of the ethical personality in addition to the one of Love. The respect which man owes to his own life obliges him to be faithful to himself by renouncing any self-deceit and by becoming himself in the noblest and deepest way.

By having reverence for life, we enter into a spiritual relation with the world. The absolute is so abstract that we can have no communion with it. It is not given to us to serve the creative will, infinite and unfathomable, by comprehending its nature and its intentions. But we come into spiritual contact with it by the feeling of the mystery of life and by devoting ourselves to all the living beings whom we are able to serve.

The ethics which obliges us to be concerned only with men and with society cannot have this same significance. Only a universal ethics which obliges us to be occupied with all beings puts us in a complete relation with the universe and the will manifested in it.

In the world, the will to live is in conflict with itself. In us it wants, by a mystery that we do not understand, to be at peace with itself. In the world it manifests itself; in us it reveals itself. To be other than the world is our spiritual destiny. By conforming to it we live our existence instead of submitting to it. By practising reverence for life we become good, deep, and alive.

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[The address to the jury delivered by the late Sri Shankaracharya Sri Bharati Krishna Tirtha Swami of Govardhan Math, Puri, in the famous Karachi Conspiracy Trial remains classic.

Arrested at Dakor, Gujarat, in September 1921 and charged with conspiracy to seduce soldiers from their allegiance to the British Raj and with abetting the famous Ali Brothers in publishing a statement likely to cause defection of soldiers, the late Swamiji was taken to Karachi to stand his trial.

It would be of great interest to the public to read some of the principles stated below, which the late Swamiji expounded with remarkable ability before the trial judge of the Sessions Court, Mr. B. C. Kennedy, I.C.S.]

Dharmopadesh is Our God-ordained Duty

The Late H. H. Bharati Krishna Tirth, Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Puri

THE only thing which, as a matter of fact, we have ever done and shall ever do in all our public lectures and our private discourses, has been to impress, on our hearers, the clamant and paramount necessity for the *complete* spiritualisation of the *daily* life in *all* its activities. If it be a crime to say (as Nelson did) that every man should do his Dharma (Duty), we must certainly plead absolutely guilty to that charge and pride ourselves too thereupon. In fact, this is our only function as Jagadguru Shankaracharya, not merely to *expect* people (as England, according to Nelson, does) to do their *Duty,* but also to *incite* them thereto. All people, even the most worldly, have this elementary human right of preaching Truth and Duty as the predominant factors in all life ; but a Sannyasi who has renounced the world, who owes no allegiance to anything worldly, who is bound only by and to Dharma, who has to practise it during all the waking hours of his life and who, particularly as a Jagadguru, has no other function than the preaching of Dharma to all according to their "Adhikara"—such an individual has not merely the right, privilege or prerogative but the *binding duty and unshirkable responsibility* of incessantly preaching Dharma as his only task in life. And as, according to the dictates of the Hindu, Islamic, Hebrew, Christian, Parsi and other religions, Dharma is as illimitable in its jurisdiction as God Himself, we have the Duty of preaching Dharma to the world in all the aspects of life (not excluding even the

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The warrant of arrest served on the late Shankaracharya of Puri stated "Venkataram alias Bharati Krishna Tirth, a Hindu who calls himself a Shankaracharya". Assailing this in his address to the Jury, His Holiness thundered:

"The Veriest Tyro in Indian Religious technique knows that, while an English Commoner on being raised to the peerage has the liberty to and does often voluntarily, *assume* a new name; a Hindu on entering Holy Orders, has not the liberty to but *must*—necessarily and as a religious rule—discard the old name, and, not assume but *accept* the name newly conferred on him by his Guru (Spiritual Preceptor), in accordance with the rules elaborately laid down for this purpose in the Hindu-Scriptures! Thus, whereas Sir Rufus Issac had the liberty to and actually did assume the name Lord Reading, Prof. Venkata Raman Shastri Saraswati—on taking Sanyas (which, however, was on the 4th July, 1919, and not somewhere in 1916 as a lying message of the Associated Press gravely announced)—had not the liberty to *assume* but had perforced to and did therefore *accept* the new name Swami Shri Bharati Krishna Teerth bestowed on him by His Guru! Under these circumstances, it must be obvious that to speak of us as "one Venkataram alias Bharati Krishna Teerth, a Hindu who calls himself (or has assumed the title) Shri Shankaracharya" is no less reprehensible than to speak of "one Rufus alias Reading, a Jew who calls himself (or has *assumed* the title) Viceroy of India"!

secular"). If and when earnest and enquiring souls seek our spiritual guidance on a political, social, industrial, economic or other so-called "temporal" question, we can no more shirk our Duty of honestly and conscientiously enunciating, interpreting, preaching, adumbrating and *even inciting to the practice* of the Dharma on such a question, than we can with regard to purely ceremonial matters relating to prayers, worship, marriage, funeral obsequies and so forth. An Acharya has, in fact, been defined in our Sacred Literature as one whose only business it is to practice his own personal and individual Dharma and, by every means in his power, *make* others practise theirs.

From this point of view, no department of life is too sacrosanct to escape *our* jurisdiction and we are therefore called upon to shoulder the (often unpleasant) task of preaching the Raj Dharma and the Praja-Dharma.

Unfortunately, to many people all the wide world over, fulsome flattery is more acceptable than wholesome advice; and if, therefore, in the conscientious performance of our Dharma of Dharmopadesh without any regard to personalities, races and feelings but solely as our unshirkable religious Duty, we give offence to the Raj or the Praja or even both and are called upon to bear the consequences thereof in the shape of personal suffering, we ought to and do take it all cheerfully as *part of the game!*

Unswerving allegiance to Dharma and Truth has always—in sacred as well as in profane history—entailed enormous suffering and claimed terrible sacrifices. The true man of God

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has always had to suffer indescribable torture, not merely at the hands of godless worldly officials but even alas! at those of really godless official "Ecclesiastics!" Oh! what hideous crimes and fell atrocities have not been perpetrated against really inoffensive people in the sacred names of Peace and Order on the one hand and of God and Religion on the other.

If by placing of Dharma thus on the highest pedestal, we come into conflict with a Government that places crooked diplomacy above straightforward Dharma, and selfish policy above impartial Justice, and if we find ourselves clapped into jail in consequence thereof, even then we have absolutely nothing to regret. Surely prison life *earned as the Wages of Dharma* is no disgrace. Sacred History tells us that Lord Sri Krishna was born in jail and was concealed, so to say, in Gokul for years from the tyrant Kamsa ; that Adi Shankaracharya (our own Spiritual Progenitor) stood thrice in deadly peril on account of his Dharmic teachings and was rescued twice by his disciple Padmapada Acharya and once by direct divine interposition ; that the Holy Prophet of Arabia similarly underwent enormous persecution ; that Joseph, the favourite son of Israel, was imprisoned for refusing to commit adultery with Potiphar's wife ; that the Hebrews under Aaron and Moses were oppressed by the Egyptians for desiring to perform a religious sacrifice in the wilderness to their Jehovah ; that John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded for condemning the Tetrarch Herod's incest with his own brother Philip's wife Herodias ; that Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace, was first concealed in Egypt for years from Herod and was finally condemned by Pontinus Pilate to wear the crown of thorns and bear the Cross of shame on Calvary as a traitor to Rome, simply because he preached to the Jews the Kingdom of God ; and that, as for the Jews the stoning and otherwise maltreating and murdering of the Prophets of Jehovah was almost the daily routine pastime and recreation of later-day Israel and, (according to the heart-rending but bootless lamentations of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezikeil, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habukkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah and Malachi—the four major and twelve minor prophets of Israel) was solely responsible for the political annihilation and final scattering up of Jehovah's own *chosen* people! There is nothing therefore to be ashamed of in prison life or any so-called "punishment" meted out by bloated temporal might to humble Spiritual Right!

No one compelled us to don the saffron robe of Sannyas. On the other hand, it was we that voluntarily sought it and—after 16 years of weary longing—finally accepted the long longed life of Renunciation. And the heart and the quintessence of Renunciation consist in the performance of our allotted Dharma in absolute disregard of happiness and misery, profit and loss, victory and defeat. At the time of taking Sannyas, we (Sannyasis) with appropriate Mantras full of deep spiritual import and beauty—formally renounce the whole world and we swear eternal and indivisible allegiance to our only Lord and Master, to wit

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the "Everlasting Yea" of Carlyle. And so, in accordance with that pledge of Sannyas, we have no option but to speak out the truth and preach the Dharma without fear or favour.

And as, for the loss of personal liberty which prison life entails, we believe in the Vedantic teaching that correct knowledge of and undeviating adherence to the Truth alone leads to final Liberation. The Lord Jesus Christ too said (St. John's Gospel VIII, 32), 'Ye shall know the Truth and Truth shall make you free.' And so, as Tiresias, the blind Greek Seer (in Sophocles's Drama) said to (king) Oedipus Tyrannus of Thebes, we have in us the strength of Truth which has *already* given us the highest and truest liberty conceivable, whatever may be our petty physical restriction of the moment. And, after all, is not this world itself a huge prison and our bodies the prison's cells which our Divine Spirits are all locked up in and restricted by? Well and truly did the poet sing,—

> Stone walls do not a prison make
> Nor iron bars a cage.

Many people may look askance at this doctrine of Truth and Sannyas as being of the obstinate and fanatical nature of Mediaeval Ecclesiasticism which during the reign of King Henry the II (of Anjou) in England cost that so-called "turbulent priest" St. Thomas a Becket of Canterbury his life and put him to suffering at the hands of cruel assassins. But we need only answer and say that, to those who have realised that ineffable and inexhaustible joy which is the inherent internal characteristic of the Soul, which does not and cannot need any sort of external enjoyment for its upkeep and maintenance, and whose incomparable and imperishable Effulgence no external pains ever avail to cloud off—to us, hatred, and fear and sorrow and worry and even doubt are utterly and in the very nature of things *absolutely impossible.*

If then we should and do speak the Truth and preach the Dharma as a Religious Duty of ours which we cannot possibly shirk, what should be and are our frame of mind and our object therein? Our frame of mind is one of absolutely dispassionate performance of Duty and our object is merely the lasting uplift of all concerned and *particularly those whom we condemn.* Or, in other words, it is all Love and no hatred.

Just as a parent or a doctor advises a child or a patient what to do and what to shun, not because of hatred, but solely because of love, and just as the Prophets of Israel spoke with their hearts bleeding at the criminal and suicidal follies of Israel and solely for the uplift of Israel, and particularly as the prophet Samuel in the very act of denouncing and rejecting King Saul as ordered by Jehovah is pathetically said to have 'mourned' long for Saul; so too have we this unpleasant duty of preaching the Raj Dharma and the Praja Dharma to the Raj and the Praja *for their own good.* As the Apostle puts it 'Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth', and we too have to follow God's example and method and whom we love, we have to rebuke! Personally it makes no difference to us in the least and yet it is our bounden duty to remind all, *for their own sakes,* of the terrible words 'Vengeance is mine' and rescue them,

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if we can, from the coming, nay imminent, consuming wrath of God.

We remember today, quite vividly the touching incident at the Banares Session of the Indian National Congress in December 1905 wherein, after the deliberations were all over and the usual vote of thanks to the President (the late Mr. Gokhale) had been spoken on by some Indian speakers, the late Miss Margaret Noble rose to thank Mr. Gokhale, *not* (as the others had done) for his great political services to India, but for his still greater spiritual services to England in trying to make England just and thus *saving her from herself*. For as the Tamil poet pithily puts it, *'It is the tears of the oppressed, not the hostile armies that undermine the thrones of mighty monarchs.'* And so, Miss Noble regarded Mr. Gokhale as really a greater benefactor to England than to India. It is in this spirit and with this outlook that we who place Dharma and Justice above diplomacy and statecraft have got to and do labour.

If, however, the patient or the child will not merely refuse to profit by the salutary—though perhaps, oftentimes, physically or mentally—bitter medicine or advice of the doctor or the parent, but will even assault the latter therefor, it is no disgrace to the latter but untold suffering to the former that will really ensue therefrom. And so, even as Amaziah the officially appointed 'High Priest' of Bethal (the House of God) himself endeavoured and also instigated Jeroboam II (the foolish son of Joash and King of Israel) to gag Amos the true Prophet of Jehovah from carrying Jahovah's message of uplift to the king and to the people, and it all turned ultimately detrimental not to Amos the stern Truth speaker but to Jeroboam the momentary-pleasure-seeker and to Amaziah the false praise giver; so too if self-advertised and officially favoured 'religious' individuals and 'mandals' in India will not merely wink or connive at ignorant blunders of the Raj or the Praja or both (which will be bad enough, in all conscience) but, like Amaziah or Caiaphas, fawn on, flatter and instigate either against those whose only function is the preaching of Dharma as commanded by the Lord Almighty, surely it cannot hurt the latter but will only recoil boomerang-like and redound to the infinite and irrevocable injury of the flattering instigator and the duped instigated. Nor can we, any more than the prophet Amos, refrain on any such account or at any body's bidding, from our God-ordained Duty of Dharmopadesha!

Desires are like holes. If with desires you practise japa *and austerity they leak through these holes.*

Sri Ramakrishna

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The Flame of Life

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Prof. K. Seshadri

QUITE apart from contemporary circumstances or the background of history, Buddhism has something of permanent and universal significance to offer, and that is its dynamism,—the metaphysical and moral dynamism implicit in Buddhist thought.

Buddhism reveals reality as a process. Reality is not permanent and unchanging. Change is of its very essence. Nothing lasts, nothing endures even for two moments. Nothing is more than a momentary state. *"Sarvam-Kshanikam."*

Every object is really an object-series. The world is a world-process, a perpetual coming to be and passing away, a continual Becoming. In Becoming lies the Truth, the whole Truth.

Becoming is not only the fact but the Law. It is the Dharma, representing not only what *is* but also what *ought to be*. Having known the truth as Becoming, one ought to live in accordance with it. *Living* in the light of the truth is transforming oneself through self-discipline, and the first and the last of self-discipline is self-denial. As Ananda Coomaraswamy puts it, the first step is to acknowledge the predicament, the second is to unmask the self and the third *to act* accordingly.

The dynamism of Buddhism lies in its emphasis on the necessity for action in the illumined way. When action is prompted by desire, it keeps the wheel of existence going, the *Bhava Chakra* turning endlessly. But there is hope, when we remember that all things, that are caused, are contingent on the causal factors. When the cause is removed, the effect ceases to be.

As surely as suffering is a fact, so sure is the hope of its removal. We can fashion our future, if we recognise the inevitability, which is inherent in the present. Our thoughts and volitions determine the shape and direction of our lives. By controlling and disciplining ourselves we can remove the contingent factors that have caused the suffering of the present.

Buddhism does not countenance passive acquiescence in the rule of an inevitable, overpowering law. The law is there, and its operation is certain. But in its very certainty lies our hope.

The Buddhist does not look up to a Merciful Providence, who will shower His grace on and save every sinner. There is no law-giver over and above the law, no one to temper its justice with His own mercy. But knowing the law one can free oneself.

The first and foremost requirement is that man must awaken to the reality of his predicament, to the ephemeral and contingent character of his earthly existence, coupled with the delusion to which he has subjected himself that all things are substantial and enduring.

Buddhism compares life to a flame,

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SHASTRIYA EXAMINATIONS TIME-TABLE

The Shastriya Examinations in Praveshika, Poorva Madhyama, Uttar Madhyama, Shastri and Acharya conducted in various centres by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan will commence from Thursday, 7th April, and end on Monday, 11th April, 1960.

Those desirous of obtaining the Time-Table are requested to correspond with the Examinations Secretary, Shastriya Examinations, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7, sending stamps for 8 nP.

and this is a very telling comparison. The flame is a process. It is just another name for the process of combustion, for a series of acts of combustion. Life is such a series, characterised by heat and suffering. The flame is not an enduring substance. It is not a "thing". Neither is life anything substantial.

Not only are external objects unsubstantial and ephemeral, but the self that cognizes them, that is confronted by them, that feels drawn towards, or repelled by them, is also equally unsubstantial and unenduring. Neither the self that hankers after objects nor the objects themselves are anything but momentary. Hence the fore-Chosen pursuit of sense-objects prompted by the thirst of deluded desire must be abandoned, if one should escape from the pain of existence.

The self, it is said, is denied in Buddhism. But what is the deeper meaning of self-denial? What is the basic, moral significance that underlies the metaphysics of self-denial?

Attachment to the self is suffering, and it perpetuates bondage. The other way lies freedom.

Admitting the self as real or substantial one is easily led to the false identification of the self with the fleeting, ephemeral objects of desire, for the imagined self seeks satisfaction in impermanent objects. This becomes an endless pursuit, for every apparent satisfaction kindles a fresh desire, adding fuel to the fire, the fuel that feeds the psychophysical combustion, perpetuating the delusion of constancy and substantiality of the self, and intensifying the thirst for existence and possession.

The way of release is through the rooting out of the notion of "I" and "mine". The flame must be blown out, for as it has been pithily put, "selfishness is supported by self-*is*-ness." Buddhism requires us to deny the self quite literally, so that we may get beyond all risk of a relapse into selfishness.

When the true nature of the inconstant self is realised, man overcomes his worst enemy, and liberates himself.

. . . Be bold and face
The Truth! Be one with it! Let visions cease.
Or, if you cannot, dream but truer dreams,
Which are eternal Love and Service Free.

Swami Vivekananda.

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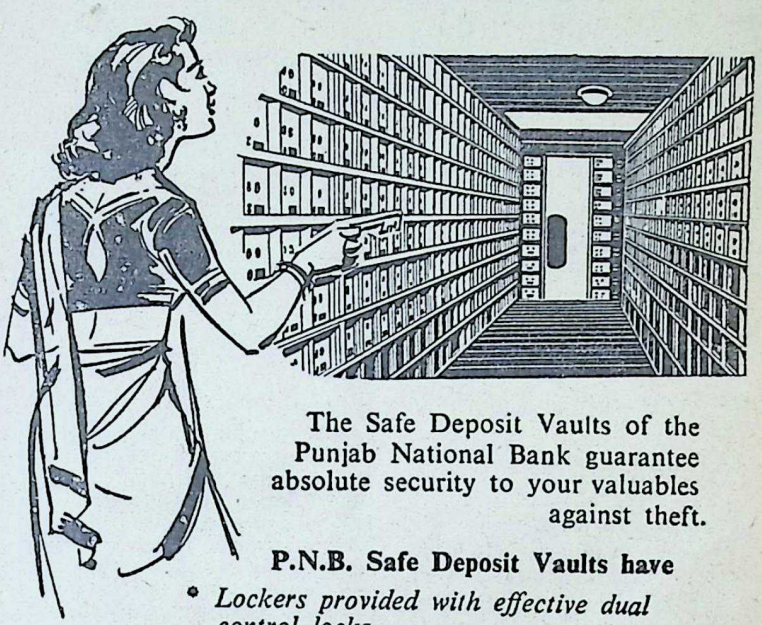

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TAPASVINI

Or

THE LURE OF POWER

A SOCIO-POLITICAL SAGA

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. (Retd.)

PART I

To New Readers :

Who's Who in the Story

RAWA TRIPATHI (Ravi):—An ambitious Brahman youth hankering after power to bring the wealthy to his knees.

GANAPATISHANKAR (Shastri):—Rawa's grandfather; a great Sanskrit scholar with a sense of mission, who scorns wealth.

SHIVASHANKAR (Shivubhai):—Father of Rawa Tripathi; son of Shastri; patriotic follower of Sri Aurobindo. Died in a bomb-blast.

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, with a contempt for everything Indian; a truant husband.

SHEELA:—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman, very sensitive to her husband's truancy.

MAJIBA:—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh, a close associate of Shivubhai.

UDAY SOLANKI:—Majiba's son, educated in England. A barrister just joining the chambers of Radharaman. Soft-hearted and patriotic.

ALICE:—Wife of Uday, an Indian's daughter by an English mother, who dislikes India.

KARAN:—The little son of Uday Solanki and Alice.

RAJBA:—The young daughter of Majiba: Uday's sister.

BHEEM:—Younger brother of Uday.

BHUPAT SINH:—Uday's uncle; Majiba's brother.

BHAGWANDAS:—Sheela's tutor; an ardent follower of Gandhiji.

BAMANSHAW:—Parsi lawyer and friend of Radharaman.

JAGJIWAN:—Son of Bhagwandas and a trusted lieutenant of Gandhiji who runs an Ashram to spread the teachings of Gandhiji.

The story so far:

Rawa was passing a quiet life in his attic at Bhoiwada learning the Vedas from his grandfather Ganapatishankar Shastri. Once he received a *dakshina* of five rupees at a temple which made him join a school for English education. Subsequently while coming from the temple one day, he met with an accident in a car which Sheela, the wife of Radharaman, was driving and received minor injuries. When Radharaman offered money as compensation, Rawa's grandfather declined it on principle. This piqued Radharaman, but the old man rose in the estimation of Sheela, who persuaded him to accept the amount for use in Rawa's English education. Radharaman exasperated his wife by his truancy and contempt for everything Indian.

Majiba came to Bombay to receive her son Uday returning from England. Through Bhupat's influence Majiba got Uday enrolled as a junior to Barrister Radharaman. Later she took Uday and others to their family Guru, Shastriji, for his blessings. During this visit, Rawa felt ignored and his hurt feelings led him into Communism.

Bhupat and Majiba decided to marry Rajba to Samar Sinh. Uday was at a loss to understand why Hanskunverba, the second wife of the Maharaja of Premkot was eager about this marriage. And the sudden change in Rajba to that of a devotee of Sri Krishna was also a mystery to Uday.

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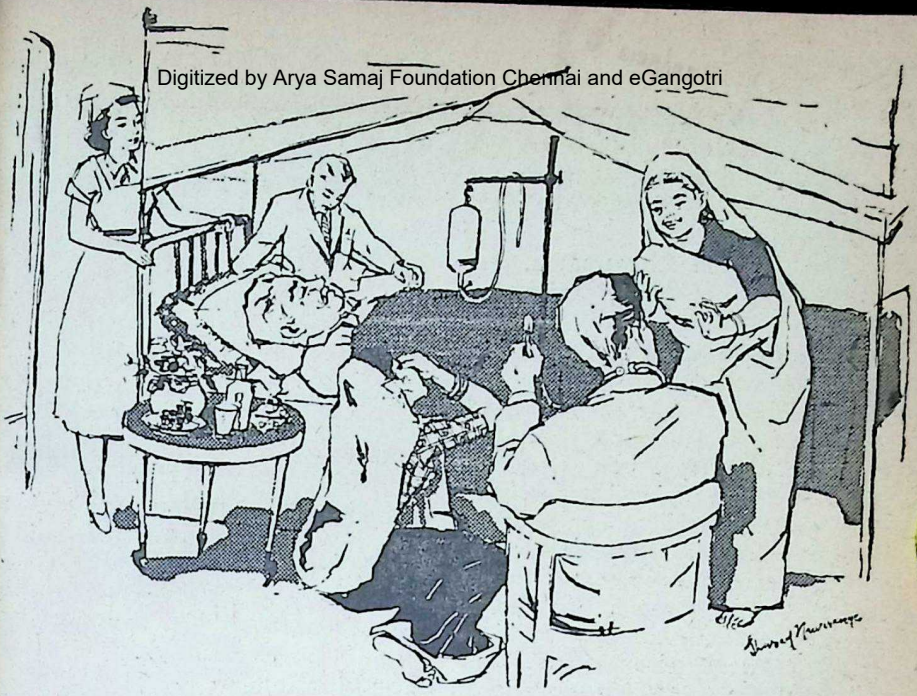

17. UDAY SEES INTRIGUE

THE following day Captain Samar Sinh was invited to dine at Bhupat Mama's house. He arrived dressed in correct Rajput dress, long *sherwani* made of soft thin cotton cloth, tight pyjamas and a fine turban tied in an attractive manner. He looked regal in every respect. He charmed Majiba by his humility and completely won over Bhupat Sinh by his pleasant conversation. He was already acquainted with Alice and talked to her, with the right of an old acquaintance, in a gently bantering way. He kept the conversation flowing, and cleverly introduced the universally popular topic of shikar.

To Uday all this charm appeared to be superficial, exercised for the occasion. He was really worried. Rajba, usually so cheerful and full of fun, appeared to have completely changed after her visit to the Maharaja. She seemed to have become another Meerabai, the great devotional poetess of Gujarat. Rajba's letters to him, while he was in England, came back to his mind immediately. Therein Rajba used frequently to write about the songs of Meerabai and her devotion to God. It seemed to him as though the real Rajba was now beginning to be herself; it was as if out of invisible springs water was suddenly spouting.

Majiba brought herself to believe

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that Rajba when praying to God was only asking for a good husband. But for Uday, Rajba's devotion had a totally different significance. She seemed to be doing it in order to escape being tied down to Samar Sinh. Despite Majiba's insistence, Rajba had put on a simple cotton sari and blouse, applied sandalwood on her forehead and had worn a necklace of *tulsi* beads. Just before Samar arrived, the mother and daughter had an argument over this, but Rajba carried her point. Majiba interpreted this wrongly again, for she thought her daughter was just being playfully mischievous.

Rajba began to serve everybody but kept her eyes lowered. She looked very serious and her eyes had the almost lost look of a devotee. Now and again she cast enigmatic glances at Samar; to Uday she appeared to be deeply amused at something.

Bhupat Sinh and Majiba felt deep concern, for they were afraid that if Samar were to find out how orthodox and religious Rajba was, he might not seek her hand in marriage. In fact, however, whenever Samar's eyes turned towards Rajba, there appeared a curious gleam in them. Many a time did his eyes seek Rajba's but he got no response.

After dinner Samar asked Bhupat Sinh, "When do you propose to announce our engagement? Maharani Saheb has also suggested that the engagement should be announced quickly. Bapu also has become impatient."

Bhupat Sinh replied that the astrologer was of the view that the most auspicious day was available only in the following month.

"Then you might yourself tell Bapu to call the Brahman on that day and, if Majiba so desires, we may complete the ceremony in the presence of their Highnesses," rejoined Samar.

"Kunver Saheb, you have my blessings that both of you may be happy," said Majiba.

Samar Sinh then took leave. Just then, they heard Rajba singing aloud:

I love to live in Vraj,
Why do you want me to come away?
Vraj is my beloved home.

Majiba was somewhat annoyed at this song at so inopportune a moment, but Samar did not seem to mind. He was happy and Uday went down with him right up to his car to see him off. The two exchanged a very sincere "Good night."

Samar sat back in his car with a smile on his face and switched off the

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light in the car. During that short fleeting moment, however, Uday got a glimpse of the sudden transformation that Samar's face underwent: the smile with which he said 'good night' so effusively was replaced by an expression of supreme contempt. He remembered the byplay between Samar and the Maharani and the effect it had on Rajba. What was the truth? What the play and what the reality? Was it possible that Rajba had intuitively guessed the truth?

The following day, a telephone message was received from the Maharaja asking Majiba, Bhupat Sinh and Uday to see him at nine o'clock. He had lost consciousness owing to weakness, it said, but as soon as he had revived, he had immediately sent for them. When they reached Pedder Road, they found that the arrangements were ready for transfusing blood into His weak Highness. According to the Maharaja's instructions, however, they were taken straight to his bedroom.

Hanskunverba was holding the doctor's hand and talking like a mad woman. She kept looking at the Maharaja, who was no longer able to speak. "No, no, no. I will not let any one else's blood go into the sacred veins of my husband's body. I am a Rajputani, a *sati*. I will not allow my husband's blood to be polluted beyond his blood. If he has to be given blood, let it be my blood and no one else's." As she spoke thus, it looked as though fire was coming out of her eyes. Her attractive face had become red, and her graceful body taut like a full-stretched bow.

The pregnant Maharani's health was delicate and there was fear that if blood were taken from her, it might affect her health. "Majiba, Majiba," pleaded Hanskunverba, "how can I explain to these people what I feel? You will understand, as you are a Rajputani. Please explain to them. Our grandmothers and great grandmothers gave not only their blood but their lives for their lords. What do these people know about us? Do they think that we are women fit only to sleep in our husbands' beds? As long as there is life in me, I will not allow any blood other than my own to be mixed with my husband's."

Bhavan's Journal Competition-7.

THE NOBLEST CHARACTER IN THE RAMAYANA

Original essays are invited from readers on the above subject. The essays which should not exceed 2,000 words should be neatly typed on one side of the paper and sent so as to reach us on or before the 25th of March 1960.

Two prizes of the value of Rs. 35/- and Rs. 25/- respectively will be awarded for the first and second on merit. The prize-winning entries will be published in the issue of the Journal dated April 3, 1960 which will be the Ramanavami Number. The Editor's decision will be final.

—EDITOR.

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Majiba tried to dissuade her on the ground of her delicate health, but Uday felt the whole thing to be too theatrical. Hanskunverba knelt in front of her husband's bed and wept bitterly as she addressed him: "Lord, my dear master, my king, I will not let your body be polluted. Tell me what you want done, prey tell me."

The Maharaja, who was too weak to speak, stared helplessly at Majiba, and shook his hand. Majiba thought it best to intervene and said to the doctor: "Since the Maharaja and the Maharani are both of one mind, why not do what the Maharani desires?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders and proceeded to transfuse blood from the Maharani to the Maharaja. Tears fell from the Maharaja's eyes as he witnessed his wife's noble self-sacrifice.

After the blood transfusion was completed, the doctor urged the Maharaja to try and get some sleep. Every one went out of the room except the Maharani and the nurse. When the Maharaja woke up after half an hour, he sent for Majiba and indicated with his hand to the nurse and the other servants to leave the room. "Padma!" feebly spoke the Maharaja with a great deal of effort, "You know that your husband Pratap was my best friend. He was more than a brother to me. I wanted to adopt either Uday or Bheem, for I never liked that Ram Sinh should succeed me."

Hanskunverba began to weep. The Maharaja continued: "Now, God has been kind and the Maharani is with child. Bhupat, you have been my friend since childhood. Padma, I have always treated you as a sister and you, Uday, are like a son to me. I do not think that I shall live long."

Hanskunverba burst into sobs.

"Do not cry, do not cry. God's will be done," the Maharaja consoled her in his feeble voice. "Padma, Bhupat, Uday, promise me that if the new Maharani gives birth to a son, you will see that he succeeds me. There is no one to help the Maharani save you, and you must stand by her."

"Bapu," replied Majiba, her eyes full of tears, "do not worry. We shall support her. Please do not be anxious. May you live for a hundred years! God will surely let you see your son's face."

For a while, the Maharaja closed his eyes and said nothing. Then he resumed with an obvious effort. "My sister, I know that my days on this earth are now limited. There is one other matter. It would be a good thing if Rajba could be betrothed to Samar, while I am still alive. Your daughter will be settled. The Maharani is also worried about it. He is sure to succeed the Maharaja of Premkot. The boy is good; he will bring credit to the family. I have given *jaghirs* to Uday and Bheem. I shall give a *jaghir* to Rajba also in my will. Samar needs some money in order to secure his succession to the *gadi* of Premkot. What do you say?"

"By all means, let him have it," said Majiba.

"Very well." The Maharaja was exhausted by now and again lay silent, his eyes closed. For a while, no one uttered a word. When the Maharaja appeared to have gone off to sleep, the Maharani signalled to the others and all quietly went out of the room.

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The Maharani threw her arms around Majiba and sighing deeply, burst out weeping again. "Majiba, my life is over. What shall I do? Why did I not die before him? I have been longing for a death befitting a *sati*. But what shall I do now? Since it is God's will that I carry his child, how can I take my own life? How can I kill the poor, little, innocent baby? Majiba, I am indeed an unfortunate person." The Maharani again wept aloud.

Majiba consoled her as best as she could. They took their leave as soon as possible; but just as they were about to go, the Maharani said to Majiba, "I have to ask Uday to do something for me. I shall send him to you a little later."

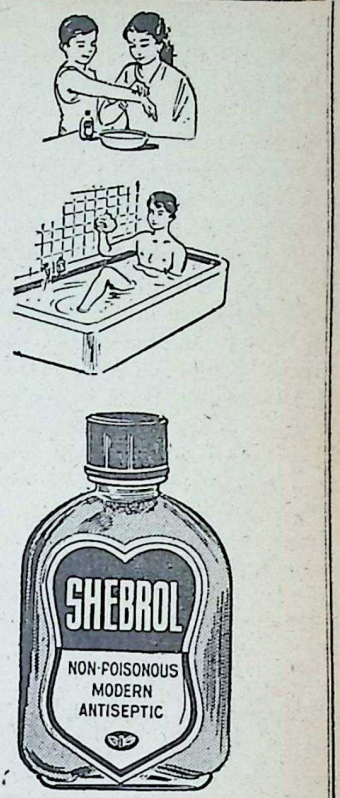
"Very well," said Majiba, and she and Bhupat Sinh went away leaving Uday behind.

The Maharani took Uday into her small drawing-room, ordered tea for him and then, rearranging her clothes, sat on a sofa. Like moon's light shining bright after the clouds disappear, so Hanskunverba's face regained its charm, her eyes smiled and danced with joy. This almost magical transformation made Uday think of the story of Cleopatra.

"Uday, remember that you have given your promise to the Maharaja Saheb. Just as Sri Krishna went to the assistance of Draupadi, so will it be your duty to come to my assistance. You are my son's elder brother."

"Ba Saheb, I will carry out whatever order you choose to give me."

"Well, sit down," said the Maharani. She then took out a key from the necklace round her neck, opened a drawer with it and took out a letter.



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She then came and sat on a chair next to Uday. Uday could not understand the object of all this. "Samar is already in a way your brother-in-law. The Maharaja Saheb regards Rajba as his daughter and I am also anxious to see her a Maharani; but that is not an easy task. I have persuaded the Maharaja Saheb to lend Samar eight lakhs of rupees. You know that without extensive bribing one cannot get anywhere with the Political Department. Samar is a very nice man. The help I shall give him he will never forget. He has promised to sign this document."

Uday strongly suspected some deep intrigue; Samar's excessive friendliness, the betrothal of Rajba, the references to the Maharaja and now this! He read the document:

5th of February, 1921.

My dear Maharani Saheb Hanskunverba Saheb,

I have accepted in trust for you the eight lakhs of rupees which His Highness Sri Gangasinhji Bahadur has given me and I solemnly promise to return the money to you whenever you demand after two years.

Yours,

.....

Uday tried to understand the significance of this: "The Maharaja Saheb has given this money to Samar for my sake. If I need money for my son's welfare, from whom else could I get it?" Hanskunverba smiled shrewdly and Uday immediately understood the significance of the document. He recollected the parents from whom the 19-year-old Hanskunvebra came. He realised now that he had been witnessing a theatrical performance; the Maharani's charm, her tears, her anxiety to donate blood were all parts of it. The Maharani inquired, "I hope the document is all right?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then please sit down. I will call Samar Sinh. You will have to witness this document," said the Maharani smiling affffectionately at Uday. She rang the bell for the servant. In a few minutes, the servant brought Samar. Samar's eyes fell first upon the Maharani and on seeing the expression on his face, Uday became suspicious. The next moment Samar's eyes fell on Uday and his facial expression changed immediately. It assumed its customary humility and he greeted the Maharani bowing low with folded hands. "Samar, Uday says that this document is all right. Please sign it," said Hanskunverba and, for the first time, her voice sounded harsh. Samar stood still. He then took up a pen, signed the document and told the Maharani, "Ba Saheb, I shall never forget the debt I owe you."

"All I want is that you should become the ruler of Premkot," replied Hanskunverba and there was in her voice a special emotion which did not escape the observant Uday. The Maharani's mother came out, as though by previous arrangement, from another room, and Hanskunverba asked her also to witness the document. "We need two witnesses; is that not so, Uday? You know the law. I am quite ignorant." The mother witnessed the document in her unformed letters. There was an artificial smile on Samar's face.

"Now you witness it," said the Maharani to Uday, much to his confusion. The Maharani's eyes smiled at

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him and very quietly Uday also put his signature on the document. "Uday, if the Maharaja Saheb has got up, I will see that Samar gets the money from his hands. Both of you please wait. Ba, you go and tell the treasurer that the Maharaja Saheb wants those currency notes."

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Hanskunverba moved towards the Maharaja's room. Uday could not suppress the suspicion in his mind on seeing the expression on Samar's face as he entered the room and the totally unexpected brightness in the Maharani's mother's eyes; but he somehow suppressed his suspicions. Another question immediately arose in his mind: "Did Rajba assume the role of Meerabai because she had discovered the truth with her feminine intuition?"

After Samar Sinh received his money from the Maharaja, Uday went to the High Court. He did not see any point in speaking about what had occurred to his maternal uncle Bhupat Sinh. The next day, Bhupat Sinh phoned up Uday and asked him to go over. When he went there, he found Majiba weeping. Behind the door stood Rajba with her kartal in her hand looking wan after her two days' fast. In another corner Bhupat was sitting, looking very sad. "What is it, Majiba, Mama?" The uncle showed Uday a telegram which said, "Have to go out of Bombay suddenly tomorrow. Shall see you when I return. Please forgive me. Samar."

"I see," remarked Uday.

"I do not understand anything," said Majiba.

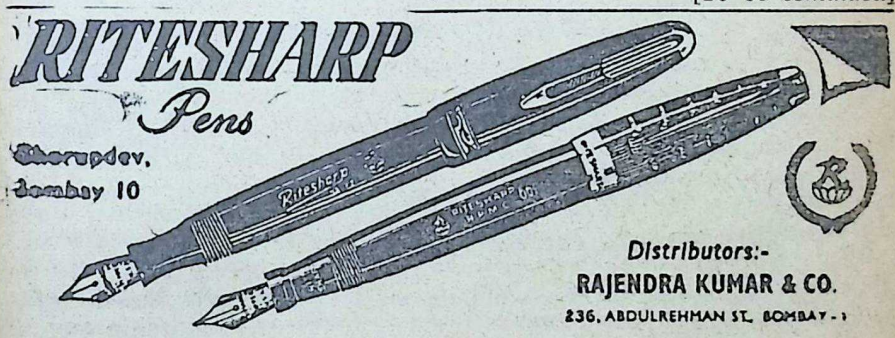
Bhupat rang up Pedder Road and was told that the Maharaja's health had worsened and the doctor's instructions were that no one should be allowed to see him.

Uday could not help laughing aloud. "Majiba, I see everything now; the talk about the betrothal to Rajba was only to get eight lakhs of rupees. That money Samar received in my presence." Uday then narrated all that had happened the previous day. Looking affectionately towards his sister, he said, "Of us all the wisest was Rajba."

Rajba stood up and started singing to the tune of kartal. "The ghosts have run away. Thanks to Meera's protector, Raghunath. Meera is destined to enjoy God's affection and she for her part will never stop repeating His name."

"The ghosts have disappeared," remarked Rajba and she went on turning round and round as she kept time on her kartal. After a while, she laughed aloud like a mad person and fell unconscious on the ground.

[To be continued]



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DO AUSTERITIES CHANGE BODY CHEMISTRY?

● RISHABHCHAND ●

HUXLEY says: "Those who are offended by the idea that the swallowing of a pill may contribute to a genuinely religious experience should remember that all the standard mortifications—fasting, voluntary sleeplessness and self-torture—inflicted upon themselves by the ascetics of every religion for the purpose of acquiring merit, are also, like the mind-changing drugs, powerful devices for altering the chemistry of the body in general and the nervous system in particular. Or consider the procedures generally known as spiritual exercises. The breathing techniques taught by the yogis of India result in prolonged suspensions of respiration. These in turn result in an increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood; and the psychological consequence of this is a change in the quality of consciousness. Again, meditations involving long, intense concentration upon a single idea or image may also result—for neurological reasons which I do not profess to understand—in a slowing down of respiration and even in prolonged suspensions of breathing."[1]

Here again Huxley has overlooked an important factor in regard to the practice of austerities and self-mortification, and has, in consequence, put the cart before the horse. It is not true to say that the austerities are practised by the ascetics as "a powerful device for altering the chemistry of the body" and that the psychological consequence of "the increased concentration of carbon dioxide in the blood is a change in the quality of consciousness." The fact is just the reverse. I do not deny that there are many ambitious power-hunters and unscrupulous charlatans, posing as ascetics and practising mortifications for disreputable ends; but when we speak of mysticism, revival of religion and spiritual revolution, we naturally confine ourselves to a consideration of genuine aspirants for religious or spiritual progress. No genuine spiritual seeker, be it noted, practises austerities for changing the chemistry of his body. He practises them for the purification of his being and the attainment of liberation. It may be that, on account of ignorance, he may sometimes go to extremes in the mistaken belief that the physical practices in themselves are the best means of purgation, but he does not do them for changing the chemistry of the body, or acquiring powers to travel in the occult worlds.

It may be observed that it is usually two kinds of ascetics who inflict tortures[2] upon their bodies: (1) those

1. Huxley's article in the American journal.

2. The *Gita* characterises self-torture as *asuri* (demoniac).

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who, in their impatience to purify themselves, come to loathe the body as an impeding clod, and endeavour to coerce it into stillness; and (2) those who live mostly in the physical consciousness and, not having sufficiently developed the higher faculties of the mind,—reason, intelligence, imagination—concentrate more on physical austerities than mental. I must repeat that I am altogether leaving out of account the quacks and impostors, and speaking only of those who are, more or less, sincere, though ignorant, in their spiritual quest. If any change of consciousness takes place in the ascetics, it is because they have resolutely striven for it—their consciousness brooding (in the literal sense) upon its own depths in order to release its latent planes and their characteristic powers—using physical austerities as an auxiliary aid in concentration, and not because any change in the chemistry of their bodies has produced the new consciousness.

An unbiased observation of the process of evolution shows that a progressive emergence of the latent layers of consciousness is its primary and essential truth, and the biological and physiological modifications are its natural result, and not the other way round. I need not remind the learned author of *The Perennial Philosophy* that the primal reality of universal existence is consciousness, and not matter. Matter is only the final derivative of consciousness and, from the other end of the scale, the first evolute. The timeless motive-force behind evolution is the constant

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urge of the involved consciousness to evolve,[3] to manifest its potential degrees and dimensions.

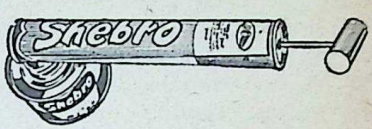
It was, for instance, the flaming intensity of Sri Ramakrishna's consciousness, concentrated on Gopi-bhava (he identified himself with the Gopis to realise their love for Sri Krishna) that so much changed the chemistry of his body that milk began to ooze out of his breasts. It was, again, the same intensity of consciousness that threw out a tiny monkey-tail at the bottom of his spinal column, when he was absorbed in Hanuman-bhava.

All this goes to prove that a momentary eclipse of the normal consciousness, brought about by biochemical means, and a consequent slide below the threshold for a brief space of time does not mean "a radical self-transcendence" or a permanent change of consciousness. Almost all the experiences described by Huxley in his book, *The Doors of Perception*, and many more, besides, of a higher nature, have been mentioned in their essential features in the Raja Yoga, only to be denounced as obstacles to spiritual freedom.

Similarly, the breathing exercises to which Huxley refers are not done to change the chemistry of the body, but to still the body and quiet the mind, as preparatory to concentration and meditation. And in all genuine cases, they are preceded by a will and aspiration to spiritual progress and liberation from the bondage of nature, not for the adventure of the occult realms. In Raja Yoga, as I have al-

3. "All nature is a series of 'outbirths' of the Deity."—Jacob Boehme.

SHEBRO



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ready said, breathing exercises are preceded by a form of strict self-discipline and purification. Even Hatha Yoga starts with an aspiration for spiritual realisation, and its avowed aim is to lead the consciousness of the *sadhaka* into *samadhi*, into the depths within him, away from the turmoil of the outer nature. Wherever there is an aspiration for spiritual life and a conscious and sustained endeavour for purification and self-control, neither mortification nor breathing exercises can end in a misadventure in the occult worlds; for, the sincerity of the effort and whatever purity is acquired by it will be a safeguard, apart from the protection of the Guru and the Divine. Disasters come only when sincerity lapses. But the drugs can guarantee no such protection, and cannot, therefore, be a substitute for either austerities or breathing exercises, as Huxley asserts. The drug-takers—their number will be legion if the drugs are made available at a nominal price and guaranteed almost harmless—not having any spiritual aspiration, self-control and inner purity, or protection of spiritual guides and the Divine, will fall a ready prey to the lures of the lower worlds. I fail to understand how these helpless victims of the adverse occult forces will become mystics, and bring about a religious revival and spiritual revolution.

Huxley has made another point in support of his thesis. He says: "In many societies at many levels of civilisation attempts have been made to fuse drug intoxication with God intoxication." He forbears to mention what has been the result of this fusion. It has invariably led to corruption, and the darkening and degeneracy of the moral nature of those who have made the attempt. Purity, which is the first condition of religious life, and the enlightened reason, which is a safeguard against its pitfalls, are both soon lost, and they expose themselves to the suggestions and influences of the lower vital beings. In fact, this kind of attempt is almost always instigated by such beings, who are eager to materialise their formations in earth life. At its best, fusion of drug intoxication with God intoxication can only end in an inner disorder and some kind of psychoneurosis; at its worst, in a complete victimisation by the lower vital entities. At any rate, it spells the ruin of spiritual life.

In India there have been and still are many sadhus and yogis addicted to some intoxicant or other. In the case of those who have advanced a little in religious or spiritual life, the intoxicants give them a temporary release from the dull and heavy yoke of the body, and help in deepening their concentration. And because these yogis have already acquired some amount of self-control, they can well steer clear of the adverse occult regions. There are some sadhus who take to intoxicants in order to protect themselves against the freezing cold of the high mountains where usually they do their *sadhana*. But, nevertheless, most of them always run the risk of getting their spiritual vision clouded, their sense of values dimmed and confused, and their consciousness soiled by the mixed and heterogeneous influences of the planes in which they find themselves under the influence of the into-

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xicants. That is why Sri Ramakrishna refused to take wine during his initiation into the Tantric *sadhana*; and on the point of drugs and intoxicants, he expressed himself in these categoric terms: "The sadhu who distributes medicines and uses intoxicants is not a proper sadhu." I think that is sufficient rejoinder to Huxley, and a definitive condemnation of the religious cults, ancient or modern, Dionysian or North-American,[4] that prescribe indulgence in intoxicants.

[*To be continued*]

4. Huxley's mention of the primitive tribal cults, which are a medley of pseudo-religion, pseudo-occultism and superstitions, has no relevance to the present subject.

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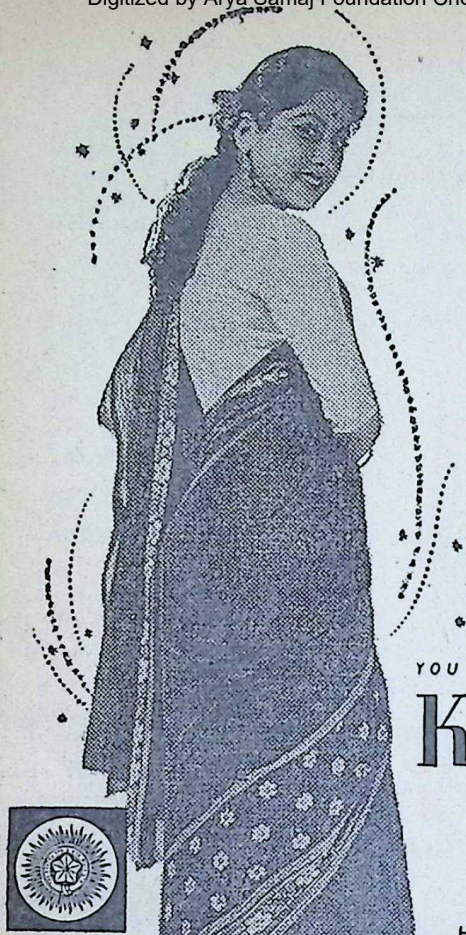

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QUESTION BOX

ANSWERS by K. M. Munshi

746

Sri M. Bheemasena Rao, Adoni.

Q: *Is there any possibility of making the physical body of man immortal on earth either* by tapas *or God's grace?*

A: No. Birth and death are a part of God's Law.

Sri P. Soma Sundara Rao, Bhimavaram.

Q: *Recently you said that man can alter his destiny by prayer. If that is so, is it possible for any one to achieve his desired end by means of whole-hearted prayer?*

A: Whole-hearted prayer with complete faith in God will achieve marvels. It may be that in the course of your practice, your own idea of the 'desired end' might change.

748

Sri Dhananjay Patro, Jagatpur.

Q: *Is killing of a snake or a bug or a tigar sin in the eyes of God?*

A: I don't think so, unless you do it out of pleasure or love of violence.

749

Sri S. K. Medhekar, Dadar.

Q: *May I know whether the Hindu Aryans in ancient days had any surnames and if not when and how their present surnames came into existence?*

A: Surnames were originally names of the families or tribes to which a person belonged e.g. Kavya for Shukracharya, Pandavas or Kauravas for the heroes of Mahabharat, Varshneya for Sri Krishna. Then surnames were taken from the professions Vyas, Puranik, Pandit, Vajapeya, etc.

750

Ch. Gopalakrishniah, Guntur.

Q: *In your 'Tapasvini' you wrote that Rawa's father undertook terrorist activities under the behest of Sri Aurobindo and lost his life in a police encounter. Sri Aurobindo repudiated during his trial that he had any hand in terrorism. How do you reconcile these two statements?*

A: Sri Aurobindo was my professor in English in the Baroda College, and when there, he founded a secret society. If I remember right it was called Bhawani Mandir. His brother Barindra was the leader of a terrorist party. Though Sri Aurobindo had no hand in terrorist activities, he did inspire young men to worship the Motherland by inviting martyrdom through violent means.

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751

Sri Neelameghasyam, Anakapalli.

Q: What is the supreme function of Art?

A: To make us live in Beauty.

752

Sri T. S. Krishna Iyer, Somanur.

Q: Do you think that the elaborate rituals of Hinduism harm the cause of Hinduism as some reformers think? Is it a fact that Vedic religion is devoid of such rituals? If so, when did they come to be associated with Hinduism?

A: Rituals of some sort are indispensable to religious functions. At no time was Hinduism without rituals.

753

Sri Promod Ch. Patowary, Gauhati.

Q: Acharya Bhave started the Bhoodan Movement. It has spread itself and do you think it will serve the purpose of the people?

A: (1) It has stirred the moral sense of the people, and in that sense it has served a spiritual purpose.

(2) It has released land for the use of the landless and that too without state coercion. It has therefore served an economic purpose.

754

Sri S. Krithivasan, Porayar, Tanjore Dt.

Q: In a recent issue of your Journal I read Sri Aurobindo's article that "If you have to serve at all, then serve the Divine; not the society." In the same Journal, a few months ago, I read the article of Swami Vivekananda saying "Him I call a Mahatma whose heart bleeds for the poor." How can I reconcile these two statements?

A: Both are right. In Aurobindo's dictum 'Serve the Divine' itself implies that you must see all in God and God in all. Swami Vivekananda's view is only a practical corollary from that dictum.

755

Sri K. S. Murthy, Belgaum.

Q: What is the significance of rishis *and other sacred men performing* japas *seated on* cheeta *or deer skin?*

A: It may be that the practice started when the best seat available was the skin of a deer or tiger. But our racial memory has associated purity with such seat, and thus it produces a state of mind suited to prayer.

756

Sri S. Subramaniam, Bangalore.

Q: What exactly is the function or the purpose of life in the scheme of creation?

A: The purpose of life is to integrate one's personality and surrender one's self to God.

Among all the means for Liberation pre-eminent is Devotion, and the quest for one's own Reality (the Self) is called Devotion.

—Adi Shankaracharya

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Our Fortnightly Profile—130

Rt. Hon. Iain Macleod

THE outcome of the round table conference on Kenya held at Lancaster House recently looks like a piece from the Indian rope trick. While none of the parties from Kenya got what they wanted all have departed after promising co-operation in the reforms, apparently satisfied with them, at any rate in part and for the time being. The credit for this performance goes entirely to Iain Macleod, the new British Secretary for Colonies.

From the "New-wind" speech of British Prime Minister Harold MacMillan at Cape Town in which he with characteristic boldness deprecated South Africa's racial policy and the new personality in the Colonial Office which lifted the 7-year emergency regulations of Kenya overnight, one had high hopes that a new Tory line was in the making, but the White Paper on Kenya completely falsified it.

The African delegation headed by Mr. Ngala and Tom Mboya went with the demand of "independence in 1960, one-man-one-vote and a common roll" among others. All of them have been dashed to the ground but remarkably enough, with malice to none! There is not even a time schedule on the pace of further reforms so that there is no knowing when independence will be coming.

The new proposals which are said to be an improvement on the Lyttleton Constitution as modified by the 1958 liberalisation, provides for a legislative Council with 65 (at present 91) "elected" members of which 33 will be Africans, in a country whose composition is: 6,000,000 Africans, 165,000 Asians, 65,000 Europeans and 35,000 Arabs. Franchise is very much circumvented. The representative Council of Ministers (there is no provision for a Chief Minister) to be appointed by the Governor who presides over it with the Damocles' sword of veto, is so cushioned as to absorb all shocks. When the surrounding states are throbbing with new-born nationalism it is doubtful if Iain's hypnotism on Kenya will last long.

Iain is naturally happy with his performance that the trouble is over for the nonce, but it is idle to believe that he does not realize that the I-day can be postponed indefinitely. An internationally famous bridge player he

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has currently out-bidden his rivals and played his political trumps dexterously.

The Rt. Hon. Iain Norman Macleod is not a new fish to diplomatic waters. A Tory of the New Order, he has served Britain effectively as Minister of Health in 1952 and as Minister of Labour in 1955 when he successfully settled a newspaper strike, identically enough, to the satisfaction of the employer, employed and the Unions! Surely there must be a magic in his touch and a success formula in his pocket. Inducted into Tory dovecotes by "Rab" Butler, the latter once wrote to Iain: "Everytime I have given you a harder job, you have done it better."

A highlander by descent, Iain's father was a medical practitioner. Educated in Edinburgh and Cambridge, Mr. Macleod took his degree in 1935. He joined a publishing firm of London and read for the Bar simultaneously. The War interrupted his studies. Commissioned in 1940, he was wounded, invalided, rejoined, became Staff-Captain, graduated from the Staff College at Camberley and joined Monty's staff as a Major and landed on Normandy on D-day.

After an initial failure in the Parliamentary election of 1945, he became a member of Parliament in 1950 *via* the Conservative Party secretariat. He mastered every task set for him and was Health Minister till the last Ministerial shake-up when he was catapulted to the Colonial Office. He was re-elected to Parliament in 1959 from Enfield.

Bald, chubby and stockily built, 47 year-old Iain has pale penetrating blue eyes. He belongs to the new generation of Tories. Indeed he had been leader of a small group of newly elected Conservative M.P's and had published a pamphlet, "One Nation", besides historical reviews and discussion of present day problems. He has travelled to Sweden, Germany and New York, the last trip he undertook being to East Africa in December last, when he had talks with leaders of Kenya.

Mr. Macleod is married, has a son and a daughter. Cricket and bridge, besides politics, interest him profoundly. He was Bridge Editor of *Sunday Times* for a time and has also written a book on bridge.

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RATNAMANDANA WEDS

FOLLOWING is the anecdote related by Chandra Sarma to King Nanda:

A King of Nepal by name Bhadraka had gone out on a shikar. On his way a bird of omen seated on the branch of a tree uttered some significant sounds. On hearing them, the King asked a member of his party who was conversant with the language of birds: "What does the bird say?"

The interpreter replied: "King! What the bird says does not concern you. It says that a farmer who is going uphill for cutting grass for his cattle will die, bitten by a snake."

Just as he had uttered these words, the party saw a farmer proceeding towards a nearby hillock, carrying a scythe. On seeing him, the interpreter observed: "I think this is the farmer referred to by the bird. Your Majesty may be sure that he will die as foretold."

Out of curiosity the hunting party stayed in the vicinity, waiting for the farmer to return.

They saw the farmer's silhouette, after some time, coming down the slopes of the hill carrying a bundle of grass, whereupon the King heckled the interpreter: "My dear man! What

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happened to your prediction? Look! Has that farmer the power to walk even in death? Or did he bribe Yama's messengers? Or better far, did he drive those messengers away after a battle? Or did the serpent miss its aim? Perhaps you will say that the bird of omen got befuddled but once? Pray, enlighten me how this farmer cheated death."

"May I request my liege to wait for some time before rushing to conclusions?" replied the interpreter, annoyed and disturbed.

When the farmer came near, the interpreter beckoned to him and asking him to unload the stack, wanted to question him.

But as he unloaded it, the grass-rope with which it was tied got broken and the stack fell apart. What should they see in the middle of the stack but a mighty cobra cut in twain by the sharp scythe embedded in it?

The interpreter drew the attention of the King to it and said: "This cobra came to kill him, but got killed instead, I do not know what mighty virtue this man had acquired to accomplish this. Anyway, let us question him."

So saying, the interpreter asked the farmer: "Brother! When you went to cut grass did anything special happen?"

He replied: "I am a farmer. I do not know anything except my plough and my bullocks. When I was ascending the hill, an aged brahman walking with the help of a stick came across my path. I paid my respects to him in my humble way and he blessed me. Beyond that, nothing unusual occurred!"

Turning to the King, the interpreter said: "Did you listen to what he said, my lord? Is it not clear that this farmer escaped death by the blessings of that aged brahman? A few moments back you ran me down; can you now tell me if the science of omens has gone wrong? Never will it. But this is clear: even the writings of Brahma on our skull can be changed by the blessings of the learned and pious brahmans.

"Did not the great Sage Gautama, in his arguments with Lord Siva, show the divine eye at the sole of his feet? Did not the great Bhrigu manage to kick Lord Vishnu on His chest? Did not the great Agastya swallow the entire oceans like a spoon of water? Did not the great Vasishtha successfully replace the mighty Sun with a piece of wand? Did not Sage Kashyapa create a duplicate Indra? Who can hope to stand up to the real brahmans? Did not Markandeya of yore who was face to face with Death, as ordained by Brahma, throw him out by the blessings of brahmans?"

Happy to be convinced of the truth of what the interpreter said, the King replied: "Indeed, brahmans are embodied gods living in this world," and gave away rich presents to the interpreter.

Drawing the moral from this anecdote, Chandra Sarma addressed King Nanda: "Now you will agree that fate can be altered by the blessings of the great. You and your sons are men of faith. You love and honour the learned. You worship great brahmans. As such, I have no doubt that the Goddess of Dharma will protect your son."

Ultimately Nanda relented and conveyed his consent to the marriage

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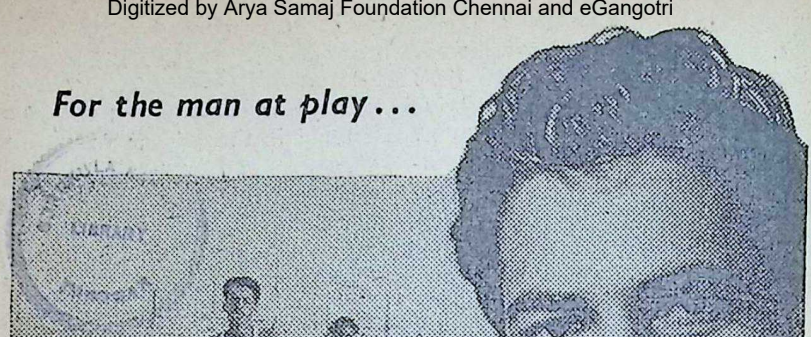
For the man at play...



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of his son Ratnamandana with Pushpagandhi, King Sampati's daughter, when Ratnamandana's anguish eased. Messengers were despatched to convey his consent to the bride's people.

Although King Sampati felt happy over the tidings, he could not help expressing his anxiety to the messengers whom he asked: "Do you think that your King acts sagaciously, when he knows my daughter's fate, like the foolhardy man entering the tiger's lair, or one inserting his hand in a cobra hideout, or, as one entering the forest raging with forest fire—all knowingly?"

The messengers being seasoned veterans in the art of negotiation, replied suitably to all Sampati's doubts whereupon Sampati gave his unqualified consent to the marriage.

Ratnamandana on hearing this happy news felt relieved and exclaimed: "Now alone have I attained the fruit of my birth. I must now snub the love-god!"

King Nanda and his party followed by a proper retinue journeyed to Pandarikapura with all the royal fanfare, and King Sampati received them suitably and accommodated them all comfortably in different parts of his palace which lay sprawled over several acres of land.

On the day of the marriage, Ratnamandana took the holy bath, wore fresh clothes, decorated himself with costly ornaments, smeared aromatic sandal-paste on his body and put on fragrant flower-garlands and, like Lord Parameswara proceeding to King Himavan's place for His marriage, walked in glory and triumph towards Sampati-Bhavana.

There, priests chanted the auspicious *mantras*, played music and danced,

and bands played vying with one another in ardour. The entire assembly voiced as one man its blessings for the couple as the women threw the *laja*. As the happy note rose in crescendo, Ratnamandana tied the *mangalya sutra* on the neck of Pushpagandhi.

On the night of the marriage the bridesmaids bathed the bride in aromatic waters, dressed her up with all the beautifying things known to the world, made her wear the flowers and flaunt the sweetest scents, decorated her with ornaments of untold worth and value, and in her incomparable beauty she looked like a second Rati whom they ushered into the nuptial chamber where Prince Ratnamandana had been awaiting her, full of heartache.

[*To be continued*]

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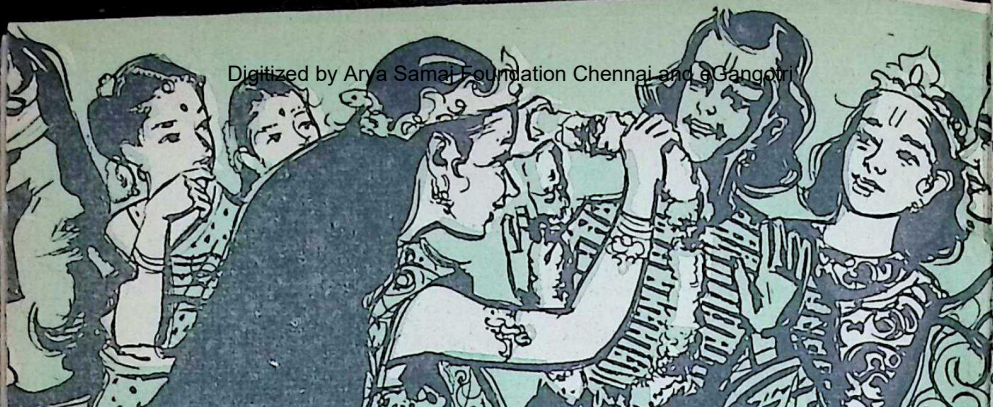

Stories of King Madana Kama—17

The Tortoise-Prince Weds

FAMILY tie is now fast becoming more a legend than a fact. Unselfish love among brothers is also the exception, not the rule. How then could we expect that bond of love between step-brothers, less so in the circumstances placed as our Tortoise-Prince and his two step-brothers were? If there was tolerance, it was more due to the fact that he was not known as one. Yet, the Tortoise-Prince, fired by a sense of duty, followed his two younger brothers from a distance unperceived by them.

As they proceeded, a large stream interposed and the horses which they rode shied. The two younger princes, therefore, dismounted and leaving the carriers behind, forded the stream by wading through it, occasionally sipping a few handfuls of water.

The Tortoise-Prince who walked behind saw them crossing the river. However, as he came near it, he found to his dismay that it was not a natural river, but constituted the drainage of the royal household of the palace. The yellowish colour of the water was unmistakably due to the wash of the womenfolk containing in it a large percentage of the *kesar* used by them. He pitied his brothers drinking them.

Finding it insanitary to wade through it, the Tortoise-Prince flew across it by his superior powers and landed on the other bank. When he did so, surprise however awaited him; for, officials of that kingdom received him like an honoured guest and asked him to mount a royal palanquin and proceed to the palace.

"But, why all this fuss," asked he.

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to merit this reception? I am but a poor wood-cutter come here out of curiosity and I will quit this place by nightfall."

The officials, who felt embarrassed, explained to him in detail the cause of their action. Said they: "Sir, the Princess of this city has ordered that whoever crosses this channel without walking through it should be brought to her."

"What does it matter to her how one crosses it?" asked he in return.

"The fact is, sir," said they, "this is not a natural waterway at all. The water from the palace flows through it. Whoever recognizes it to be so and consequently will neither drink of it nor wade through while crossing should be an extraordinary person. And it is the intention of the Princess to marry him."

"O!" ejaculated the Prince rather taken aback at the revelation, and said: "I think there must be some mistake. I—I—I happened to cross it in the way I did by sheer accident and you will be the first to agree that I am anything but a fit person to marry a Princess. Look, leave me alone and forget me. Most likely a real prince might yet cross this channel in the way desired by your Princess. Please..."

The officials replied: "Sir, we have been waiting at this place for a year now and to date none but you have done it. And one never knows whether anybody else will. You must know what will happen to us when she knows that we have failed to report about you. Please be kind enough to follow us to the palace and our duty will be over and you may tell the Princess direct whatever you like."

Not finding it possible to put them off, the Tortoise-Prince thought that so long as he was true to himself and to God, whatever happened must be for good. Leaving the result in God's hands, he asked them to wait for a few moments. He then jumped back to the other bank and, holding the two steeds left behind which belonged to his brothers, flew back to where the officials were standing. Beckoning to his two brothers who had gone ahead, he handed over to them their horses. They received them gratefully from him and admired his ability in bringing the horses across, although he was a rustic.

The Tortoise-Prince, by this act, succeeded in carving out a nice corner for himself in the hearts of the two princes and won their consent to follow them to the royal palace. When the palanquin was brought, all the three mounted it and all along the three of them chatted and cracked jokes, the younger princes not yet knowing the identity of the other.

At the palace gate, a great reception, with the king himself in the lead, awaited them. When the three occupants alighted from the palanquin, the officials at the river-bank respectfully pointed to the black-coated rustic as the man who had performed the feat. The King's face turned pale, which, however, he cleverly hid from the visitors, and conducted all the three to the State-room where the Princess awaited with her garland.

Left to the King, he would have turned out the rustic long before; but he feared his daughter who, he thought, was pigheaded enough to impose an impossible condition on the

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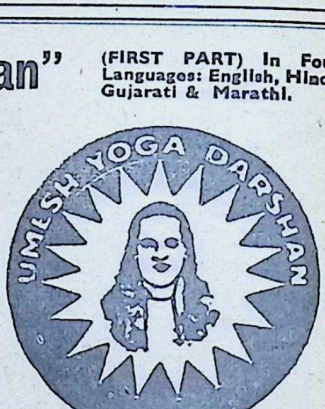

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choice of her husband, and who now seemed to be reaping the whirlwind. He wished that she might, after seeing the rustic, at least recant. But that was not to be.

The fact was that the Princess had already taken more than a passing look at her husband-to-be and from her deliberate manner, it appeared, she had decided to marry him.

When, therefore, amidst the hushed stillness of the gathering, she, with her garland, advanced towards him in measured steps, the rustic-looking Prince said: "Princess, stop a while. Have a good look at me. Do I look like one suitable to marry you? For heaven's sake, think it over before doing what you are about to do. I, for one, am quite willing to let you go by default and shall pray that a more gallant and presentable young man like my friends here may marry you."

"I am quite clear in my mind of what I am doing," replied the Princess.

"Well, if that be your decision, I must impose one condition and that is I shall neither bathe nor change to better clothes. Do you feel like living with one who lives like that? You are still free to leave me out," said the Tortoise-Prince.

"Yes, I am quite willing to abide by your decision," replied the Princess to the astonishment of the assembly and the King's face turned ashen.

"Let the inevitable happen, then!" said the Prince throwing up his hands as though in despair, when, to the accompaniment of Vedic chants of palace priests and auspicious music, the Princess garlanded the rustic-looking prince and stood bashfully at his side holding his hands in hers in determination.

That night when the bride and the bridegroom were alone in the nuptial chamber, the Tortoise-Prince told the Princess: "Princess! I am the eldest son of King Venkata of Mallikarjuna. I was born of his elder queen and the two "friends" who came with me are my brothers, born of the younger queen. By the way, they do not know my identity. Now, my father has asked them to bring a particular girl from the Himalayas for him to marry. I am following them unawares to help them in the task. My father has given them a month's time to accomplish that task. Already, two precious days are over. There are barely 28 days left. I must follow them tomorrow on their onward journey. On my way back, I shall pick you up. If I fail to turn up, you had better look for me in the Himalayas." The Princess looked at him admiringly.

Early in the morning, the rustic-looking Prince left that city and followed by the two brother-princes who had by then become quite chummy with him, went out of the city.

After travelling for some time they reached another city at the gates of which stood a party of officials who stopped them and asked:

"Sir, can you do this work for us?"

"What work?" asked the younger Princes.

"I shall give you one pie. With that pie you must buy oil, firewood and leaf and yet return the pie. The Princess of this city has promised to marry the man who can do that."

[*To be continued*]

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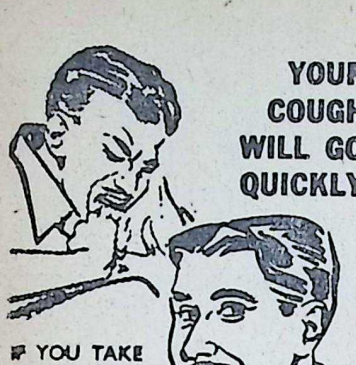

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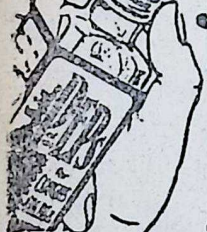

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NEWS AND NOTES

NEW ACADEMY OF HIGHER LEARNING

ADDRESSING a press conference in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan recently, His Holiness Sri Shankaracharya of Sharda Pith, Dwarka, said that he proposed to establish at Dwarka an Academy of higher learning to impart instructions in the Vedas, the Vedanta, Yoga, the Upanishads, Hindu philosophy, Metaphysics, etc. His Holiness said that the chief object was to revive the cultural and spiritual heritage of India. He added that the study of Sanskrit as a living language had also to be revived and encouraged in our educational institutions if the spiritual unity of the citizens residing in different parts of India was to be maintained, and further that moral and ethical values had to be regenerated especially at a time like the present when our generation was lost in gross materialism.

It was estimated that the expenditure of the Academy, well equipped with a museum and a library, would be in the neighbourhood of Rs. 10,00,000. His Holiness appealed to the citizens of Bombay to make liberal donations.

A Committee was formed to raise funds for the Academy consisting of the undermentioned prominent citizens of Bombay: Sri Ratubhai Adani, the State Minister for Prohibition, Dr. N. N. Kailas, Bombay's Deputy Health Minister, Sri Krishnaraj M. D. Thackersey, the well-known industrialist, Sri Girdharlal D. Mehta, Sri Chiranjilal Loyalka and others.

THE LATE SHANKARACHARYA OF PURI

GLOWING tributes of homage were paid at a meeting held at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on 4th March to the late Swami Bharati Krishna Tirth Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Govardhan Math, Puri, who attained Nirvana on 2nd February, 1960 in Bombay.

Sri Sri Prakasa, Governor of Bombay, presided. Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Sharada Peeth, Dwarka, the Chief Justice of India, the Hon'ble Sri B. P. Sinha, Sir H. V. Divatia and Acharya T. A. Venkateswara Dikshitar also spoke on the occasion.

Floral tributes from over sixty institutions and several individuals were also laid before a large size portrait of the late Swamiji in front of which stood two burning oil lamps. Messages of condolence from President Rajendra Prasad, Vice-President Radhakrishnan, Sri K. M. Munshi and Sri Chintaman Deshmukh were read.

In his welcome speech delivered in Sanskrit, Sri Dikshitar recited nine Sanskrit slokas composed by himself dealing with the life and accomplishments of the late Swamiji.

Addressing the gathering in English, the Hon'ble Sri B. P. Sinha, Chief Justice of India paid homage to the memory of the late Swamiji. He said he counted himself as one of Swamiji's direct disciples. He referred to the Swamiji's profound knowledge of the Vedas and the Shastras and recalled how the late Swamiji had mastered Vedic mathematics and demonstrated his knowledge before large audiences in India and America by solving difficult problems in two steps which otherwise required hundreds of steps.

The Chief Justice further said that the Swamiji used to read the pulses of those suffering from diseases and prescribe medicines for them when he was staying with the former in Nagpur. He added that Swamiji was a great saint, a great scholar, a great physician, a great healer and a great lover of humanity, and asked those present to remember his teachings and act up to them.

Speaking next in Gujerati, Sir H. V. Divatia also paid high tributes to the late Swamiji and his profound knowledge of various Shastras. In this connection he explained some important aspects of Advaita Philosophy and said

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that all these things had been amply demonstrated by the late Swamiji who was admired not only by the people of India but also the people of the Western World.

His Holiness Jagadguru Sri Shankaracharya of Sharada Peeth, Dwaraka, who spoke in Sanskrit and Gujerati, referred to the high qualities of the late Swamiji and his profound knowledge of the Vedas and Shastras. He said that the late Swamiji was his Paramaguru so far as the Dwarka Peeth was concerned. He also said that the late Swamiji's lectures in America were so greatly appreciated and admired by the people of that country that he had been invited to revisit America. He added that the late Swamiji used to treat all people alike, irrespective of caste, creed and religion.

The Governor, Sri Sri Prakasa, paid a great tribute to the late Swamiji in his speech in Hindi. He said that before the late Swamiji took to *Sannyas* he was a colleague of Sri Aurobindo in Baroda College. When the call came, Swamiji joined the non-co-operation movement and spent some time in jail. The Governor said that even sannyasis could help politicians to solve some of their pressing problems and added that the latter should seek the advice of the former while in distress or doubt. The Governor also copiously quoted from *Bhagavat Gita*.

With the singing of Raghupati Raghava Rajaram, the meeting concluded.

CHIEF JUSTICE HONOURED

AN At Home was given in the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on 3rd March 1960 by Dr. K. M. Munshi, President, and Members of the Council of the Bhavan to meet the Hon'ble Sri Justice Bhuvaneshwar Prasad Sinha, Chief Justice of India.

A distinguished gathering consisting of leading citizens, judges, lawyers, foreign dignitaries and social workers was present.

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TEN UPANISHADS. Commentary by Swami Sivananda. Published by Yoga-Vedanta Forest Academy, Sivanandanagar, Rishikesh, Himalayas. pp. 304. Price: Rs. 3.

THE book under review comes from the facile pen of the enlightened Swami Sivananda. In an inimitable style Swamiji has made accessible to all English readers the spiritual depths of Vedanta. In this seventh edition 184 *mantras* (including Santi Mantras) from "Ten Upanishads" have been critically explained in an eloquent, forceful and admirable manner. All the Sanskrit expressions have been fully explained. With enviable ease and clarity Swamiji elucidates the Vedanta Philosophy. To quote from Appendix C of the book "pain and pleasure are mental creations. When the mind is attached to the body there is pain. When the mind is withdrawn from the body, there is no pain." How can we turn our minds inwards and attain Divine Knowledge and happiness? How can we control our thoughts? How are we to explain the existence of the world? Who am I? To questions such as these, Swamiji gives authoritative and convincing answers in a homely manner.

His teachings have been summed up: "Serve, Love, Meditate, Realize, Be good, Do good, Be kind, Be compassionate, Be still, Enquire 'Who am I?' Know thyself and be free." He is not preaching shallow religion but the essence of all religions, philosophies and Sadhanas.

In the present book Swamiji has revealed to all the *"rahasyam,"* the wisdom of the ancient seers and Rishis of India. The book will be found inspiring and illuminating by all.

—Prof. Dayal Sharan.

THE PAGEANT OF LIFE. By B. G. Kher. Edited by S. B. Kher and G. K. Rao. Published by Navajivan Publishing House, Ahmedabad. pp. 305. Price: Rs. 4.00.

SRI B. G. KHER was an administrator, educationist, social reformer and scholar. The present collection covers a wide range of his writings covering various activities and should be deemed as a trustworthy record of Sri Balasaheb's earnestness and sincerity of purpose in all spheres of action. His had been a long and varied life throughout which he steered himself clear creditably.

The material of the book is arranged so as to help selective reading. Even a cursory reading of these writings and speeches will convince the reader that Sri Balasaheb belongs to the category of men whose memory makes us feel proud. Dr. Rajendra Prasad, in his foreword to the volume, has highly commended it to the reading public.

—Sri T. K. G. Nayar.

GREAT EDUCATIONISTS. By R. Srinivasa Iyengar, Kalavani Press (Private) Ltd., Coimbatore. pp. 116. Price: Rs. 1.50.

THESE essays had originally appeared in various Indian Journals. Those in the teaching profession particularly will appreciate the efforts of the learned author in collecting these informative pieces into a handy volume. Essays on eminent educationists of India and the West like Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Dr. Radhakrishnan, V. S. Srinivasa Sastry, Dr. Arnold and others are included here which give the reader in a nutshell the salient features of their philosophy and educational ideas. Sri Iyengar is forthright in his expression of views. The last of the essays on the author himself makes interesting reading.

—Sri T. K. G. Nayar.

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GUJARATI

AISHALI (in Gujarati). By Jainacharya Sri Vijayendrasuri. Published by Kashinath Sarak, 166, Marzban Road, Andheri, Bombay-41. 1958. pp. 40+82. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is a revised and enlarged edition of Suriji's Hindi book on the identification of the famous ancient city of Vaishali (associated among the Jainas with Mahavira's birth) with the modern Basarh in Muzaffarpur district of Bihar. Apart from its historical interest, the question specially concerns the Jainas who according to the current tradition locate Mahavira's birthplace near Lichuar in Monghyr district. The author's approach has been always historical and critical and accordingly he has cited ample evidence from Brahmanical, Buddhist, Jain and other sources in support of his views. Only he becomes a bit polemic in dealing with an earlier publication seeking to defend the traditional location, and issues by way of introduction to the present edition a full sixty-two page refutation of the erroneous views and facts of the former. One rather feels why this waste of space and effort when nobody with a historical sense would doubt the identification of Vaishali with Basarh. Anyway Suriji is to be highly complimented for his unabated interest in historical and Jainistic studies even at his very ripe age.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani.*

KANNADA

SRIMAD BHAGAVAT KATHASARA. By Subodha Rama Rao. Published by Subodha Prakatanalaya, Chamarajapet, Bangalore 2. Price: Rs. 3.

SRI SUBODHA RAMA RAO has done a signal service to the Kannada public by bringing out a well-written book, *Srimad Bhagavat Kathasara* in Kannada. The author is well known for his unswerving loyalty and steadfast devotion to Kannada *Bhakti* literature for many decades. The author with humility characteristic of him does not put forth any audacious and pretentious claim of having presented all about the three volumes of *Bhagavat*, the summary of which is given in the book under review. He has rightly called it *"Srimad Bhagavat Kathasara"*. Though such a book will probably be a little out of tune with the type of literature that is flooding the market now, people interested in knowing *Bhagavat*—the great ocean of devotional literature—will definitely avail themselves of this valuable book. May God bless the laudable scheme of the author to bring out the next three volumes of *Bhagavat* with timely success.

—*Sri M. R. Gopalacharya.*

HARIDASKIRTAN TARANGINI — Part 3. Compiled by Subodha Rama Rao. Published by Subodha Prakatanalaya, Bangalore-2. Price: Rs. 2.75.

WE heartily welcome this publication which is a very valuable addition to Kannada devotional literature. The book contains fine specimens of the lyrics of Sri Kanaka Das and Sri Jagannatha Das who might be aptly called the spiritual seers of Karnataka who flourished in the 16th and 18th centuries respectively. The compiler has exercised discrimination in selecting choice poems, some of which awaken us to a sense of duty, some jerk us into a spiritual mood out of our self complacency, some thrill us with a plenitude of good thoughts and others stir our souls by the depth of devotion. The philosophy that is presented in the two anthologies is in full accord with Dvaita Siddhanta advocated by the great Madhvacharya and they speak volumes for the spiritual insight and philosophical acumen of the two eminent religious poets.

—*Sri M. R. Gopalacharya.*

BOOK RECEIVED

THE ASTROLOGICAL SELF-INSTRUCTOR. By Prof. B. Suryanarain Rao. 11th Edition, completely revised, 1959. Published by the Astrological Office, Basavangudi, Bangalore-4. Price: Rs. 7.

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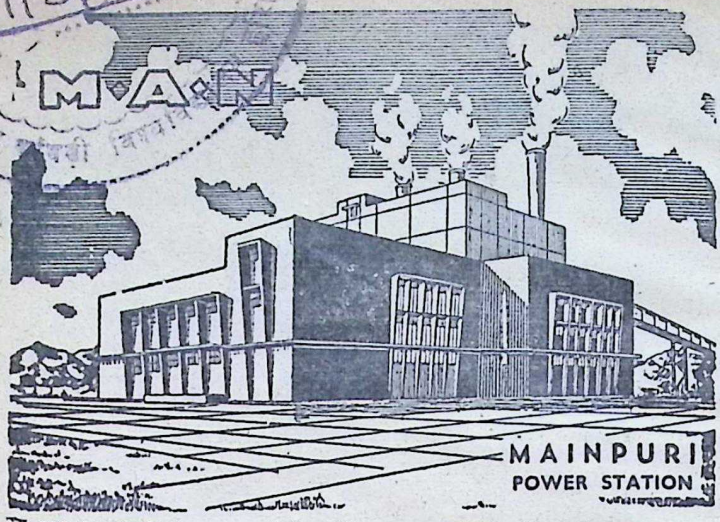

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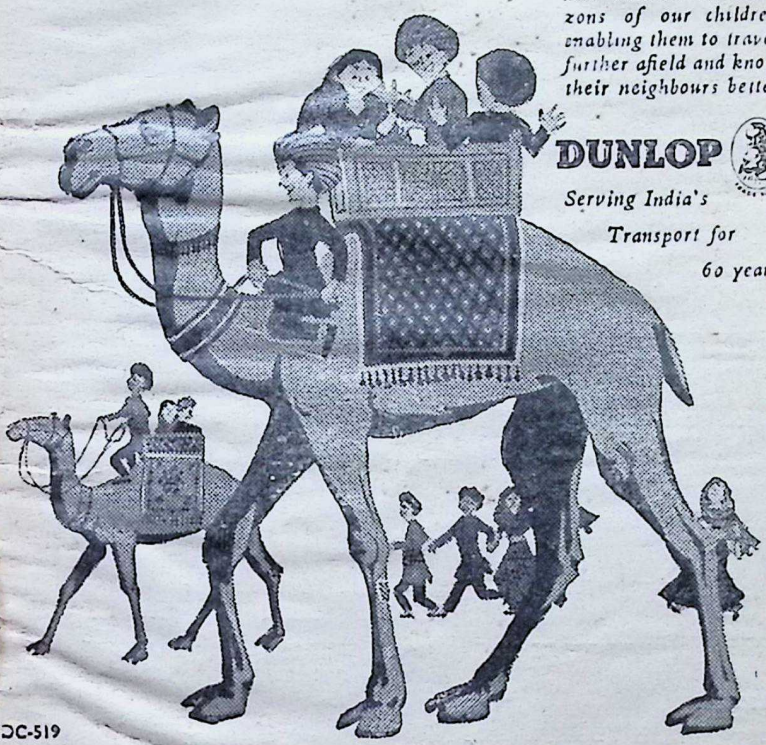

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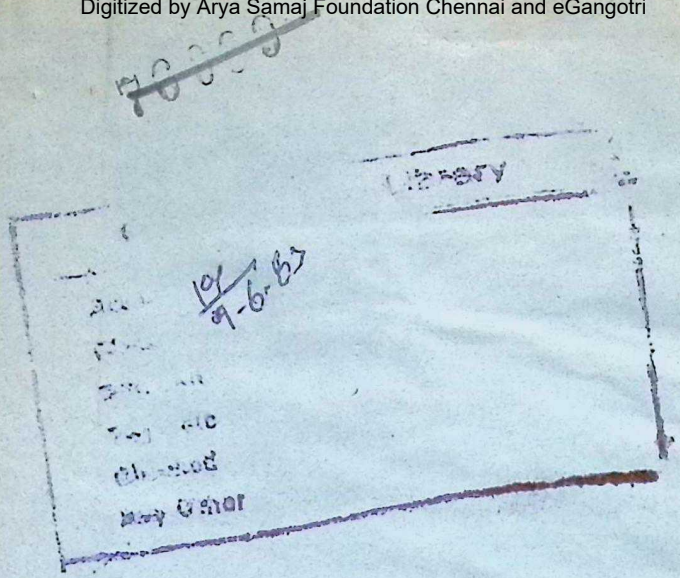

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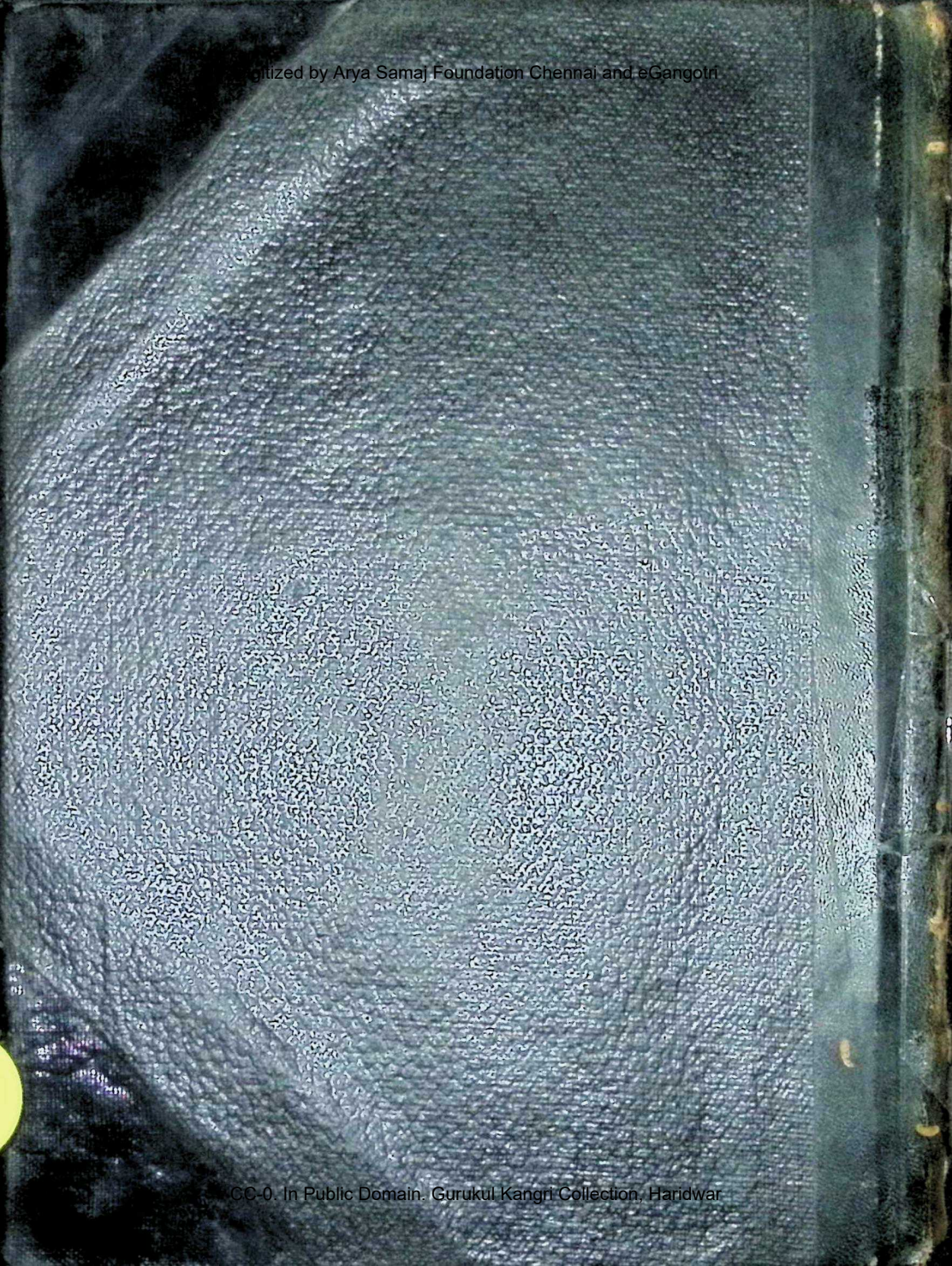

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